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The Caledonian

v. 39 complete

(AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE. FOUNDED 1901)

THE ALLIES MAGAZINE

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
APR 1 2 1920

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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THE CALEDONIAN

(An American Magazine)

THE ALLIES' MAGAZINE

This month THE CALEDONIAN begins its 20th year, and from the beginning has never missed an issue. THE CALEDONIAN is the only magazine in America appealing directly to men of Scottish blood and to Americans generally—and circulates in all English-speaking countries.

Now, at the beginning of a new era of American-British friendship, we appeal to our subscribers and to the officers and members of all societies, American and British, to co-operate with us in making THE CALEDONIAN even a stronger bond between all English-speaking people. Will every subscriber get another subscriber, and thus enlarge the circulation?

The 20th Birthday of the Caledonian

On the eve of the 20th birthday of THE CALEDONIAN (The Allies' Magazine), we are grateful for the many letters of congratulation we have received from our friends. As space is limited, we print the following in this issue; others will be printed in the May issue. It encourages us to know that THE CALEDONIAN is filling a great need. It is our wish to make it even more attractive and more satisfactory to all our readers throughout the world.

New York, March 15, 1920.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

I congratulate you on the approaching completion of the twentieth year of your CALEDONIAN magazine.

I congratulate you on the good work done and I wish you increased opportunity for service during the coming years.

Yours very truly,

ALEX. C. HUMPHREYS.

President of Stevens Institute of Technology; and of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York.

Boston, Mass., March 13, 1920.

EDITOR THE CALEDONIAN:

I notice THE CALEDONIAN magazine begins its twentieth year of publication with the April issue. Congratulation Mr. MacDonald to you, and may you live to prepare the issue for the fortieth year of publication, and I hope I may have the pleasure of reading it.

As you know I am an old friend of THE CALEDONIAN, and have watched its successful progressive march through the years with interest. No family of Scottish descent in the United States should be without it, nor would they be if they knew its worth as your subscribers do.

I consider it my duty always to make this known. Fraternally yours,

ROBERT EARLE MAY,

Secretary Burns Memorial Society and Ex-President Scots Charitable Society, Boston.

Scotch Presbyterian Church,
March 16, 1920.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

I wish to congratulate you and THE CALEDONIAN on the completion of twenty years of service, and to wish for you and THE CALEDONIAN many more years of successful service. I have always enjoyed the spirit manifested in THE CALEDONIAN. It touches the hearts of Scottish people and it always stands for one hundred per cent. Americanism. It stands not only for the best things as represented by Scotland and America, but for the best things of the kingdom of God. Therefore it must endure. I am sure that in the years to come as The Allied Magazine it will render a still greater service than it has in the past. Sincerely,

ROBERT WATSON.

JOHN S. MACMASTER, COUNSELOR AT LAW
1 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.
March 12, 1920.

EDITOR OF THE CALEDONIAN:

I greatly enjoy THE CALEDONIAN. It contains interesting and helpful data I do not find elsewhere. In view of the above and the fact that it has such a large and extended circulation, at such reasonable cost, among English-speaking people in this country and abroad, I heartily recommend it.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN MACMASTER.

President of Clan MacMaster in the U. S.

636952

New York, March 19, 1920.

Rev. D. MacDougall, Editor

The Caledonian.

My dear Doctor:

To have been the editor of a magazine like The Caledonian for a fifth of a century is indeed monumental and deserving of the highest praise, for during all that time you have preached the gospel of a stronger bond of brotherly love between Great Britain and America, and have taught our adopted citizens that while they must not forget the homeland, they must be a hundred per cent. plus in loyalty to the land of their adoption.

Although you have attained your twentieth birthday, on which I wish to heartily congratulate you, I feel that your magazine is only in the infancy of its usefulness. With the exception of one newspaper printed in the West, The Caledonian is our only representative British publication, and with the co-operation of all our British societies, I know that your magazine will achieve even greater success in the future, ever keeping us in closer touch with our brothers and sisters across the sea.

As a birthday thought, am sending you twenty new subscriptions, also a page advertisement for two very worthy objects—The Harry Lauder Million Pound Fund, and the Free Industrial School for Crippled Children, —for all of which find check enclosed.

Again with hearty congratulations on the twenty-year milestone.

Very sincerely yours,

Walter Scott.
(Royal Tanist, Order of Scottish Clans (in the U. S.) with a membership of 20,000.)

Washington, D. C., March 12, 1920.

Dr. D. MacDougall,

President and Editor of The Caledonian:

I beg leave to congratulate you on the twenty years of success of The Caledonian, which I have been reading for some time. I think it has done so much to enlighten and bring together the descendants of our Scotch, English and Scotch-Irish ancestors, who really created the Republic.

From an Ulster authority, I am informed that one-third of Washington's army was made up of Ulster-Irish, and all histories of the Scotch-Irish in America agree that relations were strained between the Scotch-Irish emigrants and the English emigrants (probably owing to a difference of creed), and, I verily believe The Caledonian has done great work in reconciling and bringing together these very good people.

Wishing The Caledonian continued success in its work of true and unadulterated patriotism, I am, very truly yours,

G. W. Baird,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commander.
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Commandery of the District of Columbia.

Grimshawes, N. C., March 15, 1920.

Dear Dr. MacDougall:

At the beginning of The Caledonian's twentieth year, let me congratulate you on the success which as editor you have achieved. It is now your purpose to extend the influence and enlarge the sphere of the magazine so as to promote enduring friendship between all English-speaking peoples,—a blessed and timely propaganda. As to this, you may be sure you have the good wishes of all your readers of Scottish blood. I hope that The Caledonian will find its way into Scottish homes everywhere, not only in Auld Scotland, but in this country and Canada, and in all the overseas dominions. It would prove to be a strong bond of brotherhood. It would help greatly to hasten the coming of the day foretold by Burns, when

"Man to man the world owre
Shall brithers be for a' that."

May it also successfully counteract the mischievous propaganda which is even now being actively carried on to prevent friendship and breed discord between the two leading English-speaking nations.

Long life to The Caledonian and to its able editor.

Yours sincerely,
(Judge) W. C. Benet.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 13, 1920.

My Dear Dr. MacDougall:

Every true Scot or Scot descendant will, I am sure, indorse your object in making The Caledonian "even a stronger bond between all English-speaking people," and aid you in your enterprise to the best of his ability.

Harmony and co-operation between the English-speaking people for the promotion of liberty within the law and the advancement of Christian civilization are not only desirable, but essential to the peace and prosperity of the world. The Scots and Ulster-Scots have always been noted for their love of liberty, loyalty to Christian ideals and fealty to democratic principles. The character of The Caledonian has always seemed to me in harmony with Scottish idealism, and therefore on that account, I believe that by increasing its circulation it will prove "even a stronger bond between all English-speaking people"—of the right sort.

Fraternally yours,

F. E. Stewart, M. D., Phar. D.,
Historian of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia.

D. MacDougall:

Editor of The Caledonian Magazine:

I have been reading The Caledonian from its commencement. It has been a great, pleasant instructor to me, and it has always been in harmony with the United States of America and British friendship.

Respectfully,

James MacCash,
3034 Vine Grove Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.
Founder of the Order of Scottish Clans (in the United States and Canada).

Hotel Touraine, Buffalo, N. Y.,
March 13, 1920.

MY DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

Upon this your twentieth birthday, it is a privilege to congratulate you upon the high purpose that has actuated you in your wholly commendable endeavor to promote cordial feeling, true fellowship, confidence and mutual regard among those who speak the English language everywhere,

Anything that legitimately tends towards a better understanding between ourselves and the British Commonwealth, serves a good, great, and noble purpose. Especially is this true at a time when the enemies of both countries are striving as never before, to engender suspicion and distrust among us. THE CALEDONIAN has ever striven to exert its influence for amity and goodwill where the British Commonwealth and The United States were concerned.

Most cordially yours,

JOHN MCF. HOWIE.

"Inverugie," Cold-Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y.,
March 19, 1920.

MY DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

It has been with much delight that I have received each month THE CALEDONIAN. As you know I take great interest in the activities of the Scots and their descendants all through the world, and THE CALEDONIAN keeps me in constant touch with them, not only here in America, but in Canada and Scotland itself.

I think the purpose and scope of endeavor of THE CALEDONIAN is a most worthy one, and all who have Scottish blood in their veins should have this magazine each month in their home.

Wishing you great and renewed success for your twentieth year, I am

Sincerely yours,

MRS. JAMES SHEWAN, SENIOR.

Albany, N. Y., March 19, 1920.

PRESIDENT AND EDITOR THE CALEDONIAN:

Let me congratulate you on the twentieth anniversary of your publication, THE CALEDONIAN. It is well edited and contains up to date matter on all Scottish subjects, which is thoroughly appreciated by your many Scotch readers.

The pages devoted to items from the various societies appeal very strongly to me and are read with much interest.

Wishing you every success in editing your valuable magazine, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JAMES MCCREDIE.

Sunset Park, Wilmington, N. C.,
March 3, 1920.

THE CALEDONIAN:

Your magazine fills a need with me. It is almost like a cable would have been to Robinson Crusoe. Yours sincerely,

M. MACRAE.

Lexington, Ky., March 15, 1920.

EDITOR THE CALEDONIAN, New York, N. Y.:

My Dear Sir:

I have been a reader of THE CALEDONIAN for many years, and always look forward to its arrival with pleasure. It seems to me to grow better every year. Many of its articles are of permanent interest. Those on the Clans of Scotland are of permanent value and should be published in book form for permanence and reference. THE CALEDONIAN from the ability of its articles and the wholesome and stimulating influence which they have upon the reader is indispensible to every intelligent Scottish family. I have been reading the *British Quarterlies* and *Blackwood* for sixty years and the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review* for more than forty years. I think that I derive more pleasure from THE CALEDONIAN than from any of them and yet they are the cream of our modern periodical literature. I regard THE CALEDONIAN as the best magazine published on this side of the Atlantic.

May the success which you have achieved and which you deserve, continue.

With much subject and best wishes,

Your friend,

JAMES K. PATERSON, Ph. D., LL. D.,
President Emeritus.
STATE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY.

Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, California,
March 17, 1920.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

Here's wishing you very many returns of the birthday of your CALEDONIAN. Like leaven it carries in its monthly round the glow of good feeling and patriotic friendship to many a Scottish heart the world over.

I have sent many copies of it to friends all over Scotland, to far off Australia, and in this country as well. Always there comes back the call for more. "We like it," they all say. "It brings us the best, the essence of the news from the homeland and the Empire, and many literary gems as well."

With best wishes, I am cordially yours,

CHARLES PETTIGREW.

---

381 Fourth avenue, New York,
March 19, 1920.

DEAR DR. MACDOUGALL:

On the eve of the twentieth anniversary of THE CALEDONIAN, may I not add my heartiest congratulations to the many which you have already received. I have been a subscriber for many years, and I always look forward with pleasure to the time I expect the magazine each month. As one who has been active in Scottish society work, I hasten to express my appreciation of the prompt and kindly support your valuable paper has given.

I wish you, Mr. Editor and THE CALEDONIAN unbounded success.

Cordially yours,

JOHN MACLEAN,
Ex-Chief N. Y. Caledonian Club and Clan Mackenzie, No. 29, O. S. C.

New York, Thursday, March 11th.

Dear Dr. MacDougall:

Many, many thanks for the fine article in the March CALEDONIAN about The Pilgrims. It is splendid.

Will you please send me fifty copies of the issue? I will send them to distinguished Pilgrims in England.

Thanks again. With kindest regards, I am, Yours sincerely,

GEORGE T. WILSON,
Vice-Pres. and Chairman Executive Com. of The Pilgrims of the United States.

Quincy Adams, Mass., March 18, 1920.

EDITOR THE CALEDONIAN:

We offer you congratulations on this the twentieth year of THE CALEDONIAN. No more buoyant and vigorous youth ever stepped from his teens than this Scottish-American monthly. The writer has been a contributor since the first issue was sent out and has had untold pleasure and benefit in the perusal of its well printed and highly interesting pages. No more inspiring link between the old homeland and our adopted country can go into the home of the Scottish-American than this clean, breezy and heart-reaching magazine.

Its mission is truly helpful and uplifting for all who would preserve and foster the bond of affection and understanding between the two great democracies, which by their light and leading can bring peace and right thinking out of the chaos into which the nations have fallen. ALEX. J. M. COWE,

Ex-Chief of Clan MacGregor, Quincy, Mass.

Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa.,
March 17, 1920.

THE CALEDONIAN:

On entering its twentieth year without missing a single number, it is a real pleasure to say a good word for THE CALEDONIAN of New York city. Now the only Scottish medium circulating regularly in North America, the monthly magazine deserves to be better known. Americans of Scotch birth and descent ought to subscribe for it more freely as well as patronize its advertising columns more frequently. It is a true *family* paper, and its publicity value far exceeds its numerical circulation. In addition to a well-edited summary of news from home and abroad, every copiously illustrated issue has many special articles and items of peculiar interest to its special clientele. It features society, club and clan activities; it is rich in travel talks; in biographical and historical sketches; in original verse; in sermonettes and inspirational essays; in witty and humorous anecdotes; and on all distinctly Scottish and Scottish-American topics THE CALEDONIAN is considered authoritative. As a steady visitor whose comprehensive patriotism embraces affection and respect for all people speaking the speech of Greater Britain, few agencies surpass it for genuine good and permanent progress.

JAMES D. LAW, LL. D.

Law Offices
WALTER L. MCCORKLE
March 6, 1920.

DEAR DR. MACDOUGALL:

Please find enclosed herewith, check for my subscription of THE CALEDONIAN, and permit me to state to you that no magazine or pamphlet comes to my office that is more heartily welcomed than is yours.

I wish I could be of some practical service in the splendid work you are doing for our common ancestry. I have greatly enjoyed your recent articles about the Ulster-Scots. You have a great field to work on in that direction.

I expect you are in touch with the Ulster-Scots Society and if so could secure a great deal of material about these real Scottish immigrants who came from the North of Ireland into Pennsylvania and some of whom went direct to the Southern States.

No particular mention has ever been made of them in a public way and some splendid articles could be obtained for your worthy journal from that source.

With renewed assurance of my high regard and best wishes for your success in life as well as for your good health, please believe me to be, Cordially and sincerely yours,

WALTER L. MCCORKLE.

---

846 Seventh avenue, New York,
March 20, 1920.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

Please accept my congratulations on the twentieth birthday of THE CALEDONIAN, and best wishes for continued success.

Very truly yours,
JAMES R. DONALDSON,
Chief of the N. Y. Caledonian Club.

New York, March 15, 1920.

REV. DR. D. MACDOUGALL:

Dear Doctor,

I anxiously await the arrival of THE CALEDONIAN. Its literary worth is appreciated, news from the old land and the news so condensed that the busy man of to-day gets the meat quickly. You should have 250,000 subscribers.

Each subscriber ought to get another one for you and so spread the good you are doing by editing a paper worth while.

Sincerely yours,
D. G. C. SINCLAIR,

President New York Caledonian Hospital, Superintendent Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

Dear Mr. MacDougall:

I wish to congratulate you on the excellent monthly you have put forth during these past few years, filling the place of the *Scottish Review*, which meant so much to many of us. Now I look forward to the coming copy of THE CALEDONIAN in the same expectant way, and am at one with you in the plans for an extended field and more varied and intensive quality. Very truly yours,

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

Current Events

Domestic

The United States Senate, March 19, for a second time, refused to ratify the treaty of peace with Germany, and sent it back to President Wilson. The vote was 49 to 35, seven votes short of the necessary two-thirds vote.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British Ambassador to the United States, will sail for America, April 3. The new Ambassador literally stands head and shoulders, being 6 feet 2½ inches tall with the frame of an athlete. Sir Auckland received his "first American welcome" as the guest of the American Luncheon Club, of London, March 12, and has been entertained by The Pilgrims and other societies.

The Interchurch World movement, which has been under way since February, will open its drive for funds April 25. The campaign will last until May 2, and in that time the returns are expected to exceed $336,777,572, the amount of the budget for the first year's work of the organization. Thirty Protestant denominations are co-operating in the work, which has the active support of John D. Rockerfeller, Jr., and many prominent laymen.

Sixty-three out of every one hundred students in the University of Kentucky are earning their own way. Twenty-seven of them receive no outside aid whatever.

The Rev. Dr. John McNeill, pastor of the Highland Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Ala., has declined the call to the pastorate of the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, New York. He received a unanimous call on February 25, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Daniel Hoffman Martin, first pastor of the church, who died January 2.

The yacht races for the American Cup will be decided July 15, 17 and 20, over the old course off Sandy Hook Lightship. Sir Thomas Lipton, the challenger, will be represented by *Shamrock IV*. The American defender will be either the *Resolute* or the *Vanitie*, to be chosen finally after trial races in May.

Speaking before the students of Princeton University, March 16, Charles M. Schwab laid down the following seven rules for success: (1) Unimpeachable integrity; (2) Loyalty; (3) A liberal education in the finer things of life, art and literature; (4) Make friends. Enemies don't pay; (5) Concentrate; (6) Go at your work. Give the best that is in you; (7) All young men, when they are starting life, have to work for a salary, but the sooner they can get away from it the better for all concerned.

Six graduates of sciences of British universities will be sent this year to American universities for research work by the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London. The scholarships are provided for in part by the Imperial College and partly by private donors.

According to the Census Bureau, the death rate in the United States for 1918 was the highest on record—a rate of 18 persons for each 1,000 population. More than 32 per cent. of the death rate was due to influenza and pneumonia. The other principal causes of death were organic diseases of the heart, tuberculosis, acute nephritis, Bright's disease and cancer, which together were responsible for 391,391 deaths, or nearly 27 per cent. of the total during the year.

The expenses of the Government of New York city are almost $500,000,000 yearly. The city has 1,000 theatres, 1,500 hotels and 1,600 churches. It turns out one-tenth of all the manufactured goods of the country, one-fourth of all the printed matter and one-half of all the clothing. The annual output of its 38,000 factories is valued at more than $3,000,000,000. About one-tenth of the population of the United States lives within the metropolitan district.

According to the official transfer tax appraisal, filed March 6, the late Colonel Roosevelt left an estate valued at $781,082, which goes to the widow and children.

James Yearance, treasurer of New York Presbytery, and connected with many other Presbyterian and philanthropic organizations, is recovering from severe injuries sustained in an accident on March 9. In dodging an automobile, he fell on the ice and broke his shoulder in three places.

Among the European professors who will visit the United States during the coming year under the auspices of the Institute of International Education, are Professor Arthur P. Newton of the University of London; Ernest Barker of Oxford University; Albert Feuillerat of the University of Rennes, and Raffaello Piccoli, of the University of Pisa.

Robert Lenox Maitland, a wealthy exporter of New York city, who died March 13, in his 66th year, was a nephew of James Lenox, the Scottish merchant and philanthropist, and a descendant of the Maitland family of Scotland, of which the Duke of Lauderdale is the head. His wife, who survives him, is a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, a native of Kilmarnock, Scotland, who was pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, for twenty-three years.

George T. Wilson Resigns

Mr. George T. Wilson, the genial vice-president of The Pilgrims of the United States, has resigned as chairman of the Executive Committee of the society after nearly eighteen years of active service, on account of ill health. He is succeeded by General Charles H. Sherrill. At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, the Hon. Elihu Root was made a vice-president, and Albert Eugene Gallatin elected secretary of the society.

Historic Hotel Chamberlain, at Old Point Comfort, Va., was totally destroyed by fire on March 7. The loss, including the effects of the guests is $3,000,000. There was ample time for all to escape, and it is thought that no lives were lost.

The Macmonnies statue, "America's Gift to France," to commemorate the battle of the Marne, will be paid for by a popular subscription of $250,000, which opened March 22. Contributions are coming in from every State in the Union. Marshal Foch has sent the following message of endorsement: "The Marne was one of the greatest symbols of the whole war. It was there that the invasion was first arrested in 1914. It was arrested there a second time in 1918, and it was from the Marne that the victorious offensive recommenced, which led the allied armies to the Rhine, and in which the A. E. F. took a glorious part.

"At the entry to the Port of New York a monument recalls that, more than a century ago, our peoples fought together for liberty. The Monument of the Marne will remain as a witness for future generations that the same idea still united the United States and France."

A steamship company has been formed to operate ships between Canada, United States, Central and South America and Africa. It is called "The Black Star Line," and the stock is all owned and the company will be managed entirely by American negroes.

The Hon. Elihu Root is one of a number of distinguished men from various countries who have been invited to become members of a committee to prepare plans for the constitution of a permanent court of international justice.

Dr. Kenneth Alex. J. Mackenzie, surgeon and Dean of the Medical Department of the University of Oregon, died March 15, in Portland, Oregon, in his 61st year. He was credited with the discovery and development of nerve grafting. He was twenty years professor of the theory and practice of medicine, and had been connected continuously with the university since 1887.

The population of Hawaii, by the new census, is 249,992, an increase of 58,083, or 30.3 per cent. as compared with 1910. The population of the Honolulu district is 80,369. These figures are exclusive of persons residing at military and naval stations.

Canadian

Improvements in the harbor of Kingston, Ontario, call for an expenditure of $2,500,000, and the work will keep step with the work on the Welland Canal. The plans include deepening of the harbor, increased dock frontage, and the erection of grain elevators and warehouses.

Between 100,000 and 150,000 bushels of Canadian wheat have been sold by the Canada Wheat Board for seed in Montana. The price paid was $3.25 per bushel.

Members of the National Editorial Association, which includes most of the publishers and editors of newspapers and periodicals in the United States, will tour Eastern Canada next June on the invitation of the Canadian National Railways. Last year the association toured Western Canada as guests of the Canadian Government.

The Dominion Government has secured 100,000 acres of Hudson Bay reserve land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to be used as soldiers' settlement farms.

Legislation to provide for the establishment of a new home for the University of Manitoba will be brought before the next meeting of the provincial legislature. The new buildings are to be constructed at Tuxedo Park, Winnipeg, and the first year's outlay will call for $300,000.

A strong Canadian Club has been formed from the old organization at Calgary, Alberta. Rev. J. Macartney Wilson is president, and Sidney Houlton, secretary.

Sackatchewan's population is now 833,067, an increase of nearly 100,000 in the past two years. The rural population is 591,752. The population of the seven cities in the Province is: Regina, 40,000; Saskatoon, 25,000; Moose Jaw, 21,623; Prince Albert, 8,500; North Battleford, 4,500; Swift Current, 4,000; Weyburn, 4,000. In 1901, the population of the Province was 91,279. Saskatchewan also has the distinction of having the largest number of automobiles per capita in Canada—one to every 13.4 persons.

Lieutenant Ian C. McGregor, V. C., the noted Canadian aviator, died at Saranac Lake, N. Y., March 5, as the result of wounds received in the World War. He was officially credited with having brought down nearly a score of Hun fliers.

The site of the great Valcartier Camp, Quebec, where thousands of Canadian soldiers were trained, will be used by the government experimental farm at Cap Rouge, as a sheep ranch.

Agitation for the retirement of Sir Robert Borden's Wartime Coalition Government received a severe rebuff on March 10, when the House of Commons voted its confidence in the Premier by a majority of 34. The present session of Parliament, which opened February 26, has before it many vital questions in connection with reconstruction.

The North American Reindeer Company, largely financed with United States capital, has secured a concession of 75,850 square miles of land north of the Church Hill River from the Canadian Government to graze caribou and reindeer. The purpose is to raise these animals in large numbers, and to place the resulting meat and other products on the market.

The Canadian Trade Mission in England has been discontinued and in its stead there has been constituted the special trade commission to be known as the overseas branch associated with the trade commission office in the United Kingdom.

Complete returns show that 590,572 men were enlisted for war in Canada, of whom 245,677 were from Ontario and 82,793 from Quebec. On January 1, 1920, 60,224 men were drawing pensions.

Admiral Viscount Jellicoe's report on Canada's naval requirements, made public March 10, contains many interesting recommendations. The chief suggestions are for a "naval board," similar to the present Militia Council, the extension of the naval air service, and for a "fleet unit" of one battle cruiser, two light cruisers, six destroyers, four submarines and two fleet mine sweepers.

In connection with the Prince of Wales visit to Canada, the Department of Militia spent $11,301.50, and the Secretary of State spent $90,488.49.

Ottawa Collegiate Institute Board has given $400 increase in salary to each of its teachers.

Fish and fish products are the chief article of export from Newfoundland to the United States. The figures for 1919 were $5,979,353 as compared with $6,780,520 in the previous year.

Aberdeen University has conferred the honorary degree of D. D. upon Rev. Donald Maclean, Edinburgh, Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland.

At the recent meeting of the General Court of the Highland Society of London, the Prince of Wales was elected president. The annual dinner of the society was held at the Savoy Hotel, March 22. The society lost some fifty members in the war.

The Ulster delegation, which recently visited the United States and Canada, arrived in Belfast, March 7. The Rev. Louis Crooks said the mission had been a triumphant success and the American people were absolutely with Ulster. Those against Ulster were "vociferous hyphenates, in nowise representing true Americans."

"Our point that home rule was purely a domestic affair," Mr. Crooks added, "and that America had nothing to do with the internal relations of a friendly power, was received with enthusiasm throughout the United States."

British

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour will take up his new post as British Representative on the Council of the League of Nations much benefited in health by an extended rest at his estate of Whittingeham since the closing days of the Paris Conference. No statesman in Europe has had a longer or more continuous experience of public life. He is even keener now in mind and body than he was some years ago.



THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF GALLOWAY
Late Hon. President of the Stewart Society, Edinburgh

The Earl of Galloway, heir-male and head of the great House of Stewart, died February 7, at his seat near Newton-Stewart, in his 83rd year. He was an officer of the Black Watch in the Crimean war, and the Indian mutiny, and had a distinguished career as a newspaper editor and correspondent and a diplomat. Lord Garlies, his eldest son and successor, was taken prisoner early in the war. His younger son was killed at Aubers Ridge in 1915.

Salmon fishing in Scottish waters seems to have been uniformly good during the greater part of February and March. The waters were in flood at the opening of the season, but fine catches are reported from all quarters.

The Ulster Unionist Council has accepted, March 10, Sir Edward Carson's advice and indorsed the new Home Rule bill's provision for a separate legislature for the six Ulster counties. They have instructed their representatives to vote for and not against the second reading of the bill.

Francis John Williamson, sculptor of many famous statues of Queen Victoria, died March 13, at Escher, near London, in his 87th year. He was of Scotch blood.

Major A. J. H. Douglas Campbell has been recognized by the Lord Lyon as heir male of the Blythwood family. He was active throughout the war, and was three times mentioned in dispatches.

John Mackintosh, the "Toffee" King, died recently in Halifax, England, at the age of fifty-one. He began life as a factory operative, and manufactured his first candy on his kitchen fire, selling it to the children of the neighbors.

Dundee reports a largely awakened interest in welfare work for employees in the larger commercial and industrial plants of that city. One large concern includes in its plan a canteen, swimming club, and library, and grounds for outdoor sports.

In September, 1919, there were 21,307 motor vehicles in use in the Glasgow district, with a much larger demand than the home market can supply.

Earl Curzon is the latest Cabinet minister to break down from overwork, and is recuperating in the South of France.

Rev. Dr. Hugh Black, of New York, was a recent Sunday morning preacher at Mansfield College Chapel, Oxford, England. The chapel was crowded, and Dr. Black's sermon made a deep impression.

The Irish Proportional Representation society has made a compilation of the votes cast in the recent municipal elections in Ireland. According to its figures the total possible vote was 474,902. Out of this total, 322,244 votes were cast. As shown by first preference ballots, Sinn Fein cast 87,311 votes, the Unionists 85,932 votes, Labor 57,626 votes and Constitutional Nationalists and Independents 91,375 votes. It will be seen that the straight Sinn Fein vote was barely more than one-fourth of all votes cast. It is doubtless entitled to a considerable proportion of the Labor vote. But even were it given the whole of it—which would be much too generous an allowance—it would still fall short of fifty per cent. of the total. The Unionist vote—which is almost exactly twenty-five per cent. of the total and within 2,000 of canceling the straight Sinn Fein vote—is, of course, anti-home rule. The Independent and Constitutional Nationalist vote is anti-Sinn Fein, and many Independents incline to unionism. From these figures one would judge that the Irish republic is a minority institution.

A number of London writers are visiting Scotland with the purpose of urging the holiday possibilities of the north as a rival to the continent as a resort for the coming season. In addition to advertising the golfing, angling, and other facilities, they propose to adjust hotel rates. France is the chief goal of London summer tourists. But hotel prices in France are extremely high, and all the Scottish resorts report large advance bookings.

The Town Council of Inverness has contributed £500 as the beginning of a War Memorial Fund for the Burgh. A committee was organized early in March to take charge of the popular subscription.

Sir R. C. Munro-Ferguson's term of office as Governor-General of Australia has been extended so that he may act as official host to the Prince of Wales during his forthcoming visit.

The Royal Horticultural Society of Scotland has collected more than £20,000 to aid in restoring the devastated gardens and orchards of Belgium and France. The first consignment of horticultural tools, 21,000 in number, has already been shipped.

Flax growing in Scotland on a large scale is to be taken up by a syndicate on the Delvine estate of Caputh. The property exceeds 2,700 acres.

Colonel John Buchan, the popular Scottish writer and publisher, has recently purchased Elsfield Manor, four miles northeast of Oxford University, in England. His brother, Mr. J. Walter Buchan, Town Clerk of Peebles, is honorary secretary of the Tweeddale Society, which has undertaken the publication of a comprehensive history of Peeblesshire.

Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart, of Loch Alsh, died in January in London. He is succeeded by his brother, Mr. Alexander P. Matheson, formerly a Senator of the Federal Council of Australia.

A great ovation was tendered the Prince of Wales, March 16, when he left London for his tour of Australia. He sailed from Portsmouth on the battle cruiser *Renown* and will visit *en route* Kingston, Jamaica, the Panama Canal, San Francisco and Honolulu.

Rear Admiral Noel Grant, who commanded the British auxiliary cruiser *Carmania* when she sunk the German armed merchantman *Cap Trafalgar*, off the east coast of South America, September 14, 1914, died in London, March 6, at the age of fifty-one.

Sergeant Russel is the only man left in the 12th Battalion Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, recently returned from Constantinople, who joined when the battalion was raised in September, 1914. About 70% of the rank and file of the command fell in one engagement in the Balkans campaign against Bulgaria.

Our Glasgow Letter

The weather during the past month has been exceptionally wild and wet, and as a result of the rain storms the Loch Lomond and Vale of Leven districts have been badly flooded. On February 16th, many acres were under water, owing to the river Endrick bursting its banks. Between Renton and Dalreoch, in Dumbartonshire, great damage was done through the banks of the Leven giving way at different points.

A great furore has arisen in the Vale of Leven district owing to the refusal of the Admiralty Disposal Board to sell the Royal Naval Ammunition Factory at Alexandria to the Argyll Motors, Ltd. The position in a nutshell is that the factory previously belonged to the Argyll Motors, Ltd., and employed several thousands of men, and these men, among them many discharged sailors and soldiers, are now out of employment, as the factory is idle. The Vale of Leven employment committee had a meeting on the 11th February, when a resolution was passed protesting against the action of the Disposal Board, and a decision was come to to call upon the Board and have the factory sold at once. Up to time of writing, however, nothing definite has been done. It looks like an example of Government profiteering this time, and while, up to a point, this may be legitimate, there is a limit, and in this case it has, we think, been reached.

The Maclaine of Lochbuie was married on February 16th, at St. Margarets, Westminster, London, to Miss Olive Stewart-Richardson, with all the pomp and ceremony one would expect from the representative and Chief of the Clan Maclaine. His ancestral home is Lochbuie Castle, Isle of Mull, which seems to be all that is left of a former greatness. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, whose heart ever warms to the tartan, attended the ceremony. In the evening, the bridegroom, who is at present on the music hall stage, endeavouring to restore the fallen fortunes of his house, appeared as usual, at the Victoria Palace, where, for once, he had a great reception. One paper describes his wedding as one of the most elaborate bits of wedding pageantry Londoners have ever seen, and another remarked that Maclaine of Lochbuie was the super-romantic Highland Chieftain, and looked as though he should have ruled over half of Scotland instead of a swatch of Mull. He had a platoon of Argyll and Sutherland Highland pipers to play the party down the long pathway to the street. He arrived by aeroplane from Pontypridd for his wedding, and in fact left no stone unturned whereby he might further advertise his existence. 'Tis a pity he seems to have no higher or better aim in life than self advertisement!

So one of the most exciting and momentous by-elections of our time has resulted in a tremendous victory for Liberalism, Mr. Asquith's votes amounting to 14,736, against Mr. Biggar (Labour) 11,902, and Coalition, Conservative (Mr. McKean) 3,795, the Liberal majority over Labour being 2,834. This result has been hailed with general satisfaction, by all parties, as the great chief of the Liberal party is sorely needed at the head of affairs, where his words of wisdom, and his strong personality, will undoubtedly have their good effect, and not before time.

One of the most striking features of the election campaign was the popularity of Lady Bonham Carter (Mr. Asquith's daughter) to whose undoubted ability as a speaker we must pay tribute. Racy, bright, intelligent and witty, she pushed her point home every time, and her influence with the women voters especially was tremendous. The following piece of poetry was written by a Paisley woman admirer, and is worth quoting:

When she cam' smilin' to oor toun,
Oor hearts were sair, oor courage doun,
But soon we were a' dancin' roun'
The merry lassie Asquith.

The lass that gied tips to Mackean,
Made Biggar wee afore oor een,
Made more than Daddy's tie look green;
The witty lassie Asquith.

Had Paisley noo her Tannahill,
I'll lay my auld shawl to a gill,
He'd mak' a sang wi' richt guid will,
To roose the lassie Asquith.

An interesting episode also of the campaign was the presentation, by an old Paisley elector, of a beautiful Paisley shawl to Lady Carter, which, we understand, she very much appreciates, as a souvenir of a great fight and a great victory.

We hear that already the political sleuthound is on Lady Carter's track, and that she has been approached in connection with a prospective vacancy in an Edinburgh constituency; but we understand she has no personal political ambitions. If, however, we are to have lady members, we venture to think Lady Carter would be an acquisition as she combines the quality of womanliness with her other gifts, which cannot be said of many.

Great is the excitement at the Clyde West Coast resorts at the definite news that the King intends to participate in the fortnight's yachting season in July. He is racing his famous cutter *Britannia* and already arrangements are being made to make the fortnight a unique one of its kind. Gourock is the headquarters of the yachting fraternity in the yachting fortnight. The return of the *Britannia* to the Clyde recalls, says a writer in a local paper, the memorable contests of 1884, when the *Britannia* overcame the *Vigil-*

ant, the successful defender of the American Cup of 1883. Out of seventeen matches the *Britannia* won eleven. An unfortunate incident of these matches was the sinking of the *Valkirie* at Hunter's Quay. After the new rules, which had the effect of leaving her outclassed by the German Emperor's *Meteor*, the *Britannia* was sold to Sir R. W. Balkeley, and subsequently she had other owners. In 1902, however, King Edward resumed ownership.

Yet another insidious attempt is being made by the Sassenach Department of the War Office to abolish the kilt, and we only hope their dastardly proposals will be nipped in the bud by all true Scotsmen. The *Inverness Courier* of February 13th, gives a splendid leader on the subject, which should inspire all who have the honour to belong to Scotland to resist to the extreme limit this unwarranted interference with our liberties and our Highland Regiments, of which we are so justly proud. It would take up too much space to go into the subject in detail, but suffice it to say that among many other similar proposals they suggest abolishing the 5th Seaforths, which formed, during the war, part of the magnificent 51st (Highland) Division, the famous fighting Territorials, and hold a glorious record second to none for valour and deeds of incomparable bravery. It is to the 51st Division the French have raised a memorial which, to generations yet unborn, will tell of the glorious deeds of an ancestry they have every reason to be proud of. Are we, then, going to submit to the suggestions of our envious English partner, that one single kilted Territorial Regiment shall be abolished, or submerged in some, perhaps equally good, but non-distinctive regiment? Not so long as Scotland stands up for her rights. One writer suggests that this is but another plea for our own Parliament, where such impertinent suggestions would never be made, or, if they were, would be smothered in their first utterance. The *Inverness Courier* says: "In other words the War Office is trying to abolish the kilt. It never has liked the kilt, even though the kilt has won countless battles for it. It has frequently tried to abolish it and is now trying to gain its end by indirect methods. If it succeeds no less than eight kilted Territorial Battalions will cease to exist, worse, they are not only to have their cherished kilts taken from them; they are to be turned into trousered units."

As the Scottish Regiments fought in France and elsewhere, let them now fight at home for the honour of their Regiments and the glory of their country.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The Scot in London

The earlier Scottish settlers in London harboured feelings of a mixed nature. There was the grudge they owed to England because of the depredations of Lord Hertford in 1544, when missioned by Henry VIII he burnt all the shipping and houses of Leith, kindled Edinburgh into a blaze seen far and wide for three days and nights, and charred the eastern lowlands as far as the Forth. Such treatment made the Scots suspicious of English hospitality, but there was also good cause for the English having also suspicions when they saw so many prizes dropping into the hands of the followers of King James. Men like George Heriot who, as one of the King's appointed jewellers, amassed a great fortune led to grumblings and satirical effusions such as:

"Bonnie Scot, we all witness can
How England hath made thee a gentleman.
Thy blue bonnet, when thou came hither,
Could scarce keep out the wind and weather:
But now it is turned to a hat and feather,
Thy bonnet is blown—the devil knows whither."

In course of time the prizes became rarer and the blanks more frequent; many of those who flocked to London failed to find employment and it was then that the sentiment of the common country in a strange city led to the formation in 1613 of the "Scottish Box" for the relief of the poorer brethren. The meetings were held in Lamb's Conduit Street and the membership numbered only a score. It is characteristic of the manners of the time and the shrewdness of the members that a fine of half-a-crown was imposed for every oath escaping a member in the course of the quarterly business. A Charter was secured in 1665, which empowered the members to erect a hospital and hold lands. In 1665-6 the plague ravished London and 300 Scots were buried at the newly formed Corporation's sole charge, while many more were nursed through their sickness without making any call for assistance on the Parish Funds.

A second Charter was secured in 1676, and a building was erected in Bridge Street, Blackfriars. So repugnant, however, to the

instincts and habits of even the poorest Scots was segregation in a kind of workhouse that the hospital had to be abandoned in favour of the administration of relief to needy Scots in their own homes.

A further Charter was secured in 1775, which granted the government under which the Royal Scottish Corporation is managed to-day. In 1782 the premises of the Royal Society in Crane Court were purchased for £1000 and the Corporation migrated thither. Unfortunately a fire demolished the buildings on 14th November, 1877, and all the paintings and nearly all the records were consumed. On 21st July, 1880, the present buildings, erected on the old site, were opened by His Grace The Duke of Argyll.

The total expenditure of the Corporation is over £8,000 per annum, and it is satisfactory to know that the funds are always provided. At the last annual festival of the Corporation, the Prince of Wales, fresh from his American and Canadian tour, presided with the result that over £6,000 was collected and this, with the regular annual subscriptions forms the basis of the charitable distribution in the shape of pensions and allowances. A considerable sum is derived from investments, as the securities in the shape of Consols and other gilt edged securities show a face value of something like £125,000, but of course, the real value is much less.

It is quite certain that the Scots in London will uphold the tradition of their predecessors in maintaining the usefulness of their leading London Charity.

About a stone's throw from Crane Court on the other side of Fleet Street is the closely packed district once occupied by *Alsatia*. Readers of *The Fortunes of Nigel* will remember the graphic description given by Sir Walter Scott of the riotous kingdom of Whitefriars with its questionable population where "The wailings of children, the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linen hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed by the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns."

The old order passed away and the district became a part of the great newspaper world where the tape machines tick out their news all day and all night and the printing presses turn out newspapers by the million, and now it is understood that another change is about to take place. Lord Northcliffe has in view the erection of a huge building to provide sufficient accommodation for the denisons of Carmelite House and to give a large increase of floor space for the various branches of the Northcliffe staff with its many ramifications. Only one bit of the old Carmelite Monastry is left and that is now underground, but as the new palatial building is destined to cover the spot it is to be hoped that Lord Northcliffe will accede to the wishes of many archaeologists and preserve this link with old London.

The centre of Scottish Church life in London is St. Columba's (Church of Scotland) and the esteemed Minister the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D. D., is the pivot round which a large amount of Scottish activities centre. During the war Scottish soldiers passing through London on leave were entertained in the Church Hall to the number of 47,624. The work was organized and ably carried out under the direction of Miss Blackwood, and her name is a household word in many Scottish homes. It was the policy of the War Office to dump our Scottish soldiers, on leave, into London at two o'clock on Sunday morning and no provision was made for seeing to their comforts during the nineteen hours' forced stay in the Metropolis before the trains left for the north. The ladies of St. Columba's rose to the occasion and provided food and entertainment for the stranded men and with the utmost heartiness carried on the work for four years and four months. It was one of the finest pieces of work done by the Scots in London during the war.

A new venture has been established for peace times, through the generosity of an anonymous member of the church who has provided a large hotel for business and professional girls. A lady warden has been secured whose work in France at the head of a hut and hostel there during three or four years of the war has won general praise, and accommodation is provided for about forty Scottish girls. Private lodgings, now-a-days, are difficult to procure at any cost, but the basis of the new venture is to provide even more comforts than can be had in private lodgings at a cost which will be well within the reach of each guest. Not only has the building been provided by the generous friend, but all the costs of adaptation, decorating and furnishing have been provided from the same source. It may seem an ordinary piece of benevolence, but it is more, for Scotland has a heritage worth preserving and, here in London, it is something to be able to raise another Ebenezer which proves that our nation is not decadent, but is multiplying its glories and rooting its anchor in the right direction and adding to the number of sensible acknowledgments of what duty to our neighbours really means.

JOHN DOUGLAS, F. S. A., Scot.

6 St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, London, S. W. 13, England.

[THE CALEDONIAN is fortunate in having secured Mr. John Douglas, the London publisher, as our regular correspondent. Mr. Douglas has a wide knowledge of Scottish affairs in London, and is identified with many of the leading societies. His monthly letters, we are sure, will be read with a great deal of interest. His first letter, "The Scot in London," appeared in the March CALEDONIAN.—Ed.]

A Most Timely Suggestion

My Dear Dr. MacDougall:

Upon the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of The Caledonian permit me to extend to you most hearty congratulations and a word of appreciation. For a number of years I have held your publication in singular esteem because in it—and only in it—I have at times observed brief articles, anecdotes and stories which made a most powerful appeal to the Scot and awakened precious memories of Auld Lang Syne. Looking over the back numbers of The Caledonian one observes that you have run a true course, never permitting its pages to be blotted with aught that savored of uncharitableness, but rather, it seems, always actuated by the spirit of helpfulness; the renewing of priceless recollections; the scrupulous care and enhancement of the great and proud heritage of the sons of old Scotland. And so for twenty years you have played an altogether good and useful part and—in a rarely disinterested fashion, for obviously, the making of money was not your object, but rather the noble idea of service. Long may you live and long may The Caledonian find its way into the hearts of American-Scots.

At this time, it seems to me, The Caledonian is more needed than ever before. It can be made the medium through which men of Scottish blood may speak in no uncertain tones on issues that vitually involve some of their dearest possessions. There is a tendency among us to be unwilling to believe the incredible; an unwillingness to face unwelcome, unpalatable, unfavorable facts. That this is a dangerous attitude the world now knows to its awful cost after its experience with Germany.

The plain truth, then, is that we are witnessing the progress of one of the most remarkable and, be it said, successful campaigns of propaganda of modern times which, aimed apparently at England, is of course, actually directed at Great Britain. The artful way in which the word England has been used by the propagandists has had the effect of an anesthetic. There are countless thousands of more or less intelligent Americans, and among them the descendants of Scots and Ulster-Scots, who seem not to realize the elementary circumstance that Scotland, and likewise Wales, are as greatly and as specifically involved as England is.

What is this propaganda? I put the question to the Hon. Samuel Untermyer last July when he had donated the sum of $5,000 to the *Sinn Fein*. His answer was that his money was to be used "for the Irish cause *through appealing to the conscience of the British people and not by revolution or violence.*" Now, if a man endowed with the exceptional intelligence and acumen of Samuel Untermyer could be so misled as to emit such drivel, what about the viewpoint of the citizen of average intelligence?

Let no man be deceived; the Irish propaganda in America is a living force of sinister omen to the friendly relations existing between the United States and Great Britain. In fact it bears the germ of embroilment between the great English speaking nations. (see argument of Justice Cohalon before the U. S. Senate Committee).

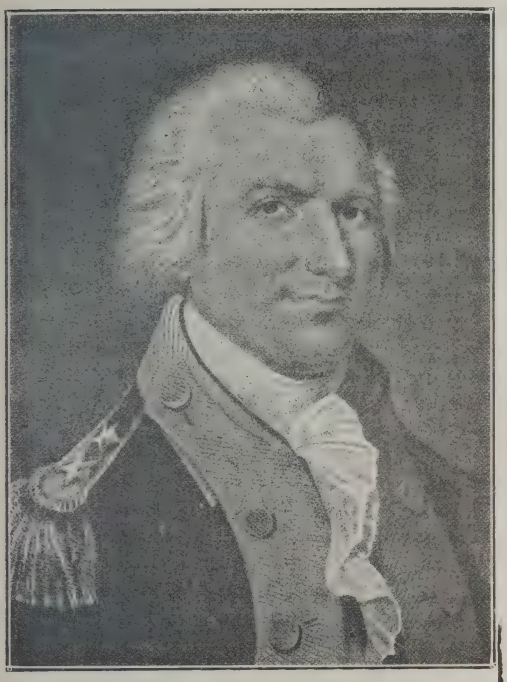
We do not require to seek the evidence. It stares us in the face and—almost every day. A few days ago the St. Patrick's Day parade was a great occasion—but not for the memory of the Saint. It was with hardly an attempt at disguisement a *Sinn Fein* demonstration, a deliberate attempt to foment distrust and hatred against a nation lately our greatest ally in war. Of such character too was the treaty reservation proposed by Senator Gerry of Rhode Island, duly passed by the Senate and hailed by De Valera as an occasion for Irishmen to sing the "Te Deum." Likewise the offensive "resolution" passed by the same body last year. A factor to be reckoned with also is that precious editorial patriot who preaches daily to millions the gospel of hatred against England under the camouflage composed of the noble and puissant words "Truth, Justice, Public Service." This worthy recently declared "the Irish Republic is a fact" and there is no ground to doubt that many thousands of his mushy-minded readers have accepted his statement at face value, as they have many of his other anti-English coruscations. Consider De Valera, and the work he is doing! There is no room to doubt or to belittle this factor nor of the fact of the millions of American dollars that are behind him.

The method employed by the propagandists are characteristically mendacious, thus, for example, we read in the newspapers of a Denis R. O'Brien who, on St. Patrick's Day, addressed the students of the Brooklyn Training School on "Irish Contributions to American Life and History" and among his many claims entering the modest item of eight presidents of the United States "*who were descendants of Irishmen.*" These agitators do not hesitate to descend to the very depths in order to "put it over" on the good-natured, liberty-loving and always gublible American people, thus trying to steal for themselves the glory that belongs to the very people they are at most bitter odds with —the Ulster-Scots. (In this connection the recent articles appearing in The Caledonian from the pen of Judge Benet were most timely and illuminating).

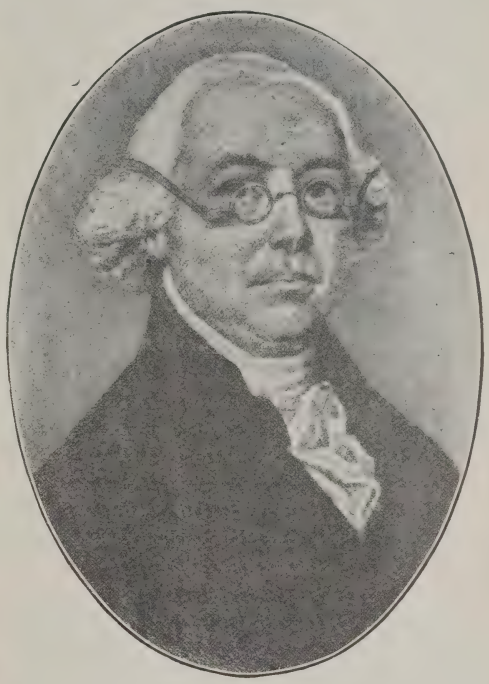
Prompted by a consideration of these conditions, my dear doctor, I venture to make the suggestion that marking the twent'eth anniversary of The Caledonian its readers might be glad to have an opportunity to

Scottish Builders of the Nation

Following are portraits of some of the important men of Scottish blood who were leaders in the early days of the United States, whose sketches and portraits appeared in the first volume of *Scots and Scots' Descendants in America.* More will appear in the May issue of THE CALEDONIAN.



MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR
(1734-1818)
B. Thurso studied at Edinburgh. Major-General in Washington's Army and first Governor of Ohio.



HON. JAMES WILSON
(1742-1798)
B. St. Andrews: d. U. S. Justice of the Supreme Court. The "most earned civilian in the Constitutional Convention."

make their influence effective through some practical method of disseminating the truth and counter-acting this misleading and mischevious propaganda. The Irish agitator in talking about Ireland's wrongs with facile art, skips the facts of the past thirty years and his mind browses in the past. Some time ago I heard Francis Hackett, one of the editors of *The New Republic* speak on "Ireland." By the clock, seven-eighths of his address was consumed in time devoted to a recital of Irish wrongs of more than a hundred years ago. Let us then tell the *whole* truth about the past. Far be it from my mind to promote malice or any sort of uncharitableness against the Irish people, but the braggart, fraudulent and shameless pretensions of their leaders should be laid bare. I am persuaded that the general feeling among Scots in America is a desire to see the Irish question settled in harmony with the generous, enlightened policy that has made the British Empire in reality an incomparable galaxy of free commonwealths; but we want to prevent our Congress from again offering gratuitous and affronting advice on the subject and thereby promoting ill-will between Great Britain and America.

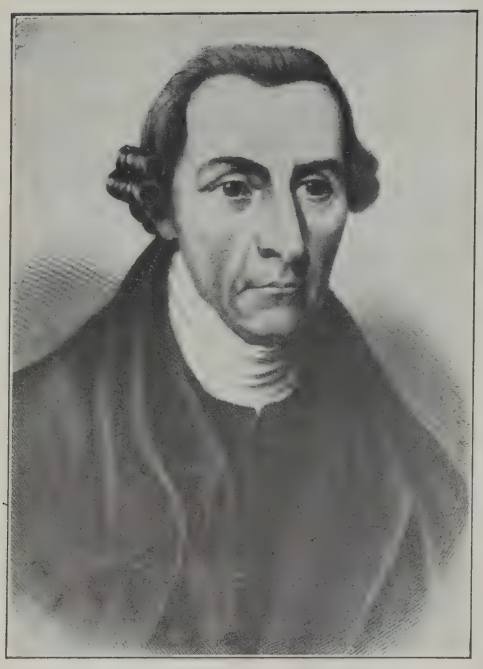
This end could best be gained, I believe, by the widespread circulation of literature. Perhaps the story might be the best form—the story with the background of historical truth and with characters and plot soundly based upon facts.

To achieve this means it is suggested that a fund be raised and used under the auspices of THE CALEDONIAN and subject to the direction of a committee of representative men. This proposed fund should be of such ample proportions as to attract the best available talent not only of the United States, but of English-speaking people throughout the world. Who can say but that by this means a work of genius might be brought to light? For my part I should be glad to make a suitable contribution to such a fund.

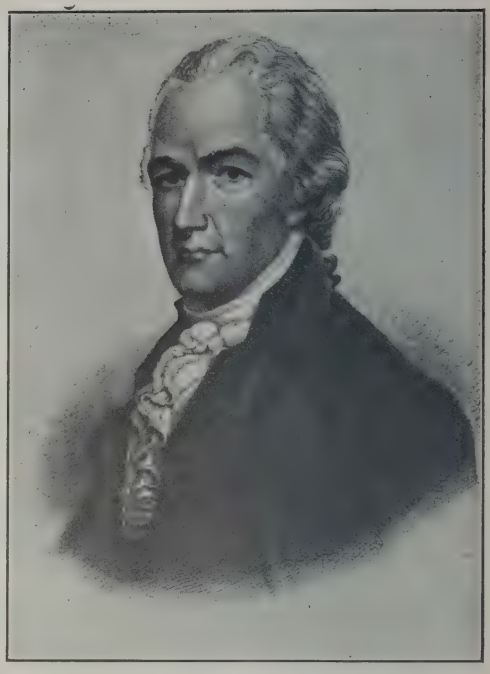
Yours very truly,

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

88 Decatur Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



HON. PATRICK HENRY
(1736-1799)
Son of a Scotsman named John Henry. Grandmother a cousin of Principal Robertson, the historian, and of the mother of Lord Brougham.



HON. ALEXANDER HAMILTON
(1757-1804)
Of Scottish parents. Soldier, Statesman and Publicist. Founder of the American Financial and Economic System.

(We greatly appreciate the suggestion of our friend, Captain Taylor. The need is certainly great, and his idea seems to point the way to a better understanding of the true racial relationships between America and Great Britain. There is nothing gained by bickering in the newspapers and shouting in meetings. A plan such as Captain Taylor suggests would bring out the best historical and literary investigation from all angles and by the very best minds in the country. The results would be of permanent value. We heartily endorse it.

It is hoped that in the May issue we may be able to announce such a committee and to give further particulars.—Editor.)

SCOTS AS LEADERS

Wherever the Scotchman goes he becomes a leader. You hear of the Irish vote, the German vote, the Italian vote, but you hear only of Scottish leadership.

He has had a powerful influence in America. Our first newspaper was published by a Scotchman; a Scot first won international honors for American letters; the steamboat, telephone, telegraph and electric light were devised by men of Scotch descent, writes Samuel P. Orth.

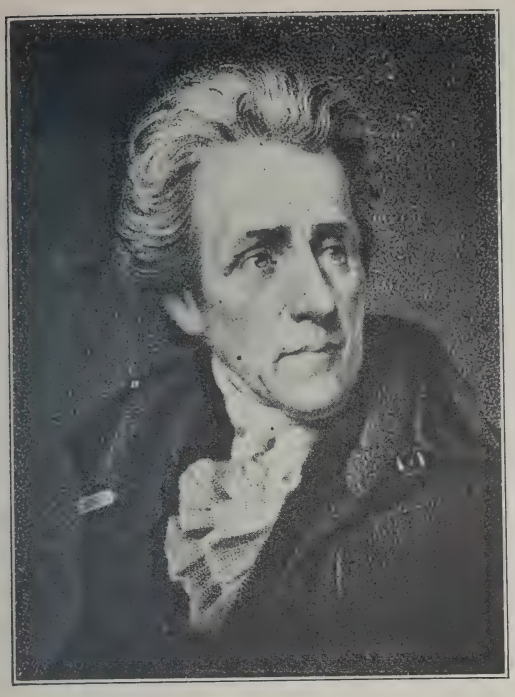
The second college in our land was founded by a Scotch divine; our Constitution was framed and adopted largely by the influence of two Scotch lawyers; our most majestic orator, our most winning politician, our most metaphysical statesman, our greatest diplomatist and our greatest poet were of Scotch lineage.

So of many of our business captains and railroad magnates, almost one-half of our presidents and a large proportion of our cabinet members, judges and governors. Was there ever such a drain of leadership upon a like area?

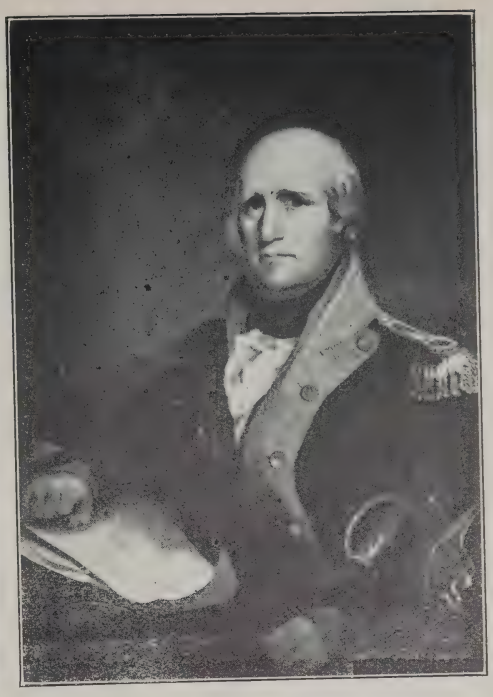
The Scotch have not alone helped make America. They control Australia, direct New Zealand, lead Canada and rule Africa.

For centuries Scot and Briton were bitterest enemies. Edinburgh and Paris conspired against London.

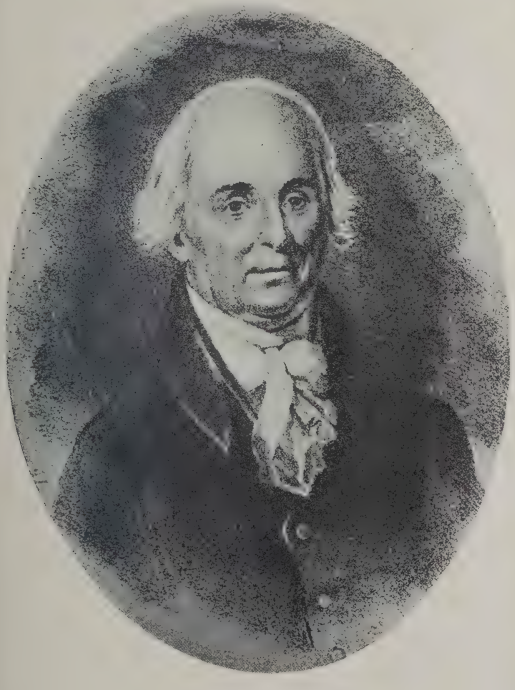
The union, when it finally came, was one of crowns and not of hearts. There still lurks jealousy under the surface. Write a letter to a loyal Glasgonian, address it "North Britain," and see what happens.



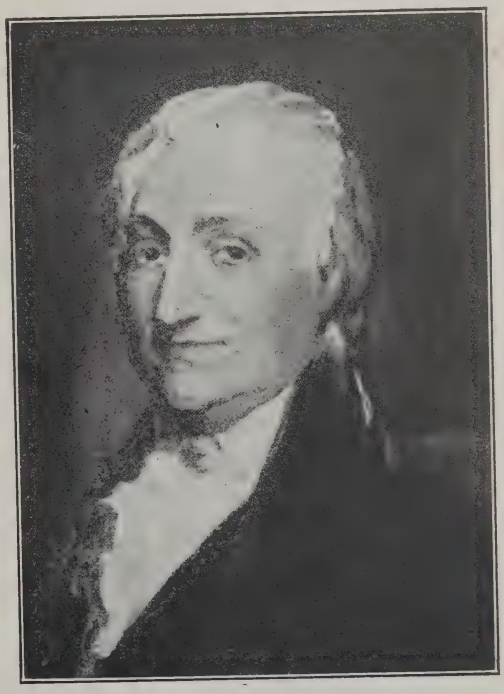
HON. ANDREW JACKSON
(1767-1845)
Soldier and President of the United States. Born of Ulster-Scots parents from County Down, Ireland.



GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
(1752-1818)
Scottish descent by father and mother. His fearless campaigns in Indiana and Illinois secured the great west for the United States.



FOBERT AITKEN
(1734-1832)
Printer. Born Dalkieth, Scotland. Commended by resolution of Congress for first printing of the Bible in the United States.



HON. HUGH HENRY BRACKENRIDGE
(1748-1816)
Born Campbeltown, Scotland, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and one of the earliest American authors.

Haddington and the Lammermuirs

Pleasant indeed is it, with the warm sunshine playing through the atmosphere, to wander leisurely, with stray fancies and idle thoughts, through old-time Haddington and its charming neighborhood. To look in at old houses and ruined shrines fragrant with memories, and dream dreams and conjure up visions of another day and generations. To leave the bounds and saunter just as we feel disposed 'mid the byways and bygones of this literary township. Ancient gables and quaint turning lanes, wide-spreading fields of richest green, the flowers in blossom, and soft, undulating hills, draw the mind backwards to other scenes and awaken the springs of memory. Here we meet to the full the charm of Scottish country life—fertile lands as far as the eye can see, cattle feeding in the pastures, old-fashioned thoroughfares, rippling streams; in the distance the Lammermuirs. Delightfully situated on the Southern slopes of the Garleton Hills, Haddington offers a strong attraction to the literary pilgrim. For whether lingering by the richly-wooded banks of the Tyne beloved by Richard Gall and other bards, or in the vicinity of the historic main street, with its wynds and high old houses, there comes a breath of the time that has been—a pathetic link with the illustrious and musing minstrels of far-off years, who were familiar figures in the town in days now faded in the mist of years.

A PICTURESQUE TOWNSHIP

To-day Haddington makes a pretty picture to the eye of the artist, with its venerable kirk, flowing river, and various quaint steeples stretching high above its short, broad streets. Its numerous pends and closes reveal a clean picturesqueness that appeals, while over all is an air of quiet respectability, and just that touch of sleepiness which makes it difficult, at first, to connect it with anything outstanding in literary story. Yet, scattered 'mid the charm of its ancient ways still repose many haunts and haunterings of the poet and litterateur. Passing into High street on the south side of the Town House, a flood of association comes upon you, for here you are in a thoroughfare rich in memories. Near at hand stands the old building wherein Edward Irving, the bosom friend of Carlyle, had his school from 1809 to 1812, and taught for the paltry fee of £20 a year, with 15s per quarter extra for mathematics and 10s per quarter for geography. A pathetic enough place now is this academic relic of other days. Sad and desolate looking in appearance, as if brooding over the past, it lends an illustrious note to the trim little tower, not wholly unpleasing.

SAMUEL SMILES

Some few steps eastwards, and on the other side of the street is the shop once occupied by Dr. Welsh, the father of Jane Carlyle, famous for its connection with Samuel Smiles of "Self-Help" fame and other works. The worthy Smiles was a native of Haddington, but few, if any, read his books now, and in the place of his birth his name is scarcely known. On the north side of the Tolbuith Wynd stands the venerable manse where the Rev. John Brown, great-grandfather of the author of *Rab and His Friends*, wrote his well known Biblical treatises. But to that memorable shrine, with its fine old garden and love story as passionate as any in literary annals,

THE HOME OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE

Though more than a century has passed since Jane Welsh Carlyle first saw the light, the home of her birth has changed but little. It is still a pleasant homestead, nestling comfortably amidst a motley array of old-fashioned architecture. The fine old flower garden lends a picturesque setting to its air of quiet gentility, and lingering in its shadow on a fresh summer morning, with the sunbeams lighting up its somewhat faded exterior, you could not wish to gaze upon a more treasured haunt. Had Haddington no other landmark than this to show, it would indeed be rich in literary lore. About it is all the story of the early years of the winsome Jane. Here she was born on 14th July, 1801; here passed all the life of her girlhood days! Here, too, was begun the most memorable chapter of her career.

A MEMORABLE MAY EVENING

We go back along the pathway of the years to a sweet May evening in far-away 1821. On that momentous night two visitors from Edinburgh might have been seen proceeding along High street in the direction of the house. These were Edward Irving, long on intimate terms with the Welsh family, and Thomas Carlyle, who was accompanying his companion, and who at that time was just commencing his literary work.

Little did Carlyle think as he walked along by the side of Irving that he was about to enter upon an episode of which he had never dreamed. But the after-math of the visit is an oft-told tale. Everyone knows of "the garden house, scarcely inferior in respectability to the noble mansion itself," and of the introduction to "Blumine." And few there are but have read the tender and sweet expressive love-letters that passed between "your own Jane" and the stolid Thomas. Haddington marked an epoch in the life of Carlyle, for he tells us in later years—"The end of the journey, and what I saw there will be memorable to me while life or thought endures."

GIFFORDSGATE AND JOHN KNOX

From High street it is but a stroll across the now modern bridge which carries the road over the Tyne to ancient Nungate, with its red-tiled roofs, thence along the waterside to Giffordsgate, where the charm of old places tempts us to tarry. It is truly a haunt of early days, a piquant remembrance of the flight of ages. Here, according to a picturesque tradition, John Knox, the eminent scholar, historian and divine, was born, and spent his boyhood years. Round about are hallowed spots associated with his name, none more impressive than that on which stands the spreading oak planted to his memory by Thomas Carlyle. Old natives will tell you that it marks the site where once stood the house in which he made his entry into existence, and if you be of an inquisitive turn of mind, they will regale you with all sorts of stories concerning his wanderings by the banks of the river. Whether Knox was born in Haddington or not, is a debatable point, but the town can at least claim that he lived there from 1540 until 1543, and that he was a frequent visitor in later years.

TYNE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

We would fain repose in this corner of ancient lineage thinking pleasant thoughts and dreaming of bygone days. For here we are in a little world all by itself—a world the prevailing element of which is an all-pervading calm. By the banks of the Tyne are all the footsteps of Richard Gall, the poet. Gall knew well the charms of this little river; its every nook and corner were deeply imprinted on his memory, and lovingly indeed has he sung of its beauties. Oft-times did he stray by its gowany braes and meadows green in the long rush-lit evenings of now vanished summers to chant his dreamy song by the "dear remembered scenes" which constantly filled his vision. But Gall is only one of many who have left a literary fragrance to the Tyne. Other distinguished figures have found their way to this quiet little stream, poetic voices that found in the scenes around them endless themes for song. The earliest singers have long been forgotten, but of the musing minstels of other days, we know that Bower, who completed John Fordun's "Scoti-chronison," was a native of Haddington and a wanderer on the pathways by the river. Here, too, came William Dunbar, the Franciscan monk, who entertained our ancestors with *Mrs. Musgraves Smiles,* and Sir Richard Maitland, author of *Gude Wyfis of the Burrouston.* It would be tedious to dwell on others who have favored the banks of the Tyne with their presence, but readers of Scott will remember that Marmion, on his way to Holyrood, passed through Humbie and through Saltoun Wood to Crichton Castle, which

". . . rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne."

A LITERARY NEIGHBORHOOD

Seated between the Carleton hills and the Lammermuirs, the surrounding country is replete in natural beauties and rich in associations. Within a few minutes' tramp of Haddington, you may linger by the fine old trees that shade the ancient fortalice of Lethington, illustrious as the home of the Sir Richard Maitland already mentioned. Further on lie the ruins of Garleton Castle. This relic of a vanished past is all that remains to mark the birthplace of a famous bard. It is a spot that will ever linger in Scottish memory, for

Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-arms.

Garleton is a fitting abode for a rare old poet. It is still an ideal haunt for the nurture of the muse. Close by is Athelstaneford, where Robert Blair, the author of that finely descriptive moral poem, "The Grave," was minister from 1741 to 1746, and where John Home, who wrote the well known tragedy, *Douglas,* succeeded him. Local tradition has it that the material for the *Douglas* was found on the slopes of the Lammermuirs, but be that as it may, we know that the piece was an unqualified success. It "was received with so vehement a popularity by his countrymen," says Hill Burton, "that they shook hands in the streets of Edinburgh in congratulation that a new Shakespeare had arisen, and he was a Scot." And that must have been a great first night at the theatre when a voice from the gallery broke through the stillness of the auditorium with "Whaur's yer Wullie Shakespeare noo?"

THE LAMMERMUIRS

Home spent a quiet time at Athelstaneford. The Lothian fields impressed him, and when not sauntering, a familiar figure, by their unfrequented ways, oft-times from his study windows would he look out on that great highway of literary lore, the Lammermuirs. They stretch all around in a far-flung vista of swelling landscape, their rounded heights and sylvan glens looming prominently to the eye. Memories crowd their pathways, for here have come awandering many famous in the realms of poetry and letters. The songs of sweet-voiced singers have rung across their wide-expanding vales and through their deep recesses. Even yet the ballad music of yester years echoes along the peaceful hillside, and if the wayfarer be possessed of imagination, he will meet with the shades of a right goodly company indeed. From the days when the shadowy Aneurin, of whom Chalmers in his *Caledonia* speaks, sang of the heroes who

". . . traversed Otadinia, a joyous course,"

glamour and romance have cast their spell over these swelling hills. They were the happy hunting ground of the gossipy Thomas of Ercildoune, better known as Thomas the Rhymer, and of the scholarly John Duns Scotus, the "Doctor Subtilis" of the Roman Catholic Church. Westruther, on the southern slopes, produced the famous historian, Spottiswood, while some miles distant reposes Godscroft, a favorite retreat of David Home. Grizell Baillie, of lyric fame, whose name lives affectionately in Scottish memory, knew well the famous range, as did also Burns and Scott, while all who are acquainted with that delightful book, *Scottish Rivers,* will recall the name of Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder.

THE PILGRIM'S WAY

Other figures float before our vision, for those who have graced the Lammermuirs with their presence are legion. Let us wander therefore to the little upland parish of Soutra, where the gentle John Logan, who shares with Michael Bruce the part authorship of *The Cuckoo,* first saw the light. Here we are in a wind-swept district of hill and dale, a lone spot "far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife." But it is a spot to be loved. Sitting in the silence of the evening, you may look out on the hills reflecting the sunset. Far down below shadow lies upon shadow. And all around floats an atmosphere of reminiscence, for the Lammermuirs have been the pilgrim's way throughout the centuries.—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

Concerning Prince and Pretender

BY M. E. M. DONALDSON

(From "Tonal Mactonal")

Mr. Job Dobson, M. P., though he had terminated his investigation of the local fishing industry as abruptly as the wearing of the kilt, was still staying at Glenshona Hotel. Having purchased for himself and his daughter a complete set of coupons which dictated where they should stay and of what meals they should partake for a week, Mr. Dobson was not the man to relinquish anything, least of all the meals, to which this investment entitled him. So he and Matilda Louisa put in, as best they could, the remaining days in what were—to them—thoroughly uncongenial surroundings.

"I sai, Pa," began Miss Dobson one afternoon, as she and her father were strolling listlessly and aimlessly about in front of the hotel, the lady fashionably attired in a badly-cut silk costume, her heavily-scented person plentifully adorned with jewellery. "Did yeou 'ear what that stuck-up Mijor feller was tellin' that craizy Allanson kid?"

"Not me!" replied Mr. Dobson, nonchalantly yawning. "Nothin' worth 'earin', I'll be beound, if it was in the usual run of the conversition 'ere. I'm fed up with their everlastin' talk abeout fishin' and flies and climbin' and walkin,' and all the rest of it. It's nothin' but swank, and shockin' bad form when it keeps a gentleman with more brines than muscle out of the conversition."

"Ah, but this time it was different, and has given me an idear for somethin' to do without killin' oursélves in this one-eyed, pokey little hole of a plice."

"If yeou're goin' to suggest tikin' a bowt to sive walkin', yeou can gow alown," interposed Mr. Dobson, with lively memories of his last boating expedition.

"Now, Pa, *is* it likely I'd suggest any sich thing when I'm sich a shocking bad sailor—worse than yeou even? No, what I thought was that we might get some fun out of an old woman who treasures up a lock of 'air which she says was Prince Charlie's—the Pretender feller's, yeou kneow."

"*What's* that?" asked Mr. Dobson, not understanding the origin of this proposal.

"It was what I overheard the Mijor tellin' that craizy kid—that some old Mack Donald woman shewed him this relic of their precious Prince. I'm abeout bored stiff already in this dull hole where there's nothin' to be seen—no bands, no minstrels, no picture-houses, no sort of attraction, not even one man with an eye for a smart girl to have a bit of fun with. So, for want of somethin' better to do, I found out where the old party lives—it's just reound the bii a bit—and I thought there might be the chance of chippin' her abeout her relic. Are yeou on, Pa?"

"Ow, I don't mind," said Mr. Dobson, "so long as it's somethin' to fill in the time before dinner. We mustn't be lite for that, though."

As they ambled along in the direction indicated by Miss Dobson, their conversation consisted of conjectures as to the dishes which dinner might hold in store for them, and an animated comparison of the merits of the different hotels they had patronised—an estimate based exclusively upon their food supply.

They had no eyes for the splendour of colour in sky, mountains, and sea, still less for the seals basking in the sun on the rocks; none for the heron patiently fishing at the water's edge, nor for the wealth of wild flowers and ferns growing by the wayside. But a solitary figure, standing motionless on the shore, did at last succeed in diverting Miss Dobson's attention from the all-absorbing topic of meals, and she remarked to her father:

"Pa, do yeou see that girl standin' there as if she was moonstruck? If she was lookin' at a ballet at the Palace or the Alhambra now, I could understand it. But how anyone can behive in that idiotic wii over a silly view, I can't think. Did yeou ever see sich clothes too? Not a bit in the fashion. I wonder how any girl can mike sich a guy of herself."

The girl who had thus come under Miss Dobson's censorious eye was standing with her back to them, lost in contemplation of the glorious expanse of sea and islands spread out before them. The dress which had occasioned such condemnation consisted of a jersey, short tweed skirt, and stockings all of the warm golden brown of the seaweed at her feet; a soft wide-brimmed hat of the same shade, swathed round with a scarf of Stewart tartan. Her brown naturally-waving hair was, for one of her twenty years, unconventionally worn hanging down her back, and loosely confined by a black bow carelessly tied.

"Ah, she'd be the better fer yeour tiste in dress, Matilder Louiser, wouldn't she?" remarked Mr. Dobson, who appraised clothes according to their pretentiousness, which constituted his idea of good taste. "But there," he concluded, "it's not everybody's father that's got £400 a year to make a sheow with."

"I sii, Pa, is that that girl whistlin'?" interjected Miss Dobson, amazed, as the melody of *Birlinn nan tonn* was borne over the shore in clear mellow notes.

"Seems like it, seein' there's no one h'else abeout," replied Mr. Dobson.

"It's a queer sort of toon, anyway—I can't say I think much of it—not to compare with 'Tipperary' or 'Hitchykoo,'" criticised Miss Dobson, who considered herself musical.

"I sii, me dear, where's this precious cottage of yeours?" interrupted Mr. Dobson.

"It's that tumble-deown old plice there, Pa," replied his daughter, pointing to Donald Macdonald's house, and within a minute Mr. Dobson found himself fumbling with the rope that secured the makeshift gate barring the plank that led across the burn up to the door. As he was thus occupied, a voice addressed them:

"Wass there anything I could pe toing for you?"

Looking up, the Dobsons saw Eilidh Macdonald standing in the doorway, and Matilda Louisa called to her:

"Does an old woman Mack Donald live here?"

"My mother, that wass Mistress Mactonal, wass staying here," replied Eilidh, without her usual smile, conscious of the presence of strangers who were aliens in every sense of the word.

Mr. Dobson, confident that what he considered his irresistible breezy manner must have a melting effect upon a young and good-looking girl, now interposed:

"Ah, that will be the party we're after, and a very pretty daughter she 'as got, too, to be sure!"

Eilidh looked at him coldly, and turned to enter the house.

"I'm shore I was h'only mikin' meself h'agreeable, mii good girl," said Mr. Dobson, quite taken aback to find his familiarities thus resented. "Just yeou run in and tell yeour mother Mr. Job Dobson 'as called to see 'er. Fer all I'm M. P. fer Wappin', she needn't be a bit h'fride of me, fer she'll find me and me daughter 'ere quite h'easy to get on with."

"I wass not so sure, and will you please pe telling me what you wass want'n?' replied Eilidh, resenting this Sasunnach patronage.

The Dobsons were still outside the gate, whose fastenings had refused to yield even to the fingers of an M. P., and Eilidh still stood in the doorway of her cottage. Miss Dobson impatiently answered her:

"We heard your mother had got a lock of Prince Charlie's 'air on sheow, and we thought we'd like to see it."

"Yes," added Mr. Dobson, thinking here was a suitable opportunity for exhibiting his tactful humour, "jest to make quite shore, yeou know, that there is no pretence abeout it,'for all it belonged to a Pretender."

"Sir, Prince Charlie he wass no pretender whatefer!" exclaimed Eilidh, furiously, her eyes blazing. "And if it wass to pe insulting ta lad of ta yellow hair you wass thinking, I will pe telling you that ta Mactonal they would still pe fighting for him that wass *Prionnsa Tearlach Righ nan Ghaidheil.*"

With these last words in her own tongue, the girl turned indoors, closing the door defiantly behind her.

"My word, Pa, but yeou've done it this time! What dreadful swear words she used, to be sure! She's got her knife into us now, and no mistike!" observed Miss Dobson, inwardly marvelling the while how anyone could possibly excite themselves over a dead and gone person, one, moreover, whom they had never known.

"The little spitfire!" commented her father. "'Oo would have thought there was any of that h'absurd nonsense left nowadiis? The idear of flyin' into a rige all abeout a good-fer-nothin' playh'actin' puppet too! But, there," he concluded, indulgently, "they 'aven't 'ad our h'educitional h'advantiges up 'ere, so it's not so surprisin' after all if they're not so h'enlightened." Then, consulting his watch, he sighed, "Good graicious, two and a half more hours to put in befowr dinner!"

"Let's go up and sit in the woods over there, till it's time to go back then, Pa," suggested Miss Dobson, adding, "I'm tired of walkin'," and, her father being agreeable, they went.

Within the cottage, the tale that Eilidh had to tell aroused in her old mother something of her own fierce indignation, and both were eager for the return of Donald, satisfied that his ingenious mind would not be at a loss to suggest some effective method of avenging the outraged memory of the Prince. After allowing ample time for the two offensive Sasunnachs to have wholly disappeared, Eilidh cautiously opened and looked out of the door; and then, seeing no sign of them, ventured across the burn, and stood at the gate to scan the landscape. As she did so, the notes of *Thainig mo righ air tir am Muideart*, whistled with spirit, fell on her ear; and, recognizing instantly the tune whose sentiments echoed so remarkably all that was then in her mind, Eilidh passed through the gate, curious to discover the performer. She had not long to wait, for soon round the bend of the road appeared the girl who had stood upon the shore. It scarcely needed the token of Stewart tartan in hat and tie to satisfy Eilidh that in the youthful figure now advancing towards her was a visitor to be welcomed with open arms as, at least, a fellow Gael, for surely no Sasunnach could lilt clan music like this girl. A smile illumined this visitor's attractive face as she came up to the gate; and, with a charming courtesy, she addressed Eilidh.

"I wonder if you would be so kind as to let me have a little milk—if you have any to spare? I had this bottle full, but there must have been something wrong with the cork, for the milk has all leaked out into my satchel."

"Uch, that wass ta peety," said Eilidh, in concern. "If you will pe gifing ta pag to me, Mem, I will pe cleaning her for you. And I wass too pleased to pe filling ta pottle with ta milk for you neither."

"That is very good of you," answered the girl. "But I really can't let you trouble about the bag. What a beautiful home you have, and how in keeping with the country!"

"Wass you liking ta country, Mem?" Eilidh ventured to query.

"Was I liking your beautiful country?" repeated the girl enthusiastically, a far-seeing look in the depths of her eyes. "Does not the true Highland heart always leap at the call of the Highlands, which speak not only of the things that are, but of the great days that have been, and the great ones who have passed through them?"

"Uch, Mem, but you must pe coming into ta house—if you will pe excusing her," invited Eilidh, instantly responsive to sentiments that were her own. "It's my mother, too, that would like to pe speaking with a lady that wass ass Highland ass yourself."

Delighted at the prospect of a talk with a native of kindred spirit, Iona Stewart followed Eilidh into the cottage, to be introduced to a *cailleach* whose pleasant crinkled face was framed in a close-fitting white frilled cap. Soon Iona and Mrs. Macdonald were on the best of terms with each other, Iona listening with the keenest interest to the old woman's outpourings, while Eilidh prepared the tea which both mother and daughter insisted on their visitor accepting. As they sat side by side, the *cailleach* sought to impress a point in the course of her eager narration by laying her hand lightly upon Iona's. Looking down at it as she did so, the old woman suddenly clutched and raised the hand, exclaiming excitedly as she examined it:

"Uch, Mem, but it wass ta ploody hand you tid hev!"

Iona, vaguely wondering if Mrs. Macdonald had the second sight, and was predicting murder from her hand, was reassured by the discovery that it was the wearing of a signet ring displaying the bleeding hand of the Macdonalds which was the cause of the startling announcement.

"My mother was a Macdonald, and the ring was in her family," explained Iona. "I'm afraid I'm sailing under false colours by wearing it, for as a Stewart I ought to be shewing the Stewart crest."

"Put you will pe knowing ta story of ta ploody hand, Mem?" queried the *cailleach* anxiously, obviously eager for a negative answer in order that she might offer to supply the lacking knowledge.

Iona, equally anxious to hear the native version, suppressed the fact that the tale was familiar to her by the simple expedient of begging the old lady to narrate it.

"Well, it wass chust this way," began the *cailleach*, with supreme content. "Wan tay Somerled, him that wass ta first of ta Mactonals, he wass in one poat and it would pe ta Macleods they wass in another wan poat, and they would pe racing to pe seeing who it wass would pe ta first that wass landing on Skye. And what way they wass racing wass chust this. There wass ta prophecy that ta flesh and ta plood of ta clan that wass landing ta first on Skye, they would pe heving ta island. And Somerled, he wass seeing that ta other wan poat she wass getting on pefore ta wan that wass pelonging to him. And what wass he toing whatefer, but would pe taking out his tagger and wass cutting off his hand with her; and ta hand he tid fling her on ta land. And so it wass ta flesh and ta plood of ta Mactonal that wass ta first to pe landing on Skye. Now wass not that ta clefer thing to pe toing?"

"Yes, indeed, it was a very brilliant idea," agreed Iona readily, taking the cup of tea that Eilidh offered her.

"And that would pe why to this fery tay, ta Mactonals they wass ta clefer, clefer people," remarked the *cailleach* with pride.

From the subject of the Macdonalds the conversation turned to Prince Charlie, when Macdonald vied with Stewart in avowals of devotion to the undying memory of "the lad with the yellow hair." For the reverent contemplation of her Jacobite visitor, the *cailleach* brought forth from its hiding place her dearest treasure, a lock of the Prince's hair, given by him in memory of some devoted service to one of her forbears.

"Och, but if *an Prionnsa Tearlach* chust wass lifing now!" sighed the *cailleach* in an ecstacy of enthusiasm, speaking as though she herself had known the Prince and spoken with him. "There wass no tay that wass like ta tays when he wass in ta Highlands, and it wass no wonder his heart she wass preaking when he wass leaving ta land that wass his country. But he will pe coming pack—I wass ass sure ass sure he will pe coming pack—for ta Highland heart she wass aalways crying out to him, and there wass no wan but *Tearlach* that could pe filling ta place that wass empty for him."

So great was her yearning for the Prince, that tears glistened in the old woman's eyes, and the shrivelled hand that was grasping her visitor's trembled with emotion. Iona was loathe to leave her, but time was pressing, so, disengaging herself as gently as possible, she took her departure, followed by entreaties from both mother and daughter to return soon.

When Donald came home, bringing with him his young friend, Duncan the porter, the unwonted events of the afternoon gave him a great deal to hear. At first it seemed as though the visit of Iona Stewart had effaced all memory of the encounter with the Dobsons. But when, having extolled their visitor's distinctions in general, the *cailleach* passed on to particularise her devotion to Prince Charlie, the conduct of the Dobsons was naturally suggested by reason of its glaring contrast. Her indignation re-aroused by the recollection of the outrage, Eilidh graphically retailed the whole incident to her brother, whose wrath, on hearing of the Dobsonian aspersions on the Prince, was in no wise mitigated by his recent experience with the chief detractor.

"No, inteed, it wass not for ta Sasunnach to pe insulting *Prionnsa Tearlach* in his own country, moreofer, so long ass there wass a Mactonal that wass true to ta name. And wass it inteed ta fery same miserable M. P. man that wass tressing himself in ta kilt that wass nefer pelonging to ta like of him, chust a Sasunnach and no more whatefer? And wass it ta Pretender that he wass calling *Phrionns' og Thearlach MacSheumais?* Uch, but that wass ass worse ass ta insult to ta Prince efer wass! And I tid see ta man on my way home, that wass sitting in ta woods chust across ta road with a woman that wass ass silly looking ass himself. And I wass leafing him there too without wan plow! Uch, if I wass chust knowing that it wass ta Prince he wass insulting I would hev peen fighting him with my poots whatefer!"

In his rage, and aggravated by the thought of this lost opportunity, Donald began pacing the floor, when the sight of Duncan, seated in a corner, drawing with the stump of a pencil on the back of a railway window bill, arrested his steps. With a start of surprise, Donald exclaimed:

"Uch, it iss ta fery man himself you will pe heving on ta paper! Ta face, it iss ass like ass like altogether! Anywan could pe telling who she wass!"

When he realised that Donald was leaning over his shoulder regarding his handiwork, the abashed artist stopped his work. But Donald clapped him approvingly on the back and exclaimed:

"Co on, co on with her, Tincan, for it iss chust peautiful ta trawing that you wass making! Uch, but it's you that iss ta clefer, clefer lad, and when you wass finishing her,

she will pe chust heafenly, no less altogether."

In this tribute to his talent, the blushing artist found sufficient stimulus to pursue his work. Eilidh, however, was somewhat dismayed by this distraction, which she thought was diverting Donald from his purpose, so she asked, anxiously:

"Tonal, would you not pe toing something for ta cood name of *Prionnsa Tearlach?*"

"Och yess, inteed, and that I wass whatefer," he assured her. "When Tincan he wass finished ta peautiful trawing, I will pe telling him what he will hev to pe toing, and I myself will pe waalking ofer to ta Post Offiss, for it's out for ta Prince that ta Mactonal will pe wance again no less!"

When, in good time for dinner, Mr. and Miss Dobson left their resting-place under the trees and regained the road, Duncan, sitting on a boulder by the roadside, was awaiting them. Getting up as they appeared, he bashfully confronted them, and as though he were repeating a lesson, addressed the M. P.:

"If you please, sir, wass you ta poth that wass asking to pe seeing ta hair of ta Pretender?"

"Yes, me lad, but 'ow did yeou 'appen to kneow?" asked Mr. Dobson.

"I wass hearing a straange chentleman and a lady wass asking at Mistress Mactonal's here."

"Ow! 'As she thought better of it then, and sent yeou to bring us back?"

"No, sir, I would chust pe telling you they wass heving ta likeness of ta Pretender at ta Post Offiss that you could pe seeing her if you wass wanting."

"Thanks, me lad," said Mr. Dobson graciously to Duncan, who, his part played, made his escape without any loss of time.

"Did yeou notice, Matilder Louiser, it was the Pretender this time instead of the Prince?" remarked Mr. Dobson, very much gratified. "No doubt when 'er temper 'ad cooled, that Mack Donald firebrand was afride she'd gone a bit too far, so she's changed 'er toon, and sent a message which she 'opes 'll put matters right with me. We might jest drop into the Powst H'office as we pass and 'ave a look at the likeness, eh?"

Miss Dobson assented—without any display of enthusiasm, and, arrived at the Post Office, which was within a minute of the hotel, they found quite a small crowd clustered round the counter. Everyone, however, instantly fell back at their entrance—an action which the gratified M. P. attributed to the respectful deference which he felt his commanding personality must ultimately inspire. Addressing the post-mistress, Mr. Dobson said:

"I 'ear yeou've a portrait of the Pretender 'ere, mii good woman? Can we see it?"

"Oh, yess, inteed you could pe seeing her, if you wass looking up there," replied the postmistress, indicating a paper pinned to the wall, immediately behind her.

And what the Dobsons saw on the paper was a crude sketch, which, though it was executed without a bowing acquaintance with the rudiments of drawing, was not lacking a certain spirit, and had caught a likeness which could not be mistaken. It depicted the face of a man dressed in a kilt, the side of which was kept down by a hand whose fingers, represented by spikes, were spread wide. The head was crowned by a covering more suggestive of a frying pan than a Balmoral, for which it was presumably intended, and the knock-kneed legs shewed calves and ankles of a uniform thinness. And that there might be no room for doubt, across the kilt was written "Cambell," while the whole caricature was labelled in large rude capitals "LIKENESS OF THE PRETENDER."

(*End*)

Clan MacNab

Clan Badge: Stone bramble; also Crowberry (Dearca fithich).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the MacNab Tartan are: Abbot, Abbotson, Dewar, Gilfillan, MacNab.

The Arms of the Clan is: Black, on a silver chevron three gold crescents, in base an open boat, oars in action, on a sea proper. Crest: A savage's head erased.

Motto: *Timor omnis abesto.*

It is recorded by Lockhart in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott* that the great romancer once confessed that he found it difficult to tell over again a story which had caught his fancy without "giving it a hat and stick." Among the stories to which Sir Walter was no doubt wont to make such additions were more than one which had for their subject the somewhat fantastic figure of Francis MacNab, chief of that clan, whose portrait, painted by Raeburn, is one of the most famous achievements of that great Scottish artist, and who, after a warm-hearted and somewhat convivial career, died at Callander on 25th, May, 1816. It was one of these presumably partly true stories, fathered upon the Chief, which Scott was on one occasion telling at the breakfast table at Abbots-

ford, when his wife, who did not always understand the point of the narrative, looked up from her coffee pot, and, with an attempt to show herself interested in the matter in hand, exclaimed, "And is MacNab dead?" Struck of a heap by the innocent ineptitude of the remark, Scott, says Lockhart, looked quizzically at his wife, and with a smile replied, "Well, my dear, if he isn't dead they've done him a grave injustice, for they've buried him."

Another story of MacNab told by Sir Walter, this time in print, had probably truth behind it, for it was in full agreement with the humor and shortcomings of the Chief. The latter, it is said, was somewhat in the habit of forgetting to pay all his oustanding debts before he left Edinburgh for his Highland residence at the western end of Loch Tay, and on one occasion a creditor had the temerity to send a Sheriff's officer into the Highlands to collect the account. MacNab, who saw the messenger arrive at Kinnell, at once guessed his errand. With great show of Highland hospitality, he made the man welcome, and would not allow any talk of business that night. In the morning, when the messenger awoke and looked from his bedroom window, he was horrified to see the figure of a man suspended from the branch of a tree in front of the house. Making his way downstairs, he inquired of a servant the meaning of the fearful sight, and was answered by the man casually that it was "Just a bit tam messenger body that had the presumption to bring a bit o' paper frae Edinburgh to ta Laird." Needless to say, when breakfast time came, the Sheriff's officer was nowhere to be found.

Many other stories not told by Sir Walter Scott were wont to be fathered upon the picturesque figure of the MacNab Chief. One of these may be enough to show their character.

On one occasion, it is said, MacNab paid a visit to the new Saracen Head Inn in Glasgow, and on being shown to his room for the night, found himself confronted with a great four-poster bed, a contrivance with which he had not hitherto made acquaintance. Looking at it for a moment, he said to his man, "Donald, you go in there," pointing to the bed itself; "the MacNab must go aloft." And with his man's help he made his way to the higher place on the canopy. After an hour or two, it is said, he addressed his henchman. "Donald," he whispered; but the only reply was a snore from the happy individual ensconced upon the feathers below. "Donald, ye rascal," he repeated, and, having at last secured his man's attention, inquired, "Are ye comfortable doun there?" Donald declared that he was comfortable, whereupon MacNab is said to have rejoined, "Man, if it werena for the honor of the thing, I think I wad come doun beside ye!"

The little old mansion-house of Kinnell, in which Francis, Chief of MacNab, entertained his friends not wisely but too well, still stands in the pleasant meadows on the bank of the Dochart, opposite Killin, not far from the spot where that river enters Loch Tay. It is now a possession of the Marquess of Breadalbane, but it still contains many interesting pieces of antique furniture and other household plenishing which belonged to the old chiefs of the clan. Among these, in the little old low-roofed dining-room, which has seen many a revel in days gone by, remains the quaint gate-legged oak table with folding wings and drawers, the little low sideboard, black with age, with spindle legs and brass mountings, the corner cupboard with carved doors, the fine old writing bureau with folding top and drawers underneath, and the antique "wag at the wa'" clock still ticking away the time, between the two windows, which witnessed the hospitalities of the redoubtable Laird of MacNab himself. Among minor relics in a case in the drawing-room are his watch, dated 1787, his snuff-box, seal, spectacles and shoe-buckles, while above the dining-room door are some pewter flagons bearing the inscriptions, probably carved on them by some guest:

> Here's beef on the board
> And there's root on the slab,
> Here's welcome for a'
> And a health to MacNab.

and

> For warlocks and bogles
> We're nae carin' a dab,
> Syne safe for the night
> 'Neath the roof o' MacNab.

Besides old toddy ladles of horn and silver, great cut-glass decanters, silver quaichs, and pewter salvers, and a set of rare old round-bowled pewter spoons, some or all of which were MacNab possessions, there is the Kinnell Bottle, bearing the fol-

lowing inscription:

"It is stated the Laird had a bottle that held nine gallons (nine bottles?) which was the joy of his friends. This holds nine bottles, the gift of a friend." The present Laird of Kinnell, the Marquess of Breadalbane, has taken pains to collect and retain within the walls of the little old mansion as many belongings as possible of its bygone owners, and amid such suggestive relics as "the long gun" of the MacNabs, a primitive weapon of prodigious length and weight; the old Kinnell basting-spoon, known as Francis's Porridge Spoon—long enough to be used for supping with a certain personage; and the actual brass candlestick which belonged to the terrible Smooth John MacNab presently to be mentioned, it is not difficult to picture the life which was led here in the valley of the Dochart by the old lairds of MacNab and their households.

Kinnell is famous to-day for another possession, nothing less than the largest vine in the world. This is a Black Hamburgh of excellent quality, half as large again as that at Hampton Court. It has occupied its present position since 1837, and is capable of yielding a thousand bunches of grapes in the year, each weighing a pound and a half, though it is never allowed to ripen more than half that number.

Kinnell House, of the present day, however, is not the original seat of the MacNab Chief. This was situated some hundreds of yards nearer the loch than the present mansion-house, and though no traces of it now exist, the spot is associated with not a few incidents which remain among the most dramatic and characteristic in Highland history.

Most famous of these incidents is that which terminated the feud of the MacNabs with Clan Neish, whose headquarters were at St. Fillans, on Lochearnside, some twelve miles away. The two clans had fought out their feud in a great battle in Glen Boltachan, above St. Fillans. In that battle the Neish's had been all but wiped out, and the remnant of them, retiring to the only island in Lochearn, took to a life of plunder, and secured themselves from reprisals by allowing no boats but their own on the loch. After a time, however, encouraged by immunity, they went so far as to plunder the messenger of MacNab himself, as he returned on one occasion from Crieff with the Chief's Christmas fare. On news of the affront reaching Kinnell, MacNab became red with wrath. Striding into the room where his twelve sons sat, he told them of what had occurred, and ended his harangue with the significant hint, "The night is the night, if the lads were the lads." At that, it is said, the twelve got up, filed out, and, headed by Smooth John, so called because he was the biggest and brawniest of the household, proceeded to vindicate the honor of their name. Taking a boat from Loch Tay, they carried it in relays across the hills and launched it on Loch Earn. When they reached the island fastness of their enemies in the middle of the night, all were asleep but old Neish himself, who called out in alarm to know who was there. "Whom do you least wish to see?" was the answer; to which he replied, "There is no one I would fear if it were not Smooth John MacNab." "And Smooth John it is," returned that brawny individual, as he drove in the door. Next morning, as the twelve young men filed into their father's presence at Kinnell, Smooth John set the head of the Neish Chief on the table with the words, "The night was the night, and the lads were the lads." At that, it is said, old MacNab looked up and answered only, "Dread nought!" And from that hour the Neish's head has remained the cognizance and "Dread nought" the motto of the MacNab Clan. A number of years ago, as if to corroborate the details of this narrative, the fragments of a boat were found far up on the hills between Loch Tay and Loch Earn, where it may be supposed Smooth John and his brothers had grown tired of carrying it, and abandoned their craft.

Many other war-like instances are narrated of the clan. It has been claimed that the race were originally MacDonalds, but from its location and other facts, it seems now to be admitted that the clan was a branch of the Siol Alpin, of which the MacGregors were the main stem. From the earliest time the chiefs possessed extensive lands in the lower part of Glendochart, at the western end of Loch Tay. A son of the chief, who flourished during the reign of David I in the twelfth century, was abbot or prior of Glendochart, and from him the race took its subsequent name of Mac an Abba, or MacNab, "the

son of the abbot." At the beginning of the fourteenth century, however, the MacNab Chief took part with his powerful neighbor, the Lord of Lorne, on the side of the Baliols and Comyns, and against King Robert the Bruce; and it is said the MacNabs particularly distinguished themselves in the famous fight at Dal Righ, near Tyndrum, at the western end of Glendochart, in which John of Lorne nearly succeeded in cutting off and capturing Bruce himself. For this they came under Bruce's extreme displeasure, with the result that they lost a large part of their possessions. The principal messuage of the lands which remained to them was known as the Bowain, and for this the chief received a crown charter from David II in 1336. This charter was renewed with additions in 1486, 1502, and at other dates.

Already, however, in the fifteenth century, the MacNabs had begun to suffer from the schemes and encroachments of the great house of Campbell, which was then extending its possessions in all directions from its original stronghold of Inis Connell amid the waters of Loch Awe. Among other enterprises, the MacNabs were instigated by Campbell of Lochawe to attack their own kinsmen, the MacGregors. The upshot was a stiff fight near Crianlarich, in which the MacNabs were almost exterminated. After the fight, when both clans were considerably weakened, the Knight of Lochow proceeded to vindicate the law upon both of them, not without considerable advantage to himself.

In 1645, when the Marquess of Montrose raised the standard of Charles I in Scotland, he was joined by the Chief of MacNab, who, with his clansmen, fought bravely in Montrose's crowning victory at Kilsyth. MacNab was then appointed to garrison Montrose's own castle of Kincardine, near Auchterarder in Strathearn. The stronghold, however, was besieged presently by a Covenanting force under General Leslie, and MacNab found that it would be impossible to maintain the defence. Accordingly, in the middle of the night, he sallied forth, sword in hand, at the head of his three hundred clansmen, when all managed to cut their way through the besieging force, except the Chief himself and one follower. These were made captive and sent to Edinburgh, where MacNab, though a prisoner of war, was accorded at the hands of the Covenanters the same treatment as they meted out at Newark Castle and elsewhere to the other adherents of Montrose, who had been captured at the battle of Philiphaugh. MacNab was condemned to death, but on the night before his execution he contrived to escape, and afterwards, joining the young King Charles II, he followed him into England, and fell at the battle of Worcester in 1651.

Meanwhile his house had been burnt, his charters destroyed, and his property given to Campbell of Glenurchy, kinsman of the Marquess of Argyll, then at the head of the Covenanting party and the Government of Scotland. So reduced was the state of the house that MacNab's widow was forced to apply for relief to General Monk, Cromwell's plenipotentiary in Scotland. That General ordered Glenurchy, one of whose chief strongholds was Finlarig Castle, close to Kinnell on Loch Tay side, to restore the MacNab possessions to the widow and her son. The order, however, had little effect, and after the Restoration only a small portion of the ancient lands were restored to them by the Scottish Parliament.

These lands might still have belonged to the MacNabs but for the extraordinary character and exhuberant hospitality of Francis, the twelfth Chief, already referred to. Two more stories of this redoubtable personage may be repeated. He was deputed on one occasion to go to Edinburgh to secure from the military authorities clothing and accoutrements for the Breadalbane Fencibles, then being raised. The General in command ventured to express some doubt as to the existence of the force, and MacNab proceeded to further his case with the high military authority by addressing him again and again as "My little man." MacNab himself, it may be mentioned, was a person of towering height, and, with his lofty bonnet, belted plaid and other appurtenances, made a truly formidable figure. The Fencibles being raised, he marched them to Edinburgh, and was much mortified on being stopped by an excise party, who took them for a party of smugglers carrying a quantity of whiskey, of whom they had received intimation. MacNab, it is said, indignantly refused to stop, and

on the excisemen insisting in the name of his Majesty, the Chief haughtily replied: "I also am on his Majesty's service. Halt! This, my lads, is a serious affair, load—with ball." At this, it is said, the officers perceived the sort of personage they had to do with, and prudently gave up their attempt.

By reason of the burdens accumulated on the estate by the twelfth Chief, the greater part of the possessions of the family passed into possession of the House of Breadalbane. Then the last Chief who had his home at Kinnell betook himself to Canada. At a later day he returned and sold the last of his possessions in this country, the Dreadnought Hotel, in Callander. When he died he bequeathed all his heirlooms to Sir Allan MacNab, Bart., Prime Minister of Canada, whom he considered the next Chief. But Sir Allan's son was killed by a gun accident when shooting in the Dominion, and since then the chiefship has been claimed by more than one person. Sir Allan MacNab's second daughter, Sophia Mary, married the seventh Earl of Albemarle, and is mother of the present Earl.

The chief memorial of the old MacNab family in Glendochart to-day is their romantic burying-place among the trees on the rocky islet of Inch Buidhe in the Dochart, a little way above Kinnell. There, with the Dochart in its rocky bed singing its great old song for ever around their dust, rest in peace the once fierce beating hearts of these old descendants of the Abbot of Glendochart and the royal race of Alpin.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

An Easter Message

The little band of disciples was assembled in the upper room, like a flock of sheep hiding within the fold from the storm. For several days their minds had been distracted. Since they had been dispersed and separated from their Master, sorrow, doubt, and fear had seized them. They missed their absent Lord, who had been cruelly beaten, mocked, and crucified. They were afraid that they might also meet with the same inhuman treatment. Unbelief, like a thunderbolt, had blasted their hopes. The cares of their homes and families were in like manner haunting them. The past, present, and future were overwhelming them with grief. Lonesome, helpless, and friendless the little band, secluded from all others, were with closed doors discussing the tidings of their risen Lord, when suddenly and unexpectedly He appeared among them, and uttered the gracious greeting, "Peace be unto you." These words fell upon the hearts of the disciples with irresistible power, and turned their inner trouble into joy. Their sorrow was turned into peace, their fear was conquered, and their mental perplexity was solved. This first greeting of their risen Lord made a wonderful impression upon their minds, so much so that it lived in the mind of the aged Apostle so vividly that in after years he related it. Literally, it was now fulfilled what He had spoken to them before His death, "I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

Notice the incredulity of the disciples about their risen Lord, and how it was conquered by the voice of Jesus, "Peace be unto you."

On the first day of Christ's resurrection from the dead, the disciples were informed of it no less than four times by four distinct trustworthy messengers, but they declined to receive them as eligible evidences. They seemed to be so confounded and dismayed at what had happened as to be indifferent to any good news about Him. The women reported to them that their Lord had risen, and that an angel had told them, and moreover that they had been commissioned to communicate the news to them. Besides that, they had seen the tomb empty, but their words seemed as idle tales, and they believed not. The enemies appeared to have more faith in His resurrection than the disciples. They took every precaution, not only in setting a guard over His grave, but in their hiring false witnesses to say that His body had been stolen.

Peter and John, being somewhat amazed at the news of the women, hastened to the grave to investigate the matter. They saw that the body had gone. The linen clothes in which it was wrapped were laid aside, but they saw no angel, as the women had reported. They returned perplexed, but conjectured that the body had been stolen by some one, and that the women in their excitement had mistaken the burial clothes for the spirit.

Mary Magdalene had seen and conversed with Him, and had been commanded by the Lord Himself to go and tell his brethren.

"She went," saith Mark, "and told them that had been with Him as they mourned and wept. And they, when they had heard that He was alive and had been seen of her, believed not."

Two of their number had conversed with Him on their way to Emmanus and had recognized Him at the table in their dwelling as He blessed their food and brake the bread. They returned at once to Jerusalem and related to their brethren how they had seen their Lord, but their story was received with the same incredulity as that of the other witnesses.

In the evening, as they had met at supper, each one had discussed the tidings received during the day, and it can be inferred from their conversation that they had some idea that He had risen from the dead, but they could not understand how He could appear in the same identical body in which He was crucified. It was while discussing these things that Jesus Himself instantly appeared and stood among them, and pleasantly saluted them with the common phrase, "Peace be unto you." They were at first frightened rather than gladdened. They had spoken of an apparition, and now thought that they were in the presence of His spirit. But the kind Lord calmed their minds, and removed their doubts and misgivings by exhibiting to them the marks of His wounds. "He said unto them why are ye troubled and why do thoughts arise in your hearts. Behold me, my hands and my feet, that it is I myself, handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."

Then they knew that it was Jesus. There was no need of any further evidence. The cloud that had hung upon their minds was removed. They were fully persuaded, for His words had driven away the sadness and dismay which had made them so miserable and forgetful. But in case any of them had the least suspicion, He asked for something to eat, and took some broiled fish which they had just partaken of themselves.

Many a one who has labored and struggled for months and years with questions that surprised him, when light shone in, found himself beside the remedy all the time. Why are people so anxious and harassed about things that they cannot remedy or help, or again, why do people labor under perplexing thoughts when the Master has said over and over that it will be well with those who trust in Him? And still His message is discredited. There is no rest, no liberty, or power when doubts and unbelief exist. Jesus Christ can deliver from the power of doubt and unbelief.

A sight of Jesus makes any one feel happy. Let Christ come into any home, and He will bring peace. In His presence there is fulness of joy. What a change takes place in the home, in the heart, when Jesus is inside. Sorrow and mourning will readily vanish. He brings light as well as peace. In Him is no darkness. There is no company like His. There is no one who speaks so kindly and affectionately as Jesus. There is no one so ready and willing to help the needy. Do you long to hear His voice? Listen: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. He that believeth in me hath everlasting life. He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I Unto You."—By the Editor.

The Christian Inheritance

BY REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D. D.

This is a theme so heavenly in nature and sublime in conception, deserving of more than mortal tongue to declare its grandeur and greatness, its sublimity and profundity; and with what reverential awe and profound reverence should we enter upon its consideration? Does it not become us to write and speak on every subject that relates to the secret and revealed movements of the Divine Mind, and the Christian's eternal interests, with deep humility and hearts abounding in thanksgiving to the Author of our Salvation?

While we should thus write of these sacred things, yet is it not a heartless and lifeless thing to do so upon mere report, and not from a blessed experience? Can we then speak experimentally of this glorious inheritance reserved for all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in truth and sincerity? Can we regard it as ours, and look away to that happy time with joyous anticipation when we shall enter upon its full fruition?

The Word of God declares this most consoling truth, that God has provided, Christ has purchased and the Spirit prepared all true, devoted followers of Jesus for this heavenly inheritance. This, we learn from *Acts, 26: 18,* "That they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them which are sanctified"; and, again, in *Ephesians 1: 11,* "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance." Now having seen there is such from Scripture, let us learn of its nature from God's Word as found in *First Epistle of Peter, 1: 4,* "To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." In this description, we have a fourfold feature of it, as the following: (1) Its perpetuity—it is "incorruptible"; (2) Its purity—it is "undefiled"; (3) Its beauty—"it fadeth not away"; (4) Its security—"it is reserved in heaven for you." How expressive are these epithets employed by the sacred penman and how clearly do they distinguish this inheritance from all others? By an examination of God's Word, we find the same word "incorruptible" applied to God Himself in the original, in *Romans, 1: 23,* "And changed the glory of uncorruptible God, etc." Again, in *Heb. 7: 26,* we have the same word "undefiled" applies to Christ as High Priest. He is said to be "holy, harmless and undefiled." The same words being applied to the Author of the inheritance must mark its superlative excellence. Like its Author, too, it is unchanging and unfading. Is it not then one worth seeking and possessing? What are all

those of all earthly kind compared with this? They are corruptible and polluted by sin, and yet we see men toiling on day by day in order to obtain an earthly one. What dangers they will brave, and sufferings endure, and what energies of mind and body will they put forth to lay hold on one that will pass away from them—and that will not afford them any solid happiness while they live, or solid comfort when dying. If others prefer the earthly to the heavenly, let us not act so foolishly but let us act wisely. Like Mary, seek "the one thing needful", the better part, which will not be taken away."

The security of this inheritance is based upon the three following things: (1) The covenant of Grace; (2) The promise of Christ; (3) The earnest of The Spirit. Jesus has said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and will come again and receive you unto Myself." It is also sure for being the earnest of The Spirit *(Ephes. 1: 13-14)*. From all this we learn that its security does not rest upon our devotional spirit and religious feelings, but upon the everlasting love and promise of Him who redeemed us to Himself. Sometimes the question is put to us—is heaven the reward of our good works? This word "inheritance" answers the question, and should banish such an idea from our minds. What is an inheritance? See that brave officer at the head of his army, inspiring them with manly courage and leading them on to victory against the enemy. The daily pay he receives: would you call it an inheritance? Certainly not. Again, see that eloquent advocate at the bar, using all his oratorical powers and logical acumen, holding judge and jury in breathless silence, as he defends his client arraigned for murder, in order to deliver him from ignominious death. The fee received by him: would you call it an inheritance? No. Or look at that doctor, visiting the cottages of the poor and the palatial residences of the rich, with unwearying step in the season of epidemic, bringing relief to the suffering, and warding off that universal enemy of mankind. Would the fee he receives be an inheritance? No; and why? Because all these were earned; but it is not so with an inheritance, as it is something bestowed upon one unable to earn it. It may be bestowed upon a new-born babe, won by some renowned ancestor now gone the way of all flesh. Now it is precisely the same in relation to heaven, the inheritance of the Saints. It was purchased by Him, Who is called the Elder Brother, Who bequeathed it to all who have received His atonement, exercised saving faith in Him, and received His Spirit into their hearts; for all such are made heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, and not from anything meritorious in themselves, but from sovereign love and free grace of God.

Let me remind my reader that there is a Meetness necessary for its enjoyment *(Colos, 1: 12)*. It is holy, and without holiness none can enjoy it, for only the pure in heart can see God. Every true Christian has received both a title to it and meetness for it, so that they can sing "Heaven is my home." Their home is beyond those blue skies, and therefore we all should have our minds occupied with it, and our affections concentrated upon it—we ought to be daily acquiring the manners, and learning the language, and familiarizing ourselves with the society of that heavenly inheritance, and thus be prepared.
Hamilton, Bermuda.

The Ways of God

Every act of God has a "why" reaching backward into yesterday, and a "wherefore" reaching forward into to-morrow. No act of God happens without reason, and the reason has its beginning and ending in his sovereign holiness and love. In the life of the farmer it is the harvest which stamps every act with significance. And in the doings of our God a reasonable purpose makes everything significant. Nothing is a wayward stroke of ill luck, as nothing is a stray gleam of good chance. Nothing is without eyes, nothing is without sense, nothing is blind or mad. Everything is part of a reasoned process, and is moving toward a perfectly defined and gloriously illumined end. And so it is in the graver happenings in human life. We can have confidence in the reasonable purpose of God even when the isolated acts appear to be without light and leading. You can point me to the battlefields of Europe, and I am gravely confused. You ask me to lay my finger upon the process, and to trace the bright thread of purpose running through the horrible entanglement. You perplex me in a thousand ways. When you point me to the desolate homes in Belgium, and England, and Germany, and Russia, and France, and to all the unutterable range of tragedy and woe, and ask me why God permitted it, and where is the connecting thread of holy purpose, I feel like a child who knows nothing about the making of strong linen, and who is watching the newly cut flax, with all its bonnie flowers upon it, as it is thrown into tanks to rot. I have no glimpse of the line of reason, but all the more do I fall back upon a reasonable God. I take my stand upon the revealed Word of the Living God: "He also is wonderful in counsel and excellent in wisdom." "He that planned the ear, shall he not hear: he that formed the eye, shall he not see?" God doth instruct the plowman, who, while he breaks the clods, can see the harvest. And God also is wise! With God there are no accidents, no unillumined moments, no uncertain twilights, no stumblings. "Nothing walks with aimless feet." The Lord God has the end in sight, he sees the end of the process when we can only see the single act. And "the end of the Lord," says the Word of Grace, "is very pitiful." "This is the will of God"—the end of God—"even your sanctification." "The end . . . everlasting life." "The Lord of Hosts is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in wisdom."

Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett.

Our Debt to France

BY REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE W. BAIRD, U. S. N.
(For The Caledonian)

It is believed that we owe a great debt to France, which has never been paid. This is a great mistake, for it has been paid over and again.

During the War of the Revolution, there was a secret treaty between Germany and France, which provided that Germany would not molest France so long as France was helping the Colonists in America, and there is now a copy of that treaty in the State Department. Notwithstanding this, George III (of England) finding Englishmen unwilling to enlist to fight the Colonists, went over into Hesse Darmstadt and Hesse Kastel, and hired Hessians for this purpose.

But when Frederick the Great heard of this, he prevented further Hessian enlistment, and, to show his friendship, sent a portrait to George Washington with this message:

"From the oldest General in the world to the greatest." It must not be forgotten that nations were then, as now, taking every advantage of each other, constantly sparring for an opening and breaking faith when it suited them. So France, before coming to help the Colonists, first made sure that Germany, her old enemy, would not molest.

We all know what the French did for us, and we have loved them because we thought it was gratuitous.

Following the peace with Great Britain, we began to make treaties with other nations, including France, so in 1778 and 1788 we made agreement with France to take care of her West India possessions, for the West Indies were well divided between Great Britain, Spain, France, Denmark and Holland.

But the United States were then poor: obliged to disband even the navy; the ships were sold or put in ordinary; the officers and sailors discharged, for want of funds to pay them. But we had a large merchant fleet: Our clipper ships were the fast sailers and were seen in most every port: they were carrying rich cargoes, not only between United States and foreign ports, but doing a regular "tramp" trade, and, having the speed, were favored.

In 1793, the French, not being satisfied with the way we had kept our contract with them in regard to the West Indies, began to prey on our helpless merchant ships, very much as Raphael Semmes did during the Civil War.

The nation depended largely on the earnings of these ships to meet expenses, and felt the French depredation keenly. "Notes" were sent to the French Emperor and their foreign office, protesting against the piracy, but no notice was taken of them. At last a commission, of which Mr. Pinkney of South Carolina, was chairman, was sent to Paris to plead that the ravages cease, but the Court of the Empire was inflexible. Finding prayers and pleading would be of no further avail, Mr. Pinkney rose to depart and said:

"We will give millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." And so the conclave ended. Our merchant ships then were armed, as best could be, and the old *Constitution* put in commission under Captain Thomas Truxton. Our merchant ships made a creditable defense, but the war was not ended until the *Constitution* met, and, after a five hours' fight, defeated the French frigate *Vengenace*. Then the war ceased, for war it was; not a declared war, but war all the same.

Then came the claims of France for indemnity, known as the French Spoliation Claims, which went to a conference from time to time, and each case was settled separately, and appropriated for separately, until about 1884, when the last one was paid, and, in all, the United States had yielded up to France about $15,000,000. A dollar was worth more then than it is now. But that is not all. We got on handsomely with France after that, being reminded by the men who write the school geographies that we were still in debt to France, and by other teachers that Great Britain was the only dangerous nation, until the Civil War broke out in 1861. It must not be forgotten that the French and the British were purchasing our raw cotton, carrying it home, spinning and weaving it and sending it here, underselling our own mills, so when they found we had blockaded the cotton-bearing ports and their factories stopped and thousands of "hands" unemployed as the result, so it can be understood that they were interested. Had they raised our blockade, or given recognition to the Confederacy, we would have been badly defeated. Individual Britons and individual Frenchmen made drastic speeches, which alarmed Mr. Lincoln.

Our Minister in England, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, began to lecture, to educate and pacify the English, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, went from Brooklyn for the same purpose. At first Mr. Beecher was threatened, but soon he convinced these reasonable people. Then, when an envoy approached Lord Palmerston in the interest of recognizing the Confederacy, his Lordship replied, "Under no circumstances will her Majesties Government recognize the States in insurrection." After this we had no fear of Great Britain's interference, but we got no such assurance from France.

In an English shipyard was built the famous "290," the *Alabama*, which was fitted out

in a Portuguese port, and did immense damage to our shipping; but after the war Great Britain indemnified our people. And, in a French shipyard was built an iron-clad vessel called the *Stonewall*, which was armed and equipped in a French port. She went to sea, met the *Niagara* at Ferrol (Spain), an inferior vessel, which remained in port and was obliged to let the *Stonewall* sail. The war ended before the *Stonewall* became active, and the Spaniards seized her and turned her over to the United States.

In the meantime Emperor Napoleon III had sent an army, under Prince Maximilian, into our neighboring Republic, Mexico, for the purpose of abrogating our Monroe Doctrine, and making Mexico an Empire, etc. During the short occupation of Mexican territory, the French did some clever things worthy of praise. But their presence there was a menace to us. Then General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appamatox, and our war was ended, and peace terms agreed upon in about thirty minutes; and it was then up to Mr. Lincoln to turn his attention to Mexico. He wrote but one "note" to Napoleon III: It was a short note, which Napoleon was not slow to understand, as he had taken advantage of our helpless condition. He was now reminded by Mr. Lincoln that we had two armies available, the Federal and the Confederate. Napoleon promptly took steps to withdraw his army, and that war was ended.

During the struggles in our Civil War we were pushed for money. There was no nation ready or willing to loan us money by the million. We looked to none for sympathy. All we asked was "hands off." But Russia held a fleet ready to come to our relief in event of our blockade being attacked. But to raise money to carry on the war we were obliged to issue bonds. The "7-30" bonds were to run thirty years and pay seven per cent. in gold. These were bought in Europe (in France included) at forty cents on the dollar, which yielded them eighteen per cent. on their investment.

The war between France and Germany in 1871, was made by France. The beautiful Empress Eugenie was heard to call it her war. It resulted in the payment of indemnity, by France, and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. The inhabitants of those provinces very much preferred the French rule, as they escaped the greater length of compulsory military service, and France has been eager to recover that territory, but knew of the superior strength of Germany. If, however, she had an ally, she would stand a chance.

This war was begun by Austria-Hungary, with the reasonable belief that her allies, (the Triple Alliance) would stand together. Russia came to the relief of Serbia, but France and Germany declared war on each other the same day. Belgium barred the way, and prevented the Germans passing for several weeks, which gave France time to intrench, mobilize, etc., otherwise it is believed the Germans would have been in Paris by August 15th, 1914. So France owed much to the Belges, and to the Britons who came in time to save Chateau Thierry. And yet we hear it every now and then, that *we* owe everything to France. Then France began to touch us for loans, loans by the hundreds of millions, but not 7-30 loans at forty cents on the dollar.

But we again began to pay our alleged debt. The supplies we sold the French for $400,000,000 cost the United States $1,759,000,000, which figures were recently disclosed by a Committee of Congress. "The thrifty French" also insisted upon including in this transaction the docks, railways and equipments built by the A. E. F. in France, valued at $180,000,000, making the value of what they obtained something more than $2,000,000,000."

One of the comic incidents of our "debt to France" is in the bill made by the proprietor of the Hotel Crillion, the hotel rented by the Presidential party as their headquarters during the President's attendance on the Peace Conference. After the contract for rent, etc., had been audited, the proprietor billed for $500,000 for loss of clientele, and $250,000 for the demoralization of his servants, etc.

The United States has not asked for any kind of indemnity for losses in this war. In the beginning the French seized and kept the *Dacia*, between Galveston and Norfolk, but *en route* to Amsterdam, by which France profited. The *Dacia* was a German ship, but sold (while we were still at peace with Germany), to American citizens. She went to Galveston and loaded with cotton.

The Standard Oil Company owns a lot of Tank-steamers, nine of which were recently claimed by the French, who wanted to get them out of English ports. There is a branch of the Standard Oil Company in Hamburg, which nominally owns these nine Tankers. It does not seem to be disputed that they are the property of Standard Oil Company, but technically the property of the German branch. *Washington, D. C.*

Holdings For Ex-Service Men

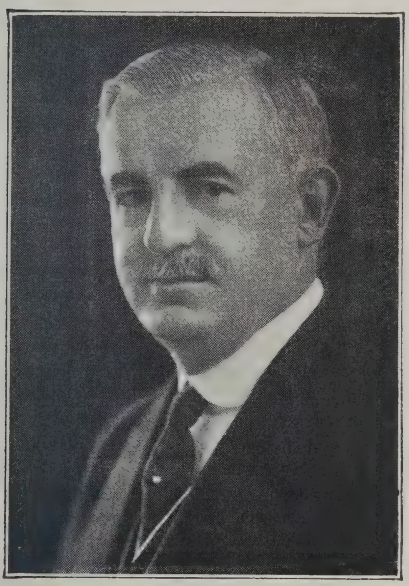
In connection with the purchase of estates for land settlement under the Land Settlement Act passed on December 23, the Board of Agriculture for Scotland has already achieved a great deal of important work.

Large and historic estates have been bought and arrangements made for the ex-service men to settle on them.

Jan Christian Smuts, Premier of the Union of South Africa, was a successful candidate for the House of Assembly in the election of March 10. His vote was 1,720; the Nationalist candidate polling 473, and the Labor candidate 303. General Smuts, with the Unionists, will have a majority of four in the Chamber, and it is considered probable that the Labor party will support his economic and financial measures.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.



COLONEL WALTER SCOTT

Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, has contributed $1,000 to Trudeau Sanitarium, Saranac Lake, N. Y., to be used in promoting research work at the laboratories. Colonel Scott is deeply interested in the great work this pioneer sanatorium is doing for humanity.

The Harry Lauder £1,000,000 Fund For Scottish Sailors and Soldiers

Hon. Treasurer—The Right Hon. Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, K. T.
Chairman—Sir Harry Lauder.
Vice-Chairmen—The Hon. Lord Sands, Edinburgh; Sir David Paulin, Edinburgh; James Dalrymple, J. P., Glasgow.
Secretary—D. Glen MacKemmie, 168 Hope street, Glasgow.
Bankers—The Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Branches.
168 Hope Street, Glasgow.

COLONEL WALTER SCOTT,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Lauder Fund for U. S. A.,
495 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

DEAR COLONEL SCOTT:

During the year ending 31st December, 1919, grants and loans amounting to about £43,000 have been awarded from this fund in supplementing the State and other provisions for Scottish pensioned or discharged sailors (including Mercantile Marine and other seafarers) and soldiers, and the dependants of deceased Scottish sailors and soldiers who have served in or directly suffered by the war begun on August 4th, 1914.

Assistance has been given not only to Scots who served in Scottish regiments, but to those who served in other units, and the benefits of the fund have not been confined to these two categories alone. They have been extended also to Englishmen, Irishmen and Welshmen who served in Scottish regiments as well as to the widows and dependants of deceased soldiers in these three classes.

The fund has further included in its scope demobilized and unpensioned men, financially crippled by war service and in need of assistance to obtain a fresh start in life.

As the result of the closing of other important funds the number of applications to the Harry Lauder Fund has greatly increased of late, and in view of the amount now available for distribution and the fact that over 2,600 applications still await consideration, the Executive Committee has decided to restrict the scope of the fund as from 1st December, 1919, and that thereafter consideration will only be given to applications from *disabled and pensioned ex-service men* who are physically unfit to resume their pre-enlistment occupation and whom it is possible to assist to establish themselves in a permanent way of earning a livelihood. No further grants or loans for any other purpose whatsoever will be awarded from the Harry Lauder Fund in the meantime.

In view of the supplementary nature of the fund's object, application schedules will in future only be issued to disabled and pensioned ex-service men who have exhausted the provisions made for them by the State,

e. g., treatment, training, resettlement, etc. No application for assistance to start hawking or general dealing will be considered.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) D. Glen MacKemmie,
Secretary.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Activity in business routine, recreation and entertainment in Scottish circles reign supreme in Ye Quaker City. The orthodox Quaker may participate in and enjoy a concert, but the line is drawn when it comes to dancing. So just where he leaves off, the Scot enters with zest, for he maun hae his fling, no matter whether a Contra dance or a Highland Fling. Eulogistic expressions are still heard of the excellence of the concert and ball of the Caledonian Club last month, and on the 11th ultimo one of the best meetings ever held by the club's Ladies' Auxiliary, was held in the "Light House," when the installation of officers for the ensuing year took place. The clansmen were invited and many responded. The officers installed were: President, Mrs. Hugh Munro; vice president, Miss A. Carmichael; secretary, Miss Jessie Boyd Ferguson, and treasurer, Miss Anne E. Leslie. Six new members were formally welcomed, and are in line to share the pleasures of the annual concert and May Hop, which will be held in Clayton's Academy, May 14, which will be the final Scottish dance of the season. The anniversary celebration immediately followed the business routine, and a real enjoyable night was spent listening to well rendered Scottish melodies, and remarks by Chief Fisher and others. It was a jolly gathering throughout the evening and a demonstration of how well our ladies can entertain. A huge chocolate birthday cake donated by the worthy president, Mrs. Munro, was chanced off, and won by a member, who generously asked that it be put up again, and realized another goodly sum to be merged in the general fund.

Sometime ago the past chiefs of the four clans of O. S. C., which are located in our city, instituted a Past Chiefs' Organization. Bucklin' up with the P. C. D.'s Association they held their initial annual gathering at "Lu Lu" Temple on the 12th ult. The attendance was a revelation. The excellence of the concert exceeded all expectations. Past Chief James Gunn, the "Gay Gordons'" first chief, presided, and opened the exercises with fitting and judicious remarks followed by a program consisting of selections by the Caledonian Pipe Band, alternating during the evening with the Merchant Ship Pipe and Drum Band. Miss Anne Leslie, Grand Treasurer, D. O. S., gave a pithy address on the benefits to be derived through membership in the Daughters of Scotia. Her remarks were logical, impressive and interesting to a degree. Miss May Ebrey Hotz, soprano; Mr. Samuel H. MacLaughlan, The Mackinnon Troupe of Juvenile Dancers, Miss Lillian Holmstrand, contralto; Mr. W. Patterson Campbell, tenor, and the popular Will Wilson, comedian, entertained with song, Highland dancing and genuine humor. We ought to make mention that Will Wilson enlisted the audience, and led the singing of "The Bonnie Hie'lan' Lassie," the song for which he won and received the Harry Lauder medal some fifteen years ago. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung in conclusion. St. Mungo.

Newport News, Va.

The Lady Ramsay Chapter, Imperial Order Daughters of the British Empire celebrated St. Patrick's Day on the evening of the 17th with a social at which between sixty and seventy guests were present. This chapter has come to rely upon Clan Macdonald and Daughters of Scotia on occasions of this kind, and so while the guests were mainly Scots all paid homage to St. Patrick by "the wearin' o' the green." Everybody enjoyed the musical numbers of Mrs. Sherriff, Messrs. Geggie, Anderson, Miller, Bowman, and Robinson. Mrs. Brown very ably acted as accompanist and later with Mr. J. Clarke made music for an impromptu dance, and the evening wound up with singing "Auld Lang Syne." Refreshments were served by Mrs. Fitzgerald's capable committee, to whom many thanks are due.

St. George's Day will be celebrated in April, and the members of the Lady Ramsay Chapter look forward to meeting again those friends who have made other occasions so enjoyable. E. L.

Rhode Island Letter

The problem of finding suitable habitations for the various Friendly Societies in Rhode Island is almost as bad as the housing difficulty throughout the State, and the recently organized Canadian Veterans are having to suffer along with others in Pawtucket. The property which contains the hall occupied by Clan Fraser has been sold also, but as yet the clan has had no notice of alteration of rent or other terms. The veterans were more than annoyed because arrangements had been made for a reception to be given to Colonel Guthrie early in May. Of course another hall will be procured by then and if the proposal to raise funds and build a home of their own, suggested at their last meeting, when the full force of the blow became apparent, is carried through, it will surely be a case of good coming out of evil.

The attempt by the Caledonians of Providence to organize a State gathering to honor Robert Burn's birthday had to be abandoned for this year.

It would seem that since the soldier boys of Clan Fraser have returned, they have been instrumental in re-juvenating the clan, for already several socials and dances have been held and all of them financial successes. It may be that while in camp and abroad the boys felt the necessity of recreation when perhaps it was hard to obtain, now they feel

they can have it and mean to do so. Chief Richardson is doing his best to get the clan back to where it was before the war, and it is no secret that he is anxious to leave his mark on the clan records as having brought about something tangible and last ng. The latest idea is that of providing a bu lding which might take the place of a hall as well as a club for Scots to meet in every n ght. It is a good idea and worthy of attainment and what is more it is possible if all will put their shoulders to the wheel.

Before this is in print, the Daughte s of the Heather will have held a masquerade ball for which certain prizes are offered for best character costumes.

Among the additions to Clan Fraser during the month, has been that of the Rev. John Thomson, of Dexter St. Mission, as an associate member, thus the clan has now two ministers of the Gospel on its roll.

It is remarkable what an amount of keen interest was taken by many Pawtucket Scots in the recent election for a representative from Paisley in the British Parliament. "Keep your eye on Paisley," was the comment of the older men, many of whom came from Paisley and remembered the memorable occasion on which it was uttered as was quoted in the March CALEDONIAN. But the honor of having Mr. Asquith as the member for Paisley seemed to be very strong indeed and when the news came through, created quite a sensation. Perhaps no other British election would have had as great an interest as this.

JOHN BALDWIN,
28 Carpenter Street, Representative.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Dr. Campbell Returns

On March 1, Dr. J. L. Campbell landed from the steamer *Carmania*, in New York, thus completing his great missionary and evangelistic tour around the world. He was abroad ten months and six days. During this time he traveled about 32,000 miles. 17,000 of these miles occupying 73 days, were spent on the sea, but neither on sea nor land, during this time did he suffer any illness. He never missed a meal or an appointment.

He visited mission fields in Japan, Korea, China, Burma and India, speaking in all these countries. He spoke at conferences, both foreign and native through an interpreter, and addressed student bodies in colleges and theological seminaries and schools. Under his ministry there were precious revivals, especially in China and in the Judson College in Rangoon, Burma. He preached the annual sermon before the American Baptist Telugu Mission in Ongole and also before the Canadian Telugu Mission in Cocanada, and spoke daily at each of these conferences. In all he spoke while abroad over 260 times. He regards this as by far the greatest and most blessed year in all his life. Dr. and Mrs. Campbell are making their home with their daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, at Nyack, N. Y.

Judge Benet's Article on the Ulster-Scots

(*In January-February Caledonian*)

Grimshawes, N. C.,
March 17, 1920.

EDITOR OF THE CALEDONIAN:

Dear Sir:

I am in danger of falling in love with my "Scot and Ulster-Scot" essay (which appeared in THE CALEDONIAN, January and February, 1920). Each day's mail brings me letters or newspapers complimenting me in very pleasant terms. To-day, for example, came two newspapers with the editorial articles which I enclose,—but which have a string tied to them, for I beg you to send them back to me. There came also a charming letter from a lady in Washington, a stranger to me. Also a most complimentary letter from John Thomson of the "John Thomson Press Company," New York, also a stranger, but evidently a "brither Scot," after your own heart. Also a very pleasant letter of thanks and commendation from Senator John Sharp Williams. It does seem that my article has satisfied "a felt want." The publicity given to it in the S. C. press has caused several friends to send me requests for copies of THE CALEDONIAN.

One correspondent asks me, "Why don't you have the essay published in pamphlet form?" I wish I could afford to do so. If I were a millionaire Scot I should have it printed and scattered throughout the Scottish world. Do you know of any wealthy Scot who would like to do so?

Seriously speaking, I thought it would please you to know that THE CALEDONIAN is doing good work here in the South as well as in the North.

Yours sincerely,
W. C. BENET.

The New York Scottish Society

The New York Scottish Society held a grand carpet bowling contest on March 15, when some very keen and interesting play was witnessed. Sandy Fraser and Secretary Lennox being in excellent form, they carried off the choice of the prizes, Malcolm McNeil and B. Morgan coming in second. The secretary will be pleased to hear from any of the clans or societies interested in carpet bowling, and arrange for some matches, and thereby arouse some interest in the game and bring about a friendliness among brither Scots interested in booling.

The next meeting of the society will be the business meeting April 5th, and then I wish you to remember that on Monday, April 19th, will be Ladies' Night, when Mr. William Rennie will deliver his second talk on Scotland. These talks are given especially for the younger folks who do not know Scotland well, and I would urge everyone of Scottish birth to come and hear Mr. Rennie talk on the Land o' the Heather. There will be some fine singing, and refreshments will be served.

AYRSHIRE LADDIE.



MRS. EDITH SCOTT MAGNA

Scottish Songs as Rendered by Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, Heard at Two Very Prominent Affairs

In Boston on March 10, at the Massachusetts State Convention of the Daughters of American Revolution, Edith Scott Magna was present, both as a delegate and an artist, and during the session rendered a group of Scottish songs to the delight of her audience.

The New York Beethoven Society held their fifth afternoon reception, musicale and dance for the season at the Plaza Hotel, March 13, when a large audience filled the ballroom. A delightful program was rendered by Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, soprano; Miss Katherine Richards, contralto; Miss Elsa Foerster, soprano; Henry Miller, basso, and the Beethoven Choral.

Mrs. Edith Scott Magna has been in great demand during the fall and winter, singing in many cities. The proceeds, she devotes entirely to charitable purposes. She has already raised $150,000 for Smith College, Mass.

New York Caledonian Club

CONCERT AND BALL

The concert and sixty-third annual ball of the club at the Central Opera House on the evening of March 12, will not soon be forgotten by any of those fortunate enough to be present. An unusually fine program had been arranged by the committee and when it is stated that such artists as Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, Miss Lulu A. Root, Miss Edith Hallett Frank, Dr. Franklin Lawson and Mr. U. S. Kerr had been engaged, it will be easily understood it was a night of the singing of the finest songs of Auld Scotia.

Miss Edith Hallett Frank appeared in full Scottish costume and sang with animation and feeling, "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," and "Sing tae Me the Auld Scots Sangs," and several encores.

Mrs. Edith Scott Magna received a very hearty reception from the large audience. This was Mrs. Magna's first appearance at a New York Caledonian Club concert, and many remembered the pleasant impression she made upon the great gathering of the

"New York Scottish," numbering 6,000 to 7,000, at the 71st Regiment Armory last November. Her songs were, "My Hame is where the Heather Grows," "Annie Laurie," "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," "Laddie Mine," "The Last Rose of Summer," and many encores. Her voice possesses great sweetness and tenderness and was well heard in the large auditorium. Mrs. Magna has a winsome personality that gives her singing an unusual personal touch.

The dancing of the Elder Troupe was a grand exhibition of terpsichorean art. When the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, under command of Acting Pipe Major Murdoch MacKenzie, and lead by Drum Major Charles, marched on the stage and played marches and reels as only finished artists can play them, it looked as if the large audience would never tire of the pipes, as round after round of applause testified to their desire for one more tune. When the hall was cleared the Highland Guard, under command of Captain William G. Reid and led by the Pipe and Drum Band, marched in and were inspected by Chief Donaldson, after which they passed in review tendering the chief a marching salute.

Captain Reid and Lieutenant Foulis deserve great credit for their untiring work in training the Highland Guard to its high standard of excellence. The review stirred the spectators to high enthusiasm.

The grand march was lead by Chief and Mrs. Donaldson. The particular feature of a club grand march has always been the large number in Highland costume, and the ball for 1920 was no exception. Clansman Donald MacNeill, the floor director, showed himself a master organizer in its direction, the large number of couples and the intricate figures making it one of the most beautiful ever seen. Dancing was kept up until four o'clock in the morning, and even at that time there were many who wanted "just one more," but Forbes' Scottish Orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne," and it was all over for another year.

Delegations from other cities were present. Chief Thomson of the Caledonian Club, Newark, N. J., had with him a staff of thirty-two. Great credit is due the concert committee for the excellent arrangements. The committee: Robert Foulis, chairman; John MacLean, secretary and stage manager; Daniel Sinclair, treasurer; James W. Taylor, Samuel B. Nixon, John A. Johnstone, James Brawley, Donald MacNeill, James Birrell, Robert M. Bernard, John Coyle, Charles MacKenzie, George E. Murray, George Black, John H. Whiteford.

MONTHLY MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of the New York Caledonian Club was held Tuesday evening, March 2d, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. David B. Peters, Roderick MacLelland, Archibald Barr, William Gilfillan, Roderick Davidson, John L. Corbett and Charles Ogilvie were elected members, and five propositions were received. Congratulations were extended to the club curlers who won the Conley Cup in the match with the New York Scottish Society, February 23. The Saturday evening sociables continue to fill the hall at the week-end dance. Clansman John Whiteford has recruited many new members from the young men attending. The Sick and Visiting Committee announced the death of Ex-Chieftain John Watt and Clansman George Goldie. Several proposed amendments to the by-laws were taken up. Some received the approval of the members and were adopted while the others went into the discard after arguments against them had been submitted by several of the club orators.

Highland Guard, New York Caledonian Club

The Guard members held a social get-together at Morretti's in West 35th street, on Friday evening, February 27, and when the gathering broke up all agreed it had been a great evening and a good time. Captain Reid welcomed the members and friends and after full justice had been done to our excellent repast, introduced Chief Donaldson as the first speaker. The chief not only responded in first class style, but sang Scottish songs with a feeling that showed his fine voice had been carefully trained. Everyone present was called on in his turn to either say a few words or sing, and all answered the summons nobly. Of special interest were the remarks of Guardsmen Norman De F. Douglass and Daniel MacLean on their experiences overseas. Two former active members of the Guard, Ex-Chieftains Tasker and Gillies, both veterans of the drill at the "Academy Ball" back in 1885, went over old times for the benefit of the youngsters present, and later sang "Lachie Wilson" together, their voices blending just as harmoniously as in long ago evenings in Horatio street. In spite of a long search of past performances, no record can be found of this particular song being rendered as a duet at Caledonian gatherings previous to this. Just about the time the wee short oor chappit "Auld Lang Syne," sent everybody homeward happy over being a New York Caledonian and a Highland Guardsman.

George Goldie Dead

George Goldie, senior member of the New York Caledonian Club, died at his home at Princeton, N. J., Monday, February 23, aged seventy-eight years. A native of Leith, Scotland, he came to the United States as a young man, joining the club in August, 1861. For many years he was an active competing athlete at Caledonian games in many parts of the United States and Canada. In the early 70's, he was awarded the North American United Caledonian Association medal for winning the all around athletic championship three years. This magnificent badge he later presented to the club, and it has been worn since then by every chief as the badge of office. He was in turn physical

director at McGill University, Montreal, the New York Athletic Club and Princeton University. Of a quiet, unassuming disposition, he made and kept a host of friends. Nothing pleased him more when on a visit to New York than to call at the clubhouse and pass a few hours with his Caledonian fellow clansmen, going over old times in the Mercer House, 118 Sullivan street—the early meeting places of the club, and Jones Woods. The funeral services at his late home were largely attended. Two daughters and a son who survive, have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Ladies Meet

The ladies of the New York Caledonians met in monthly session Monday evening, March 8th, Mrs. John Stark presiding. Improved weather conditions brought out a large attendance. Mrs. Low, an enthusiastic member living in Peekskill, N. Y., made the forty mile trip to the meeting and left for home on a train out of Grand Central after midnight. Arrangements for the entertainment on the evening of April 16, are practically complete. Saturday, May 15, was selected for the day of the children's annual outing in Central Park. The bowling prizes for the evening were won by Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Stark. Mrs. Burns who had hoped to make it three straight, suffered a slump in precision so far as keeping the ball on a straight course was concerned, and will have to begin all over again to win a championship. Mrs. Donaldson, wife of Chief Donaldson, tried her skill on the alleys for the first time, and judging from the game she put up, will soon be crowding some of the experts for a place among the winners.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn

The Twelfth Annual Scottish Concert, under the auspices of the Men's Class of the Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, pastor, filled the large auditorium and galleries on the evening of Tuesday, March 16. The program was under the capable direction of Mr. Theodore Martin.

All the artists were liberally applauded for the fine program provided. Carl G. Schmidt, organist of the church, opened each part of the concert with organ solos, "Scotch Fantasie" and "The Storm." The four singers, Edith Scott-Magna, soprano; Florence Mulholland, contralto; Theodore Martin, tenor, and John Hamilton, baritone, all gave Scotch solo selections in remarkably fine voice and sang several numbers as the Royal Scottish Quartet. There was a duet by Miss Mulholland and Mr. Martin. Archibald Hunter, piper, played several selections, and Elizabeth Wallace proved herself a capable reader, both her offerings being humorous. Louise Tozier of the Metropolitan Opera Company was the accompanist.

Boston Letter

The regular monthly meeting of the Boston Caledonian Club was held Tuesday evening, March 2nd, in Deacon Hall. Chief F. S. Abercombie was in the chair. A splendid turn-out of the members greeted the new chief at this the first meeting he presided over since his election to office in January. This was in a measure due to the interest caused by the notice of meeting sent to the members in the form of a pamphlet called *The Caledonian News*, an inspiration of the chief, in which subjects of interest to the members were briefly commented on, and business to come before the club, and matters of more or less importance to the club were touched upon.

The News will be made a regular feature in the activities of the club. Its aim and object will be to present the doings of the club, announcements of future events, etc.

One of the aims of the club is a membership of 1,000 by the end of the year. The drive is now on and a good start was made at this meeting. Another is a home for the club, which was started some years ago, but owing to the war, with its numerous calls and demands, had a temporary set-back. Up to date 2,306 shares have been sold with a paid up value of $23,060.00. The officers of the Building Committee are determined to build upon this healthy foundation as speedily as possible, and active operations have already been started.

After the business of the meeting was disposed of, Mr. Feri W. Weiss, late of the United State Department of Justice, gave a short talk entitled, "On the Trail of the Spy," which proved most interesting, the speaker being a fluent and witty talker.

PRESENTATION TO EX-CHIEFTAIN ROBERT EARLE MAY

About one hundred members of the Boston Caledonian Club, the clans, and representatives of various organizations that were affiliated with the Burns Memorial Association, gathered in Landmark Hall, Thursday evening, February 19, the occasion being the presentation of a purse of gold to Mr. May as a token of the esteem in which he is held, and in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered the association in connection with the Burns Statute now standing in the Fenway.

Mr. Battles, a member of the association, made the presentation address in rhyme. Mr. May feelingly responded, and gave a brief outline of the labors of the association which culminated in the erection of the heroic statue of the poet. Short speeches were made by Ex-Chiefs W. A. Riggs and James Urquhart, also by Mr. John Jordan, treasurer of the Scots Charitable Society. Songs and community singing formed a pleasant feature of the evening. The prime mover in the affair was Clansman James Riddoch to whom the pleasing result was due, the idea and its fulfilment.

AMERICAN BRITISH FEDERATION

A meeting of the Federation took place in Bate's Hall, Y. M. C. A. building, Thursday, March 18, which proved most interesting to all present.

The British Consul, Mr. T. P. Porter, was present as the guest of the Federation. Mr. Porter hails from that very considerable and noted town of Paisley. A most affable and pleasing gentleman to meet, his manner and address made him a thrice welcome guest.

Lieutenant Governor Channing Cox was the speaker of the evening, and addressed the Federation on "What Means Would Best Maintain the Closest Co-operation of the English-Speaking Peoples." The Lieutenant Governor is a pleasing speaker and his address was full of interest to his audience.

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION

At the regular business monthly meeting of this association on Tuesday, March 9, six new members were initiated. Mr. Thomas J. Merritt, president of the association, presided and a large representation of the membership was present. Much enthusiasm was manifested in the growing interest in the association which does more to stimulate Scottish music, dancing and the wearing of the Highland costume, than any other Scottish society in or around Boston.

The new president, Mr. Merritt, is aggressive, energetic, and enthusiastic, and his remarks to the members were reflected in the optimistic and confident manner in which the business was dispatched. A social will be held in Parker Memorial Hall on April 30, when a special effort will be made to enlarge the membership. The association's Pipe and Drum Band, under the leadership of Pipe Major George B. Smith, was never in better shape than it now is, and will take an active part in the social.

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Valuable Heirloom Presented to Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, N. C.

Rev. Dr. C. G. Vardell, president of Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, N. C., has recently been notified of the presentation of a very valuable gift which has been made through Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, New York. The donor, Colonel C. Macdonald, Junior United Service Club, London, writes to Mr. Tod as follows: "If the college authorities care to accept from me (a great great grandson of Flora Macdonald) a locket of Flora's, containing a lock of Prince Charlie's hair and a silver snuff box that belonged to Allan Macdonald and his grandfather before him, I will have great pleasure in presenting it through you. The snuff box must have been carried by Allan during the time that he lived in America—some five or six years. Both were given to me personally by Flora's granddaughter. The United States is no 'foreign country' to us of the United Kingdom. I would be glad to leave these heirlooms in such good keeping; for every boy in my family has been 'wiped out' in the late war—not that I grudge one of them, they just died as their forbears have died for countless generations. No history is ancient enough to record when the Macdonalds first occupied the Western Isles, and no one could turn us out, Romans, Scandinavians, Saxons all failed, lowland Scots included. Yours very truly,

C. MACDONALD (COL.)"..

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GRAND CONCERT AND BALL

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1920

At 8:00 o'clock, in Grand Lodge Room, Masonic Temple, 23rd St. and 6th Ave., New York. Convenient to all cars and subways.

The Following Artists Will Appear:
Miss Beatrice MacCue.....Contralto
Miss Alice MacKenzie ..... Soprano
Mr. WILFRED GLENN..... Baritone
The Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, Angus M. Fraser, Pipe Major; The Elder Troupe, Highland and International Dancers; Mr. Fred Smyth, Accompanist; Prof. Jas. F. Knox's Famous Scottish Orchestra.
Tickets including War Tax, $1.25, $1.00 and 75c.

For Information and Tickets Apply to John MacLean, 381 Fourth Ave., New York. Phone: Day, Stuyvesant 4000; Night, Stuyvesant.
This concert will begin on time. Come early.

Flora Macdonald College

Friends of Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, will be pleased to learn of the successful termination of the great campaign, begun in 1917, to raise $100,000 for the Endowment Fund of the college. The president, Dr. C. G. Vardell, and the tireless workers who have supported him in the work are sincerely to be congratulated. The following account is taken from the *Flora Macdonald College Bulletin*:

PUTTING IT OVER—ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND—HOW IT WAS DONE.—How the Presbyteries of Fayetteville and Orange seized the *opportunity* which knocked at the door of Flora Macdonald College.

1917—Mr. George Watts, of Durham, offers $50,000 on condition that the church raise $100,000 by the close of 1918.

1917—Fayetteville Presbytery institutes a canvass for $50,000 for Flora Macdonald College.

1917—Orange Presbytery institutes a canvass.

March, 1918—Red Springs community asked to give $10,000, goes over the top with $12,000. Additional time granted by Mr. Watts because of war-time conditions.

December 31, 1919—Campaign successfully completed with $100,000 on hand.

December 31, 1919—Mr. George Watts transmits $50,000 in gold bonds to the college.

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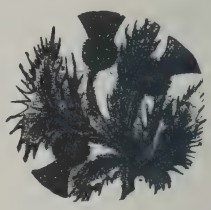
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(For The Caledonian)

(Many pilgrims come to Philadelphia to view The Liberty Bell, to see the home of the first Congress of the nation, and copy the inscription on the bell.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVE."

The following poem was read by the author at a banquet given to commemorate last Washington's birthday, February 22, 1920.)

What glorious memories round thee cling,
O magic bell!
With peeling swell
A nation's birth-song thou didst sing,
A country's freedom thou didst ring;
Thy voice proclaimed a people free,
And this the land of liberty.

Our pulsing bosoms throb and thrill,
Soul stirring bell,
As thou didst tell
The glory of a people free,
And this the home of liberty,
And righteousness the whole land fill
In every hamlet, home and hill.

The patriot heard thy clanging tone,
Clear ringing bell.
Thy sounding knell
Made tyrants tremble on the throne
While freemen with a might their own.
Struck off their fetters, and a free-
Born land had liberty.

A nameless glory thou didst bring,
O, wondrous bell,
As thou didst tell,
With fluted, clear, melodious ring,
The nation's birth song which we sing;
A people independent, free.
And this the land of liberty.

Thy voice now hush'd and lone and still,
O, silent bell;
Yet who can tell
What heaven-born hopes came with thy tone,
Come with a music all thine own?
In whispers from that far-off time,
We listening catch the notes sublime.

This liberty of which we boast,
Clear ringing bell,
Which still we tell,
May yet hold sway the whole world o'er,
Till time and crime shall be no more,
And every fettered soul be free,
Rejoicing all in liberty.

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Keep Your Eye On Paisley!

BY JAMES MAIN DIXON

Motto:

Ye Scottish lads of every clime,
That wad on Fortune's ladder climb,
And reach the tap rung every time,
Just keep your eye on Paisley!

There stands a burgh on the Cart
That's dear to every Scotsman's heart,
The home of mony a canny art—
Just keep your eye on Paisley!

Born twa mile aff at Ellerslie,
Brave Wallace gart the foemen flee.
He taught his folk to do or dee,
They kept their eye on Paisley!

Its Abbey is a noble fane,
Bedecked wi' mony a sculptured pane,
There royal dust for years has lain;
Kings kept their eye on Paisley!

When Nannie, on that nicht sae dark,
Went linkin at it in her sark,
The linen was of Paisley wark;
She kept her eye on Paisley!

'Twas Tannahill, a Paisley boy,
What carried on Rab Burns's ploy;
Gin lyric poetry's your joy,
Then keep your eye on Paisley!

A Paisley body, keen o' brain,
Went out to India, a' his lane;
He saw the weavers weave fu' fain;
An' brocht the shawls to Paisley!

John Wilson was a Paisley lad,
Pride o' the brilliant Maga squad,
That made the Jeffrey Whigs sae mad;
They kept their eye on Paisley!

When Tonic Solfa Scotland blest,
'Twas Seestu Miller led the rest,
It is o' singing birds the nest;
Just keep your eye on Paisley!

If Bute would launch the Scots Review,
To weet the parched ground wi' dew,
Then Paisley furnished ship and crew;
He kept his eye on Paisley.

The East Neuk folk, they werena blate,
They gart Herb Asquith tak' the gate;
The Paisley vote made a' things straight;
Just keep your eye on Paisley!

For Paisley kens auld Herbies worth,
Altho' he be of English birth,
It likes a man o' statesman's girth;
So keep your eye on Paisley!

In arts and buiks, wi' heart and hand,
The Paisley bodies lead the land,
They are a maist hard-headit band;
Then keep your eye on Paisley!

[The above lines were read before the Celtic Club, Los Angeles. Professor Dixon was born in Paisley, where his father, the Rev. James Main Dixon, was the loved minister of Free Martyrs. He was a pupil of Miller's, and sang in the big Tonoc-Solfa gathering within the Abbey walls. Note the allusion to Dr. W. Metcalfe and to the publishing firm of Alexander Gardner in verse 9.—ED.]

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The New York Caledonian Club

(*Founded 1856*)

Club House, 846 Seventh Avenue, New York

The second oldest Scottish organization in New York city, and the oldest athletic club in America, has an interesting history. On its roll of membership are found the leading Scottish-Americans of New York, etc. The Club House is well arranged, with large halls for social purposes: the library and reading room has thousands of volumes, the best selection of Scottish books in the country, with the privilege of taking books home. The privileges are unrivalled. Every man of Scottish blood should affiliate with this club. *Address the Secretary, John Coyle, 846 Seventh avenue, New York*

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Almoner: Miss Eliza B. Dalzell

Death of Rev. Donald MacDougall

Donald MacDougall, founder and editor of THE CALEDONIAN, died suddenly at his home, 208 East 18th street, New York, Wednesday evening, March 31st. Mr. MacDougall was a descendant of the MacDougalls of Lorne, his ancestors for many generations being tenant farmers of Horisary, North Uist, Inverness-shire, Scotland. He was the fourth son of nine children of Donald and Mary (MacDonald) MacDougall, and was born at Horisary, and received his early education in the district and government schools. At the age of fifteen he taught as a substitute for two terms, and a year later went to Glasgow, and received his first business training with his eldest brother, Alexander. At an early age he had manifested a desire to study for the ministry, and after preparatio study for the ministry, and after preparation he entered Harley House, the East End Institute, London, and Cliff College, Derbyshire. At the end of three years he was graduated, and shortly afterward came to Canada, visiting relatives, and in the fall of 1881 entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and in due time was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J. The following year he attended Yale Divinity School, where he received in 1883 the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. During this period Mr. MacDougall paid for his education from his own earnings from preaching. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Champlain, New York, and began work in the churches of Black Brook and Ausable Forks, where under his ministry a revival took place. Later he took advanced studies in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and in 1885 was sent by the Presbyterian Board to organize churches in New England. In this work he met with marked success, organizing churches in Portland, Maine; Fall River and Taunton, Mass. His pastorate in Taunton covered a period of nearly ten years, where he built a handsome stone church. While Moderator of the Presbytery of Boston, he was in the same year President of the Taunton (Congregational) Association, and as presiding officer received candidates for the ministry in both denominations—a very unusual occurrence.

After leaving Taunton, he was pastor for a short time of the First Presbyterian Church, in New Bedford, and later he made a prolonged journey around the world, visiting the Far East and Australasia. While in New Zealand he was busily engaged in evangelistic work, conducting services for months in the leading churches. He became much interested in the native New Zealanders, the Maoris, and later wrote a book, *The Conversion of the Maoris of New Zealand,* published by the Presbyterian Board, Philadelphia, which has been well received by all interested in foreign missions.

On his return to the United States by way of San Francisco, visiting Samoa and Honolulu, he again resumed his evangelistic work, preaching in many of the leading churches of Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn, where he aroused much interest.

Mr. MacDougall, in order to reach the Scottish people in general, in April, 1901, began the publication of THE CALEDONIAN, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of Scots in America. The magazine has been a success from the beginning, many eminent writers contributing to its pages.

Mr. MacDougall always took an enthusiastic interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the Scottish societies in America. While he had been repeatedly urged to accept office in the numerous societies to which he was attached, he preferred to confine himself to his chosen field of work, in which he had met with success.

Mr. MacDougall was a member of the Presbytery of New York, the St. Andrews Society of the State of New York, the Scots' Charitable Society of Boston, a life member and director of the Caledonian Hospital, and a member of the O. S. C., etc. He was author of *The Conversion of the Maoris of New Zealand, A Short History of Scotland,* and an *Annual Directory*

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of the Scottish Societies of the United States, Great Britain and the Dominions; a contributor to periodicals, and was editor-in-chief of *Scots and Scots' Descendants in America*, which he considered his greatest literary work.

Mr. MacDougall was a member of the Hudson Tercentenary Joint Committee and of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission (1909), and also a member of the Dedications Committee.

Mr. MacDougall married, December, 1886, Harriet Daniels Blake, daughter of Rev. Dr. Mortimer Blake, a prominent New England pastor, and President of the Board of Trustees of Wheaton Seminary. Mrs. MacDougall died shortly after their return from New Zealand. Mr. MacDougall married in June, 1903, Ruth Gage, daughter of Abner D. and Anna (Claflin) Strong, of Ashtabula, Ohio, a graduate of Wellesley College. Mrs. MacDougall and one daughter, Esther Blake MacDougall, survive him.

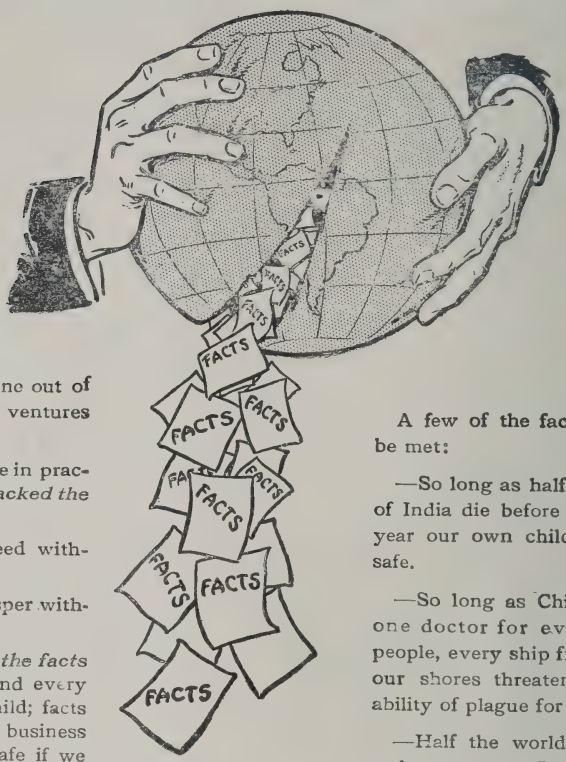
The passing away of Mr. MacDougall, so unexpectedly, was a great shock to his friends, as none, perhaps, besides himself, had any inkling that his health was not all that it should be, and his death will be sincerely mourned. He was of the highest type of character, with all the rugged honesty and dogged tenacity of the Celt, and drew around him an ever growing circle of friends who were attracted to him by his strong personality.

He often said that he felt that his first duty was in the welfare of the Scottish people in America, and that THE CALEDONIAN was a vehicle for reaching them with high class literature and wise counsel. Nor did he confine his efforts in this direction, but he preached frequently in churches in and near New York. He was a finished Gaelic scholar, and as a means of getting in close touch with the people from the Highlands, often preached in the language of the Gael.

The death of Rev. Dr. MacDougall removes from Scottish circles all over the United States a man who devoted his life to the uplift of his fellow Scots, but who, at the same time, was a patriotic and useful citizen of his adopted country.

He was a man of high attainments and one of God's noblemen.

Now the Church Has Taken A Leaf from Successful Business



DO you know why nine out of every ten business ventures fail?

The answer is the same in practically all cases: *They lacked the facts!*

Business cannot succeed without facts.

The Church cannot prosper without facts.

The Church today has the facts—facts that affect you and every other man, woman or child; facts that show that neither business nor the nation itself is safe if we continue to shut our eyes to conditions once considered remote but now squatting at our very doors.

A few of the facts that must be met:

—So long as half the children of India die before their second year our own children are not safe.

—So long as China has only one doctor for every 400,000 people, every ship from China to our shores threatens the probability of plague for us.

—Half the world is illiterate and a menace to Democracy.

—Over one million people have to be turned away from church hospitals each year for lack of room.

—100,000 destitute children must now be turned away from homes and institutions.

How the Facts Were Obtained

The leading Evangelical Churches of North America have formed a league in a great co-operative movement in order to gain greater efficiency by eliminating waste and duplication of effort. This co-operative movement is known as the Interchurch World Movement.

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NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1920.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Donald MacDougall, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Caledonian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publishers—Caledonian Publishing Company, 85 Bible House, New York, N. Y.
Editor—Donald MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor—Donald MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager—Donald MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.
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DONALD MACDOUGALL, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1920.

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New York Register 1445.
(My Commission expires March 30th, 1921.)

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The Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE)

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

MAY 20 1920

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THE CALEDONIAN

(*An American Scottish Magazine*)

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

In April THE CALEDONIAN began its twentieth year, and from the beginning has never missed an issue. THE CALEDONIAN is the only magazine in America appealing directly to men of Scottish blood and to Americans generally—and circulates in all English-speaking countries.

Now, at the beginning of a new era of American-British friendship, we appeal to our subscribers and to the officers and members of all societies, American and British, to co-operate with us in making THE CALEDONIAN even a stronger bond between all English-speaking people. Will every subscriber get another subscriber, and thus enlarge the circulation?

Current Events

Domestic

Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British Ambassador to the United States, arrived in New York, April 19, and proceeded immediately to Washington, where he was officially received by Secretary of State Colby, April 21. The arrival of Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes in Washington adds one more to the already large number of leading foreign representatives who are the happy possessors of American-born wives. Madame Jusserand, wife of the French Ambassador, is a native of Boston, Mass.; Baroness Avezzano, the wife of the new Italian Ambassador, was a Miss Taylor, of St. Louis; while the wife of Signor Brambilla, the Counsellor of the Italian Embassy, was the daughter of a former Secretary of the United States Navy. The Belgian Ambassador has as spouse a lady who has already had two husbands of her own nationality, and Senora de Riano, of the Spanish Embassy, is claimed by both New York and Washington.

The French Government has at last given consent for the exhumation and transportation to the United States of the bodies of American soldiers, sailors, and marines buried within the zone of the armies. Removal for transportation to the United States will begin after September 15, under an agreement between the American and French Governments. Bodies of men buried outside these zones now are being moved to this country.

Rev. Thomas Guthrie Speers has been installed as associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, New York. Mr. Speers is a son of James M. Speers, president of James McCutcheon & Company, and had a fine record in the war. Previous to that time, he was assistant to Rev. Dr. George Alexander of the University Place Presbyterian Church.

The Raeburn "Portrait of Mrs. Macneil," from the collection of R. Hall McCormick, Chicago, sold at the Hotel Plaza, New York, April 15, brought $30,000. "Mrs. Macneil" was Jean Cameron, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, and the picture, which is a large one, 48 by 40, shows the sitting figure of a charming young woman in white, with a broad girdle of sapphire blue, with a background of soft browns and grays.

The first week in June has been tentatively chosen for the nation-wide celebration of the tercentenary of the Mayflower Compact, the first American legislative assembly. This is a part of the series of celebrations in America and Great Britain in honor of the 300th anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers to America. A large part of the work is being carried out by the Sulgrave Institution, an international organization for American-British friendship, which includes many prominent citizens of the two countries.

Major General Sir Charles V. F. Townshend, K. C. B., D. S. O., the hero of Kut-el-Amara, arrived in New York, April 17, on five months' leave, which he will spend in the United States and Canada. "I wish to see the battlefields of the civil war and the army institutions, including West Point, of course," he said. "If America went to war and I was at liberty I should not hesitate to offer my sword and services at the disposal of the United States Government."

The Harvard Memorial Society will place a tablet in memory of Theodore Roosevelt in the house at 38 Winthrop street, where he lived as an undergraduate.

M. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States, has been made an honorary member of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society.

The Prince of Wales, en route to Australia, touched United States territory at three points. At the Panama Canal, March 30-31, he received a stirring welcome from all classes. At San Diego, California, April 7-8, the Prince was entertained at a ball given by Mayor and Mrs. Wilde, and spoke to an audience of 20,000 in the municipal auditorium. Nearly every business house closed at noon, Mayor Wilde having declared an official half holiday. The Prince, in his address at the Auditorium, said he was glad to touch again at an American port, referred to the "wonderful time" he had enjoyed at Washington and other Eastern cities last year, and expressed the hope that he might return in the future for a more extended stay. A sound-amplifying device made his words audible all over the building. One day was spent at Honolulu, where the Prince rode the surf at Waikiki Beach in an outrigger canoe piloted by Duke Kahanamoku, the world's champion sprint swimmer.

Dr. David Kinley, Dean of the University of Illinois, Urbana, has been elected president of the university—a richly deserved honor—and is receiving the congratulations of his many friends here and in the old land. Dr. Kinley was born in Dundee, Scotland, August 2, 1861. He was graduated from Yale in 1884. He has been a member of many industrial commissions; is author of many books on economics and banking and monetary systems; and a popular speaker at American-British gatherings.

April 6, which marked the third anniversary of the United States declaration of war against Germany, has also been the date of other notable events in United States history. Among these may be mentioned: One hundred and thirty-one years ago, George Washington was elected First President of the United States by the First Session of Congress, which convened in New York. Fifty-eight years ago the Union and Confederate Armies grappled in the great battle of Shiloh. Eleven years ago the late Rear Admiral Peary "nailed the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole."

Ernest Manifold Raeburn, Director General in New York of the British Ministry of Shipping, was made a Knight by King George, March 31. Sir Ernest came to this country last August to succeed Sir Ashley Sparks. The honor was conferred as a reward for his services to British shipping during the war. Before accepting his present office he was secretary to Sir Joseph Maclay, British Shipping Controller. In peace times he was a shipowner in Glasgow. He is forty years old. Louis Tracy, the novelist, has also been made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Mr. Tracy was with the British War Mission in New York from its establishment, and remained in charge of the winding up of the affairs of the Bureau of Information, which closed last November.

Canadian

The population of Canada in 1920, as estimatel by Secretary of State Sifton, April 7, is in round numbers 9,000,000 as compared with 7,000,000 in 1911.

Lady Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, Governor General of Canada, and Captain Harold MacMillan were married, April 21, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminister, London.

Banks and Victoria Islands, in the far north of Canada, are to be preserved for the native Eskimos. The order in council establishing the reservation, also forbids trapping and hunting there by foreign sportsmen. Many trappers who had planned a three years' stay on Banks Island will be forced to leave.

Six leaders of last year's general strike in Winnipeg, were sentenced to jail for seditious conspiracy, April 6. The sentences average approximately a year.

Canada's trade report for the year ending with February, shows total imports $993,870,100, and total exports $1,246,241,600, increases respectively of more than $58,000,000 and $29,000,000, as compared with the previous twelve months.

Increased allowances for Canadian war veterans living in the United States, were urged upon a Parliamentary Committee, at Ottawa, April 14, by representatives of the American volunteers in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, on the ground that the cost of living is 20% higher in the United States than in Canada, and that some newspapers and individuals like to hold up a disabled Canadian veteran as an example of Britain's neglect of her soldiers.

Canada's losses from fire in 1919 were $23,500,000—about $2.90 per capita. There were 288 fires of $10,000 and over, but by far the greater number were in homes, and a very large proportion due to carelessness and lack of the most ordinary means of prevention.

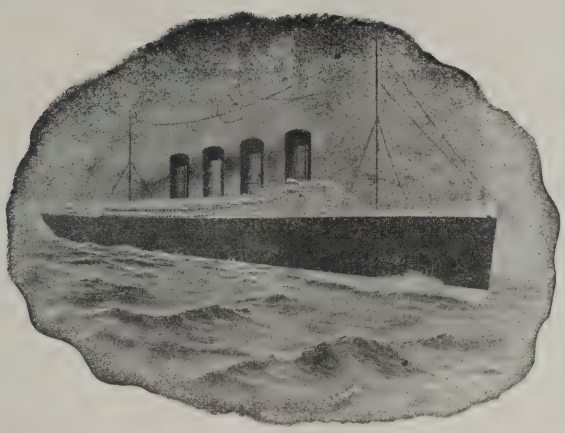
Dalhousie University has 620 students. Of these 307 are Presbyterians, 92 Anglicans, 79 Roman Catholic, 60 Methodist, 58 Baptist, 24 other denominations.

Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec have all adopted daylight saving, to go into effect May 1 or 2, and to continue to October. The Canadian National Railways will use standard time except in suburban schedules to suit local needs where municipalities and localities have adopted daylight saving.

Dr. J. M. Elder, assistant professor of surgery in McGill University, has resigned because a German has been appointed by the Board of Governors Professor of Pathology.

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S. S. LUSITANIA

Sunk by a German submarine off Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland, May 7, 1915, with the death of 1,154 of her crew and passengers, including 107 American citizens.

British

Hon. Rufus Fleming, American Consul at Edinburgh since October 5, 1897, died in that city, April 3, after a long illness. He was born in Lebanon, Ind., in 1852, and was a graduate of the University of Michigan.

Work will soon be begun on the King Edward Memorial at Holyrood Palace. Plans have been submitted for approval at the Dean of Guild Court.

Rev. Dr. G. H. Morrison, for the past seventeen years minister of Wellington U. F. Church, Glasgow, has received a unanimous call from St. George's U. F. Church, Edinburgh, to succeed Rev. Dr. John Kelman, now of New York. Previous to going to Glasgow, Dr. Morrison succeeded Dr. Ross Taylor at Thurso, and was also for some time in Dundee.

A link with Sir Walter Scott is broken by the death of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, who was buried at St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh, March 20. She was a granddaughter of Lockhart, and a great-granddaughter of Scott. Her eldest son is Brigadier-General Walter J. Maxwell-Scott, D. S. O.

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson is the fourth Ulster soldier who has been made field marshal, and the fourth to receive the freedom of the City of Belfast. The others were Lord Roberts, Sir George White and Lord French.

The British House of Commons passed the second reading of Irish home rule bill, March 31, by a vote of 348 to 94, after a brilliant debate.

By a vote of 14 to 9, the Committee of the House of Commons, April 22, laid on the table the Labor Party's Franchise bill, under which women would have been entitled to vote at the age of 21, the same as men. The bill passed the second reading in the House of Commons, February 27, by a unanimous vote.

The result of the by-elections in the North and South Edinburgh constituencies, announced April 22, was:

Edinburgh North—H. J. Ford, Coalition Unionist, 9,944; W. Runciman, Liberal, 8,469; Major Graham Cole, Labor, 3,808. Edinburgh South—C. D. Murray, Coalition Unionist, 11,176; D. T. Holmes, Liberal, 8,177. The Edinburgh North seat became vacant through the appointment of Rt. Hon. J. A. Clyde, to the Scottish bench. In Edinburgh South, Mr. Murray sought re-election after being appointed as Scottish Solicitor-General.

When Sir Harry and Lady Lauder landed at Plymouth, returning from their tour in Australia and America, the band and pipers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers were playing in the docks, and Sir Harry went to listen to them, remarking, "It is just fine." Sir Harry will soon leave for a three-months' tour in South Africa, and is then going to Scotland for a rest.

Mr. Angus Sutherland, who has, at the age of 72 years, resigned from the chairmanship of the Fishery Board for Scotland, was appointed in October, 1884. For eight years previously he had represented Sutherlandshire in Parliament. The son of a crofter, he became a classical master at the Glasgow Academy, but turning to politics, he captured Sutherlandshire in spite of the hostile ducal influence after the split on Home Rule, and was conspicuous as an advanced champion of the crofter cause.

Brass tablets, with the names of the men and women belonging to the burgh and parish of Inverness who laid down their lives in the war, are to be placed on the walls of the Town Hall, Inverness, and a monument is also to be erected, the form and the site of which will be decided later. The funds are being raised by a house to house canvass.

The Executive Committee of the Burns Federation have agreed to accept the offer of Messrs. Harland and Wolff (Ltd.) to remove the remains of Highland Mary, and also the monument, to a site in Greenock Cemetery, adjoining the James Watt memorial. A mural tablet in Laird Street will locate the place where the remains were originally laid.

The appointment of Colonel James W. Sandilands as Commanding Officer of the Seaforth Cameron Brigade of the new Territorial Army will be hailed with satisfaction throughout the Highlands, where he is so well known. Born in 1874, and educated at Harrow, he became a second lieutenant in 1897, and served in the Soudan campaign, 1898, and was dangerously wounded and received the D. S. O. in the South African war. He commanded the Seventh Camerons at Loos, in the World War, and was in service three years in Flanders and France.

Sir William Sutherland was victorious in the recent Argyllshire by-election, defeating the Labor candidate, Rev. Malcolm McCallum by 10,187 to 5,498; a majority of 4,689 votes.

Mr. A. Davidson Smith, C. A., 4a York Place, Edinburgh, has intimated to the Council of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club his retirement from the office of secretary and treasurer, after forty years' service. Mr. Davidson Smith has also superintended yearly the publication of the *Curlers' Annual*, a volume containing rules, lists of clubs, medal competitions, and miscellania on the history and literature of the game, and has been in charge of many international matches and contributed the best years of his life to the promotion of the game.

Mr. Peter Macrae, 8 Sandfied street, Maryhill, Glasgow, secretary of the Clan Macrae Memorial Fund, is receiving subscriptions towards a "Lasting Memorial" to be erected in Kintail, the homeland of the clan, in honor of the heroic clansmen who fell in the Great War.

Replying to Dr. Murray, M. P. for the Western Isles, in the House of Commons recently, Mr. Winston Churchill, Secretary for War, said there was absolutely no intention of abolishing the kilt as the uniform of the Scottish regiments.

Mrs. and Miss Kennedy-Fraser recently delighted a large audience in Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street, London, with another of their inimitable recitals of the folk-songs of the Western Isles. These charming singers, who have done so much toward preserving the weird, quaint, delightful music of the Hebrides, are very popular in the metropolis and no concert season in London is considered complete without at least one of their recitals.

The new Lord Advocate for Scotland, Mr. Avon Clyde, has been one of the busiest members of the bar for a score of years, and well merits his elevation to the supreme position on the Scottish Bench. In style rather like an English barrister, Mr. Clyde is what Lord Young would have called "verra fluent"; in fact, his fluency often proved perplexing to the official shorthand writers, who, when he was engaged in a big case, found some difficulty in keeping pace with his masterly but too rapid marshalling of facts and figures. "I would rather," said one of them once, "take the most incoherent witness I've ever listened to for a whole day than Clyde for two hours."

Mr. Louis Calvert in his new book, *Problems of the Actor*, passes the following judgment: "Forbes-Robertson has been greatly admired for his splendid voice, but I do not believe it is as good an instrument as, for example, Harry Lauder's. . . He uses an astonishing range of voice. . . The delectable winning inflections somehow cajole and stroke an audience. . . . Few people realize how great a voice it is." Here is a discussion by an Englishman of the two finest voices in the speaking of English—and both are possessed by Scots.

The Clan Macleod Society of Edinburgh, which has been in abeyance since the outbreak of the war, has been revived. The new officers are: Macleod of Macleod, the chief, is the head of the society; Macleod of Cadboll, Rev. R. C. Macleod of Macleod, Macleod of Talisker, Australia; Admiral Angus Macleod, C. V. O.; Mr. John Macleod, M. P., and the Rev. W. A. Macleod, Texas, U. S. A., honorary presidents; Sir Reginald Macleod, president; vice-presidents—Sir J. Lorne Macleod, Mr. S. M. Macleod, S. S. C.; Mr. John Macleod, Montpelier, Edinburgh; Mr. A. Rose Macleod; secretary and treasurer, Mr. R. C. Macleod; members of Council—Mrs. Macleod Macintyre, Mrs. Macleod Easson, Mr. Angus Macleod, Miss Helen Macleod, Craighouse Avenue; Miss Amela Macleod, Mr. F. T. Macleod, Mr. Hugh Macleod, Mr. J. Strachan Macleod, Mr. Farquhar Grant Macleod, Milton House, and Mr. Murdo Macleod, Dalry Road.

The Scot in London

The Highland Society of London was instituted in 1778, and received Charters of Incorporation from George III, and William IV. Out of the society in 1786 was formed "The British Society for Extending the Fisheries, and Improving the Sea Coast of This Kingdom." The society afterwards assisted in establishing the Infirmary of Inverness.

In 1807, the society published the *Poems of Ossian* in the original Gaelic, with a literal translation in Latin: in 1837, it offered a prize for the best history of the Highland Clans, which was obtained by William F. Skene F. S. A., and in 1841, it published a literal translation of the genuine remains of Ossian.

Its more recent work has been in the direction of preserving the martial spirit, language, dress, music, and antiquities of the ancient Caledonians: rescuing the valuable remains of Celtic literature, supporting schools in the Highlands of Scotland, and relieving distressed Highlanders at a distance from their native homes.

In 1815, the society originated and established the Royal Caledonian Schools, for supporting and educating the children of soldiers, sailors and marines, natives of Scotland, who had died, or had been disabled in the service of their country, and those of indigent Scottish parents resident in London.

In 1859, the society in conjunction with the Caledonian Society of London, originated the London Scottish Regiment of Volunteers, and in 1901, it raised 400 men for the "Scottish Horse" South Africa, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tullibardine D. S. O., now Duke of Atholl.

In encouraging superior education for Highland lads, the society has always taken first place, and bursaries are granted every year. Gold medals are also given to the best player of the pipes at the Northern meeting, Inverness, and the West Highland Gathering, Oban.

The original seventy-eight Noblemen and Gentlemen connected with the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, who formed the society in 1778, were far-seeing, and they not only did a large amount of good themselves, but they made it possible for their successors to carry on the beneficent work.

During the war, when so many officers returned to the colors, the society was fortunate in securing the services of Colonel Sir John S. Young, C. V. O., as honorary secretary and treasurer. Sir John is a man of action, and a born organizer, and has been instrumental in reorganizing the affairs of the society on a sound basis. Through his influence the society contributed handsomely to the work of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations, in providing comforts for Scottish soldiers on the various battle fronts, and in supplying parcels of food to Scottish prisoners of war in Germany and elsewhere.

Sir John has passed his three score and ten years, but his vitality is a revelation to younger generations. During the war he took a leading part in the executive administration of the Federated Council of Scottish Associations, where his experience proved a valuable acquisition. He also took a keen interest in the extension of the work of the British Science Guild, which has done so much to help British manufacturers to capture trades which had formerly been exclusively carried on in enemy countries. It was a bold step to organize an exhibition in 1918, but the foresight was justified, because, largely due to the energy of Sir John, the venture was a huge success. Another exhibition followed in 1919, which was also indebted to Sir John for the boundless energy he put into it, and it looks as if the results of these individual efforts warrant a permanent annual exhibition of scientific production.

The Royal Caledonian Schools, originally known as the Royal Caledonian Asylum, was commenced in a small way in 1808, but it was not until 1815, that it was incorporated. In the latter year a large number of orphans of Scottish soldiers who fell in the protracted and sanguinary Napoleonic wars became a charge on the nation, and the Scots in London rose to the occasion. The first premises were in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, but in 1827, a site comprisisng two acres of freehold land was secured in Copenhagen Fields,—now Caledonian Road—and a suitable building was erected. In 1903, the institution migrated to the country when the present magnificent buildings were occupied at Bushey, Herts. The school is situated in a finely wooded part, and the children enjoy all the benefits to be derived from perfect conditions of "sweetness and light," and they are as happy as children can be.

Children of parents from every county in Scotland have passed through the institution, many of them the sons and daughters of the flower of our Scottish regiments. It is the only institution in England where the Highland dress is worn, and the Scottish National music taught and played. A sound practical education is given, and the boys and girls are trained with care in moral and religious habits.

Many of the old scholars have taken leading places in business, and in the army and navy, and many instances could be given of men like the late Sir Malcolm McEachern, who was educatel at the schools and became one of Australia's successful merchants. He never forgot his old school, and in addition

to many donations during his life time, left £5,000 by his will to the funds. This amount was practically doubled by the generosity of Lady McEachern.

The schools are the meeting place of many London Scottish Associations in summer, when games and other entertainments are a feature of the much appreciated outings. It was also one of the places where during the war, wounded Scottish soldiers in London were taken for afternoon outings. On such occasions there was no mistaking the fact that blood is thicker than water, for the men vied with the boys and girls in making the gatherings most enjoyable outings.

The managing governors and directors of the two charities are largely recruited from the Caledonian Society of London, and in consequence this society has been described as "the playground of the workers in the Scottish Charities of London."

A certain halo of mystery surrounds the early beginnings of the society, but it is clear that in the year 1837, a number of Scotsmen resident in London conceived the idea of forming a Scottish Society in the Metropolis, which should embrace alike men from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. One of the founders was Mr. Robert Hepburn, a stalwart Scot, who lived to the end of the nineteenth century, and was always reckoned the father of the society.

In its early days the society appropriated its surplus funds to the encouragement of education in Scotland, by sending prizes to the parochial schools, but at the period of the disruption in 1843, in order to avoid the risk of any internal dissension, this rule was wisely altered, and the funds have been, from that time, mainly devoted—"to the furtherance of the Scottish Charitable Institutions of London, and other objects of charity connected with Scotland." Considerable grants are voted each year to the two charities, and many smaller grants are given to other objects. During the war the president and members, through the Federated Council of Scottish Associations, took a keen interest in supplying comforts for our Scottish soldiers in the field, and food parcels for Scottish prisoners of war, and over £1,200 was subscribed to the funds of the Federated Council.

The society has always been a warm supporter of all legitimate objects connected with the Scottish Community in London. It took an active part in the formation of the London Scottish Volunteer Corps in 1859—the decision to form the regiment having been come to in the house of Mr. Robert Hepburn. A paragraph in *The Times* of July 5th, 1859, states—"that a meeting of Scotchmen resident in the Metropolis convened under the auspices of the Caledonian and Highland societies, was held at the Freemason's Tavern for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming a Volunteer Rifle Corps," and in the following October, Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, was graciously pleased to approve and accept the service of the London-Scottish Volunteer Rifles.

The society has resumed its monthly meetings for social purposes, which have been in abeyance during the war. The atmosphere is truly Scottish, and at each meeting it is the custom for a member to deliver a short address on some subject dealing with Scottish history, literature or art, or a biographical sketch of some Scottish character or worthy.

JOHN DOUGLAS, F. S. A., Scot.
6 St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, London, S. W. 13, England.

Our Glasgow Letter

The genius of Mr. Archibald Kay, A. R. S. A., R. S. W., strikes one anew each time one is privileged to see his work At present he is exhibiting in Glasgow, and it is good to know that such patriotic work as his will live on and go down to posterity in all its beauty. His "O River of Winter Sunshine" and "Ben Ledi and the Pass of Leny" are only two of many remarkable canvases. Mr. Kay's home is in Callandar, amid Scotland's most beautiful and entrancing scenery, and and it is only such a great gift as his that can reproduce to such perfection "Bonnie Scotland."

The largest vessel ever built on the Forth was recently launched by Lady Victoria Bruce, youngest daughter of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. It is named the *Tours*, and has been built by the Forth Shipbuilding Company, Alloa, for French owners.

The Scottish Home Rule Association is getting on apace. Recently they had their annual meeting in Glasgow, and the reports submitted were most encouraging: Of the total individual members there is an increase of 823, the total being 1,150 as compared with 327 for the previous year, while in regard to organizations, the increase is 57, the number for last year being 138 as compared with 81 for the previous year. If they press forward on the right lines, and without that disastrous element of rank Socialism and Bolshevism so prevalent these days in all progressive movements, then we feel sure

they will ultimately reach the goal. We wish them all success—and all support—and in the passing pay tribute to the older school of Home Rulers, now nearly all passed away, who fought the same fight while they lived, and with less recognition and encouragement than the movement gets to-day.

The following interesting tale of Government waste is worthy of being put on record. The P. & O. liner *Naldera*, although she has not so far sailed the seas, has yet had a unique history. Her construction was begun six years ago, in Messrs. Cairds' Yard, Greenock, and she was almost ready for launching when war commenced. Then the work on her was stopped, and the men transferred to Admiralty work. Three years elapsed, and then, and only then, our slick Government decided to convert her into a cargo steamer, and once again work was started on her. Three times, up to 1919, she was gutted out, under changed plans—as a cargo steamer, a merchant cruiser, and an aeroplane carrier. When the armistice was signed she was sent back to Greenock to be refitted into a first class P. & O. liner. She was to cost originally £500,000, but owing to the many changes, it is estimated to have cost almost £2,000,000 most of which sum will have to be paid by the Government, and the Government has to get the money somewhere. The best of people—and institutions—make mistakes, but such prodigal waste as this entails (along with other equally gigantic blunders) will most assuredly stand as an everlasting reflection and disgrace to our Government. If the Powers that Be, who are so fond of playing battledoor and shuttlecock with the nation's money, were made to suffer personally for such avoidable mistakes, there would be fewer of them.

"Abbotsford," the home of Sir Walter Scott, our greatest novelist, has a new tenant by name Brigadier General Walter Maxwell Scott, and it is suggested that before long this famous residence may again claim a Sir Walter Scott as its Laird, as the General is on a fair way to adding the prefix "Sir" to his name. If the inspiration of a great name goes for anything, then Brigadier General Maxwell Scott should not be long in acquiring the title.

The Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, which, up till a year ago was the principal hall in the town for entertainments and meetings of importance, has just been sold at £21,300 to Messrs. Hamilton of Hamilton's Diorama fame. Mr. Alfred Pickard, the present lessee, who has been running it as a picture house, ran Mr. Hamilton pretty close in the bidding, but Mr. Hamilton got it.

One of the most interesting sales of house furniture this season, was that belonging to Miss MacDonald, Belmore, Shandom, Garelochhead. She was believed to be the wealthiest lady on Garelochside and her belongings were both beautiful and costly Perhaps the most unique article for sale, however, was the famous MacDonald tartan carpet (specially made for the lady) which went for £50. She was intensely patriotic and a true clanswoman.

It is just becoming known how near the people on the Island of Skye have been to starving, owing, it is said, to the inadequate steamer service. The intervals are so long between calls, that if the weather happens to be rough, and the boats cannot make a landing, then the natives are in a most distressing predicament. The *Bulletin* suggests that in another age Glasgow would have risen to the occasion and sent a special steamer, which is of course what ought to have been done, but so far gratuitous sympathy seems to be all they have received, which isn't very filling. To such a pass had things reached that one had to travel sixteen miles for a loaf of bread, and many of the children were unable to attend school through weakness from want of nourishment. If no private enterprise can make the Skye service pay, then it should evolve on the Government as there can be no excuse for allowing a community to starve.

Saturday, the 20th March, was a fateful day of Scotland in the realm of sport. At the International Football Match between Scotland and England, played in Glasgow, the result was Scotland 0 and England 4, and on the same day, Scotland had other three International defeats—at rugby, soccer and hockey. If this doesn't rouse the fighting spirit of the Scot to his best endeavours next year, then we shall indeed be disappointed. Wake up, Scotland! GRACE D. WILSON.
64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

"The Shade of Burns," an opera by Dr. Robert Machardy, of Strathaven, will soon be produced in Glasgow. Dr. Machardy, who ranks high in British musical circles and is composer of several operas and many separate pieces, is a typical Scot, the great-great grandson of a captain in Prince Charlie's Army and, on his mother's side, a descendant of the Jacobite Macdonalds. He has made a life study of Scottish music and prides himself on having successfully introduced the bagpipe as an orchestral instrument.

Admiral Lord Jellicoe has received the appointment to the Governor Generalship of the Dominion of New Zealand.

The Right Hon. Ian Macpherson, Chief Secretary for Ireland, resigned April 1. He had not been in good health for some time, and his retiral had been by his friends on this account.

Glasgow Scenes and Memories

It is a regrettable fact that, to the popular mind, Glasgow is nothing more than a big, bustling city, resting on the shafts of its hammers. The visitor to-day, or the average citizen, for that matter, knows nothing of the wealth of story conjured up within its dim, grey interior; of the romance that haunts its every street and byway; of the reminiscences that linger in its every nook and corner. To the majority it is only the Industrial Capital, the metropolis of Scotland's work-a-day world. Yet to those who do know about it, how different is the vista. It opens out before you like a magnificent picture gallery. The throbbing hive of commerce, with its huge canopy of smoke, and myriad of buildings, fades away before the series of silhouettes that cross the vision, for Glasgow is supremely rich in memories of a vanished day and generation. Literary and artistic lore is all about it, and the halo of other days lends an enchanting fragrance to its genial atmosphere. Wander where you will, association weaves a fascinating mantle. At every step you are arrested by some remembrance of the long ago. There is scarce a stream within its confines but has its bard, scarce a street but is haunted by the ghosts of the most distinguished figures in our national gallery of literary portraits, as well as by those "shadows of shades," the fictitious creatures of the descriptive novelist, who, from the days of Smollett, has invested the city with the dream-like realities of his inventive brain; while what student of the Glasgow of old can ever forget the pride of place of the old-world taverns and the coteries of Bohemian spirits who crowded them nightly and made the welkin ring? Verily, indeed, has the rare magic of the muse shed a kindly influence over Glasgow—an all-compelling attraction to the literary pilgrim.

Old Glasgow

In the hands of a jovial line of minstrels, it hangs before you, sparkling for all time. What a galaxy of famous names have lent their quota to its fascinating story; what a world of reminiscences there are—some in mere notes, others in the fragments of forgotten songs which have come down through the centuries, others, again, in bulky volume—to make you unforgetful of them! From the far-away days when the Rev. Zachary Boyd "wagged his pow" in the pulpit of the Barony Kirk, and "railed on Crumwell," you follow in the footsteps of a right illustrious company. Glasgow was then a picturesque little place, with its college in the High Street, ancient Tolbooth at the Cross, and its Cathedral dozing peaceably on the hill, looking down on the silver stretch of the Clyde and the gardens of the villagers, which run along the water's edge. The main thoroughfares of to-day were quiet country roads. Argyle Street, now the busiest street in Scotland, was an open roadway with meadows and cornfields on either side, leading to the outlying villages of Anderston and Partick, and to the mills of Dumbarton; while as late as 1773, John Anderson, a quaint character in a kilt, was wont to blow a horn in the High Street every morning, as a signal for the townsfolk to turn out their cows. But, though small and comparatively parochial, Glasgow in other days was an interesting little township. The life of the old place ebbed and flowed round the High Street, Rottenrow, Drygate, Gallowgate and Stockwell, and it is in these quarters —then the most fashionable parts of the town—that literary memories cluster thickest. Older Glasgow was dotted with landmarks, but the pilgrim as he now ambles along in trace of the haunts of a former generation, will look in vain for the best of them. Thanks to the enterprise of communal progress, Glasgow has devoured her beautiful past at a terrible pace. The once popular rendezvous of an early literati, with one or two exceptions, are now but memories. Nevertheless, there is a whimsical fascination in looking back across the years and meeting with the jovial spirits of these now-forgotten days.

Zachary Boyd

In the stirring times of the Commonwealth, the pedestrian going up High Street might have passed a quaint but



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL

striking figure hurrying downwards, and if he had followed him on his peregrination, he would (if tradition is to be believed) have seen him turning into mine host's of the Dove, which "Senex" in his entertaining reminiscences tells us "was the principal inn in the time of the Royal Stuarts, and presents with its crow-steps and moulded chimney heads a striking contrast to the square and utilitarian masses of masonry by which it is surrounded." This was the Rev. Zachary Boyd, and an interesting figure he was in those days. It must have been a droll sight to see the passers-by doff their bonnets to him as he moved among them, for the minister of the Barony was a power in the land, and more feared than admired, I fancy. Well did he know the hospitable interior of the tavern, and, despite his religious scruples, was not above partaking of the "noble vine." In fact, if a still more shadowy tradition is to be believed, it was after a generous "bumpere" of the potent liquor from the Dove that he penned the following sage advice:

Its sacred liquor doth comfort
If temperately ta'en,
Revives the sp'rites and cheers the heart,
And purifies the brain.
To those who drink it soberly
It serveth for good use,
But God above most fearfully
Will punish its abuse.

Zachary, of course, represented poetry in its crudest stage in Glasgow, though it should not be without interest to note that Scott makes Bailie Nicol Jarvie say that "better poetry need nane to be, as he had been tell'd by them that ken'd, or suld hae ken'd, about sic things."

OTHER HIGH STREET MEMORIES

But High Street has a whole world of story in it. True, the busy thoroughfare of to-day is not that of those vagabond souls who gave to it something more than a "local habitation and a name," but to those initiated in the city's lore, it is still fragrant with their memories. What a

ghostly array of shadowy shades greet you as you make your way along it! Association enriches everything, and it is a pleasant exercise of fancy to retread the ages and walk with the brilliant spirits who redeemed its sombre features with the dignity of literary lustre. And what a company, to be sure! To name all the votaries of the arts who at one time or another crowded its old-world pathway,



JOHN WILSON
("Christopher North")

would be impossible in the space at my disposal, for here wandered, each in his turn, all the celebrities of old Glasgow—Burns and Scott, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, James Boswell, De Quincey, "Jupiter" Carlyle, Tobias Smollett, and a host of others whose names are legion. Here, too, was the play-ground of Thomas Campbell, the poet, but the home of his birth has vanished like the house of that other distinguished bard who made High Street his abode, Dr. Thomas Lyle, the author of the tender and charming love song—

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O.
When the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Nor is it possible to forget that it was under the trees in the old College garden that the genial Christopher North in his leisure hours from study was wont to sit in gentle dalliance with the winsome Margaret Lindsay—"that angel Margaret for whom I would sacrifice anything on earth." Perhaps only Burns has surpassed in tenderness the letters he wrote to her, and certainly the national bard, not even in his correspondence with Clarinda, ever wrote anything finer than this:

> "Oh, what a treasure is a friend like you! How little is real friendship understood! Who could ever conceive the happiness I have felt when with you, or so much as dream the misery I endured when I left you for a long, long time! As long as there is a moon or stars in the firmament will I remember you. . . . Last night I was in heaven. I dreamed that I was sitting in the drawing-room at College Buildings with you alone, as I have often done."

FOOTSTEPS OF SCOTT

It was also in the gardens of the College, readers of Scott will remember, that Rob Roy put a stop to the quarrel between Francis Osbaldistone and Rashleigh, while it was in the Cathedral ayont the "Bell o' the Brae," that the first meeting of Rob Roy and Francis Osbaldistone took place. St. Mungo's venerable shrine is still a noble building, "a brave kirk," as Andrew Fairservice put it, with "nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curliewurlies and open-steek hems about it," but the same cannot be said about the ancient Tolbooth, where Bailie Nicol Jarvie, with Mattie, encountered the Macgregor and "that Hielan' deevil," the Dougal Cratur. Only the steeple now remains, and if an iconoclastic Town Council get their way, that, too, will soon be a thing of the past.

SALTMARKET AND GALLOWGATE

Scott was a frequent visitor to Glasgow, and in the pages of *Rob Roy* has painted the ancient city of St. Mungo with a powerful pencil. It is a luscious canvas, a master touch which is at once the most sublime and suggestive cameo in literary annals. Little wonder that when you walk with him, it is not only a study and delight, but a fascination. You are immediately on the pathway of old romance. What pictures flash before you! What characters in the misty mantle of the long ago accompany you as you follow in his footsteps!

And whether you wander by the environments of the Cathedral, adown the High Street, along the Gallowgate, or through the Saltmarket, the fascination is the same. Who has not heard of the Nicol Jarvie Tavern, where the worthy Bailie, honest man, dined "at ane o'clock preceesly" with his worthy "faither," the deacon, and where Mr. Francis Osbaldistone and Mr. Owen partook of a bowl of brandy punch; of Messrs. MacVittie and MacFinn's famous counting house; of Luckie Flyter's hostelry, and numerous other spots which the Wizard has enshrined for all time; Who indeed? Like other notable landmarks, however, most of them have been swept away. Gone is the old tavern in the Saltmarket which Queen Victoria made a point of seeing during her first visit to Glasgow in 1849. Vanished, too, is Messrs. MacVittie and MacFinn's place in the Gallowgate, and the old Stockwell Bridge which Jeanie Deans crossed, and where Francis Osbaldistone and the Macgregor held their mysterious midnight meeting in the shaded rays of "a waning and pallid moon." But you may still look in at Luckie Flyter's, better known in these days as "The Institution." A gay little place it was then with its tankards of wine and silver goblets and its large clientele of Bohemian spirits. Within its snug interior, Scott spent many happy hours, and there can be little doubt that it was here that the prototypes of Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Messrs. MacVittie and MacFinn "took off their dram with the Sheriff." Alas! the Institution has fallen on evil days. No longer is it a respectable caravansary for travellers. To-day it stands, or at least a part of it, a dilapidated looking spectacle in a back-wynd off the Panopticon Music Hall, a pathetic link with auld lang syne.

A Storied Neighborhood

The romance of other days sheds a brilliant lustre over Glasgow hereabouts. It is a little world of association by itself—a world which speaks to you in echoes from a century and more ago, and of those who walked and had their habitation within it. Something of the spirit in which they lived and moved about, hopeful, observant, and with humor and fellow-feeling, they have left behind for others to pick up. In few places is the sweetness of melan-



Thomas Campbell

choly, so poignant. Storied, foot by foot, you may walk this neighborhood to-day, heedless of the passing throng, for at every turn you are treading in the old prints. Every curve opens out vistas to the mind's eye of days and generations long passed away. And if you can extend the imagination to things past from things present, how lively and processional they become. A myriad of kindred souls are walking by your side, some austere, some jovial, making their way in their old-world garb. The wandering minstrels and literateurs, the local bards and journalists are all about you, for here it was they hied them to and fro during their connection with the city. In and around Saltmarket and Gallowgate were all their peregrinations, and though the landmarks associated with them have more or less disappeared, like those in other parts of the city, there is a whimsical pleasure in following on the trail of those departed great, who enshrined Glasgow in a lasting place among literary townships.

Defoe and Smollett

From amidst the matrix of shadowy shades that greet you here, two outstanding figures emerge softly, gilded outlines from the halcyon days of yore. Pushing your way along the busy artery of an afternoon, you may, in fancy, rub shoulders

with a "middle-sized, spare man with a hooked nose, sharp chin, and little grey eyes, and a young, gay, rollicking individual, for, undoubtedly, Daniel Defoe and Tobias Smollett take precedence, hereabout, over a notable group of distinguished writers. How picturesquely these old, yet familiar, characters of the history books detail, or visualize, the ancient city; how delightfully gifted their descriptions and imaginations! Defoe knew the Saltmarket and Gallowgate well, being a great favorite with the gentlefolk, and surely no visitor ever paid a greater compliment to any town than that which he has left behind in his "Tour of Scotland," describing the city as "one of the cleanest, most beautiful and best built in Great Britain." Again, what reader who has read deep within the pages of *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle* and *Humphrey Clinker* has not chuckled heartily over the broad mirth and sarcastic license of olden times, and pictured to himself the two curious little shops in Gibson's Land, the public-house round the corner, and the back attic which Smollett rented for 1s 6d per week and where he wrote his first tragedy, *The Regicide*? It is good to think of the great humorist in his den, the proverbial garret on the top-flat, poring over his writings, or by the banks of the Clyde, where he was wont to stroll, for it takes you back through the years to the period when Glasgow was a charming little town, with flower gardens and orchards. And should you pass along to Charlotte Street, but a stroll from the haunts of Smollett, what a flood of association, redolent of the same artist's paradise, awaits you?

Charlotte Street Memories

Readers of Carlyle will remember that it was in this dignified thoroughfare of old Glasgow that the great litterateur once met Dr. Chalmers at breakfast, "on a cold, vile, smoky morning." Close by, in the same street, John Gibson Lockhart lived for several years, as did also Thomas Campbell, who wrote part of his *Pleasures of Hope* during that period. Nor should it be forgotten that it was here John Stuart Blackie was born, and that Alexander Smith resided when he gave to the world his *Life Drama*. Though born in Kilmarnock, Smith spent the best part of his life in Glasgow and loved the old city with an intensity and reverence that have never been surpassed. How fancifully he paints it in his poem, especially in that verse which speaks of sundown:

When sunset bathes thee in its gold,
In wreathes of bronze thy sides are rolled,
  Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
  Shivers upon a spire;
Thus have I watched thee, Terror! Dream!
  While the blue night crept up the stream.

These were memorable days in the life of Charlotte Street, for, in addition to housing all these notabilities, the old line of the Gallowgate to Calton was still unbroken, and included among its leading features the celebrated Saracen Head hostelry.—"K." in *Inverness Courier*.

Oh, Dinna Let The Doric Dee

BY JOHN MCMASTER
(For The Caledonian)
(Reprinted by Request)

I hear my mither croonin' yet
  The songs that aye are dear to me,
In guid auld Scots I'll no forget
  The Doric! aye sae sweet to me.

Altho' we travel far frae hame
  And meet wi' neehbors warm and free,
Yet never let us tyne the name
  And dinna let the Doric dee.

Wi' Burns and Scot aye to the fore
  To warm the heart and glad the e'e,
We still live as in days of yore,
  So dinna let the Doric dee.

Auld Scotia's sons haud heich yer heads,
  Yours is a record great and free,
Be true to name and true to fame,
  And dinna let the Doric dee.

The bluid gangs tingle to the core
  When Scotia's bairns tae meet and see,
The heart then loups as ne'er before,
  We wanna let the Doric dee.

At freenship's ca' frae ane an a'
  Dull care may gang ti France for me,
Hae! there's my haun, grip firm and true
  We'll never let the Doric dee.

"The Land That Lives in Us"

BY NORMAN MACDONALD
University of Manitoba
(For The Caledonian)

"The Land We Live In" is a familiar and popular toast in social gatherings of Scotsmen on this side of the Atlantic. It is a beautiful land, with its expansive prairies of fabulous fertility; its wonderfully beautiful scenic panoramas; its towering, snow-capped, sun-kissed Alpine peaks, whence issue majestic rivers, whose sinuous sweeps and foamy cataracts delight and almost overwhelm the mind of the reflective lover of nature. It is a land to inspire us with conscious pride and undying patriotism.

But to the Highlander there is another land than this adopted one; and though he serves faithfully the land he lives in, he can never forget the land that lives in him. He is not a traitor to his adopted country because he remembers that his nativity was under other climes and across other seas. He would indeed be a poor citizen of any state were he to forget or prove untrue to "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood"; to the language of Ossian, the customs and traditions of his childhood.

As I muse, I see that land in retrospect—in the glow of the years' fond memories; see it flooded with the influences of the past generations of those whose lives were spent on the mountain-tops of vision, of aspiration, of hope and sacrifice. I recall these islands, not as a realist who sees only rocks and mists, or feels the chill of our fog-laden winds, but by the vision of island-hearts steeped in sympathy, through sufferings often hard to endure. I remember those wave-beaten islands of our fond experiences, not by the bleak inhospitality of a cheerless, foggy winter, but by the inspiration of all the noble ideals which have found their highest expression in island-lives and materialized in the moral earnestness of Celtic character.

When I think of those islands, I see a people whose days are largely consumed in hard struggle for existence; whose sons have been hardened by ceaseless toil, unspoiled by the glad and careless life in fertile plains; a people whose life is an undertone of song that soars like the lark above the shadowy mists of the valleys to where the sunshine prevails. I see not merely hills and heathery valleys; I see men and women living for life's sanctities as the highest goal of life's purposes. I see a land whose every headland and hill is touched by the sunset glamour of the past; a land that has been for generations a nest of singers, from Mary Macleod down to the youngest of the Uist poets of the present. 'Tis true, to-day, we cannot reproduce the sweet notes and winsome cadences of Alexander Macdonald or of Duncan Ban Macintyre, yet there are scores of Gaelic singers in Western Scotland whose poetry has beauty, grace and distinction. The Highlanders have been and are the children of music and song, enlivening their lot by the cultivation of such literature as the local bards, the clan traditions and the popular tales the district supplied, living not for the hour or the day alone, but in a true sense living the life of the spirit. Thus, living amidst surroundings not always congenial, removed from centres of European culture, deprived of social and economic advantages common to more developed nations, the Celt has produced a mass of lyric poetry with its unique rythmical flow, purity of sentiment and beauty of expression, that compares favorably with the literature of more favored nations. The songs of the Highlands are rich in the experiences of our race; that, expressed through the medium of time-worn melodies, never lose their appeal to the Gaelic heart.

Those islands and Highlands reveal more than that. I see them as an abode of a race that has retained the purity of its blood and the inviolability of its national character, isolated from the world, and little affected by foreign admixture. Driven by conquest to forgot-

ten islands and peninsulas, the Celt has striven to oppose an impassable barrier to all alien influences; ever trusting in itself and itself alone, drawing its mental and spiritual inspiration from its own resources, and yet has sent forth its sons by the hundreds of thousands through the centuries to battle and die for the sake of others; receiving little from the world, and giving of its best to the world's welfare. In those remote places we find a people that has persisted through the centuries to live its own life, with its own original method of thought and feeling, unaffected until recently by the noise from without, and ever faithful to its language, its memories, its ideals and its genius.

But, though driven by hard necessity to the forgotten fringes of Europe, there are indications that the Celtic race has not said its last word. The past five years have changed the world, nor left they the Celt untouched. He has had his dream; he has clothed the eternal illusion in rainbow hued colors through centuries. That poetical, dreamy infancy has passed; he faces a world of reality, where his rich and profound nature is gradually conforming to and directing the conditions of modern thought. The Celt knows that he has reached his horizon; that dreams, in a prosaic, practical world, are insufficient either to mould or direct human destiny. He knows his race is passing, but it is not a doomed passing, rather honorable with the glow of noble achievement. And, in passing, it is that he might live a less racial existence and obtain a richer and fuller life by planting the seed of his own inspiration and genius in the hearts of other peoples. It is to fall and rise in the brains of those in whose keeping are the destinies of future generations. We are not witnessing the death of an ancient race, rather the resurrection of its genius along more practical and international lines to a new and larger activity.

"Till the soil, bid cities rise—
Be strong O Celt—be rich, be wise—
But still, with those divine gray eyes,
Respect the realm of mysteries."
—*The Book of Orm.*

Thus, the Celt muses, far from the land of his dreams, in search of what adverse circumstances denied him there. But, that land still lives in him, binding him to it by cords invisible yet unbreakable; he is its product; his character has its roots in the soil where his people sleep. Its tender, healthy influences are fadeless. In ways that may be forgotten for the moment, that land and its undying associations hold him captive —captive to its early inspirations; captive to its moral teaching; captive to its spiritual heritage.



Clan Skene and Its Chiefs

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Skene Tartan are: Cariston, Dis, Dise, Dyce, Dys, Hallyard, Skene.

The Arms of the Clan is: Red, three silver skenes (or daggers) with gold hilts, points uppermost, in fess, on the point of each a gold wolf's head. Crest: A right arm issuing from a cloud holding a garland proper. Supporters: Two Highlandmen.

Motto: *Virtutis regia merces.*

According to a popular tradition, the founder of this ancient Aberdeenshire family was a valiant individual who, early in the eleventh century, distinguished himself by rescuing King Malcolm II from the attack of a ferocious wolf, which he slew with his *skean* or dirk. It is a story similar to that of the young forester, who, after carrying off Malcolm's daughter, Cora, at the Falls of Clyde, saved that king's life three times at the great Battle of Mortlach, and was rewarded with lands on the lower Clyde, to which he gave the name of Eri-Skene, or Erskine, which had been his war cry on the battlefield. It is much more likely that the families of Skene and Erskine took their names in the usual way from the lands on which they settled. From time immemorial Skene has been a place-name quite apart from any connection with either of these families. Loch Skene, the famous fishing loch in Moffat-dale from which descends the highest waterfall in Scotland, the Grey Mare's Tail, has no such personal association.

A much more believable tradition is that the Skenes are a branch of the Clan Donchadh or Robertson. The founder of the branch, according to the antiquary and Highland historian, Dr. W. F. Skene, was the second son of a Robertson Chief, and was himself known as Donchadh mor na Sgine, or Big Duncan of the Skean. The latter part of his designation, we may suspect, was derived, not from his weapon, but from the lands on which he settled. The Robertsons are believed to be the descendants of Conan, second son of Henry, last of the old Celtic Earls of Athol. Henry's eldest son had daughters only. Through them the Earldom and the lower lands of Athol passed to Lowland families, while the Robertsons retained the upper and wilder districts. The newer or Lowland race of Earls, however, gradually ousted the Robertsons from large parts of their inheritance, and it is believed to have been during this process that Donchadh Mor migrated across the hills to Deeside, and settled there on the lands about Loch Skene, which were to form the patrimony of his descendants for so many centuries.

John le Skene and his son, Patrick, who signed the Ragman Roll in 1296, are believed to have been son and grandson of Donchadh Mor, and it is believed to have been Patrick's son who received a charter of the family lands from King Robert the Bruce in 1318. This charter runs, "Roberto Skene, dilecto et fideli nostro, pro homagio et servitio suo, omnes et singulos terras de Skene, et lacum ejusdem, per omnes rectas antiquas metas et divisas suas," etc.

In warlike affairs the family was consistently loyal, brave and unfortunate. In 1411, when Donald of the Isles with his Celtic host, swept across the north of Scotland with the intention of forcing the Regent, Robert, Duke of Albany, to disgorge the Earldom of Ross, the Laird of Skene raised an armed force, joined Albany's nephew, the Earl of Mar, and fell with many o'hers of the gentlemen of the North at the bloody Battle of Harlaw. To meet the occasion Adam de Skene had raised money by a wadset on his estates, and for many years this proved a serious burden to his successors.

A century later, when James IV mustered his forces on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh to invade England, Alexander Skene of Skene was among those who obeyed his summons, and fell with the too chivalrous monarch on Flodden Field. The grandson of this laird again, another Alexander, fell at the Battle of Pinkie, in 1547, when the Scots were endeavoring to protect their capital and save the country and the infant Queen Mary from the "rough wooing" of the English Protector, Somerset.

Still later, after Queen Mary's return from France, when the Queen's brother, Moray, was at the beginning of those insidious plottings which in the end were to bring Mary to the scaffold at Fotheringay, and when, in the north, the Earl of Huntly made his great effort to resist these schemes, the Laird of Skene joined Huntly's forces and fell with that Earl and so many of his friends and vassals at the close-packed fight of Corrichie. Skene's youngest son and several of his kinsmen also fell in the same battle.

Notwithstanding these disasters, the family survived, and in the succeeding centuries, by marriage and purchase, added great areas to their possessions. Additions were made to the grim grey tower which is said to have been the first house built of stone and lime in the district of Mar, and to which access could only be gained by means of a ladder reaching the second floor. At the same time several branches of the family established themselves in Aberdeenshire, notably at Dyce, Hallyards and Cariston. As the Macphersons cherished the Black Chanter of Clan Chattan, while the Macleods treasured their Fairy Flag and other clans of the West kept certain relics as trophies, charms and incentives, the Senes preserved a dirk, said to be the original skean of the founder of their house, Donchadh Mor. This antique weapon was kept in the family charter chest, and on its safe custody was believed to depend the tenure of certain lands.

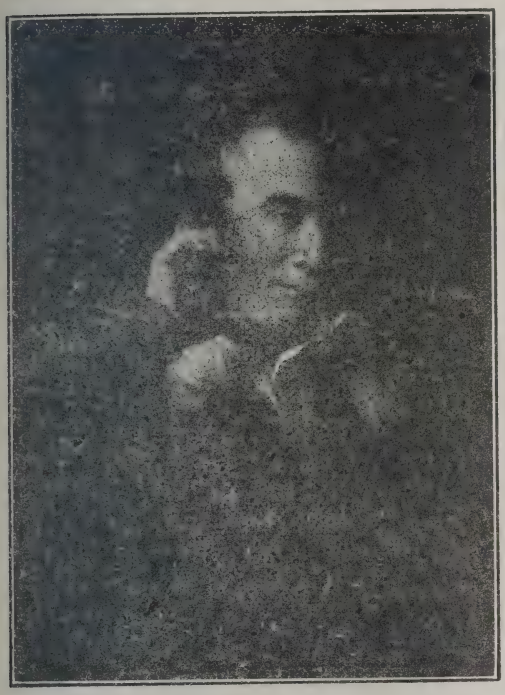
The senior line of the Skene family came to an end at the death of George, the twenty-first chief, in 1824. On that event, Skene and Cariston, the possessions of the house, passed to his sister's son, the fourth Earl of Fife, who attained high distinction in the Peninsular War. This peer's nephew, the fifth Earl Fife, was created Baron Skene in the Peerage of the United Kingdom in 1857, and it was his son who in 1889 married the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, and was created Duke of Fife.

Apart from its territorial importance, the family of Skene has contributed a number of distinguished figures to the annals of Scotland. Gilbert Skeyne, who died in 1599, was Professor of Medicine at King's College, Aberdeen, in 1556. His "Brief Description of the Pest," printed in 1568, was the earliest Scottish medical work; and he was appointed doctor of medicine to King James VI in 1581. Sir John Skene, who died in 1617, began as a regent in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in 1564, became an advocate in 1575, and was granted a pension by the Regent Morton for his digest of the Scottish laws. He accompanied James VI to Denmark, and was ambassador to Holland in 1591. As King's Advocate he took a zealous part in prosecuting witches, and was made a Lord of Session and Lord Clerk Register, with the title of Lord Curriehill, in 1594. He was one of the Octavians, and a notable author on Scottish law. His son, again, Sir James Skene, became President of the Court of Session in 1626, and was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1630. Sir James's brother, John Skene, who died in 1644, was the reputed compiler of "Ancient Scottish Melodies," printed in 1838. James Skene, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, was a member of the Scottish Bar, and Secretary to the Board of Trustees and Manufacturers. He edited Spalding's *History of the Troubles,* in 1828, produced a "Series of Sketches of Existing Localities Alluded to in the *Waverly Novels*" in 1829, and was the author of manuscript memoranda utilized by Lockhart in his life of Scott. He lived for six years, from 1838 to 1844, in Greece. The daughter of this savant, Felicia Mary Skene, was the authoress of a volume of poems, several novels and memoirs of her cousin, Alexander Penrose Forbes, and rivalled the work of Florence Nightingale of the same period by organizing a band of nurses under Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, during the outbreak of cholera at Oxford, in 1854. And last of all, there was this lady's brother, William Forbes Skene, author of *The Highlanders of Scotland,The Four Ancient Books of Wales,* and *Celtic Scotland,* and editor of *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots,* and Fordoun's *Scotichronicon.* He held the office of clerk of the bills in the Court of Session, was made a D. C. L. of Oxford in 1879, and Historiographer of Scotland in 1881. —*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

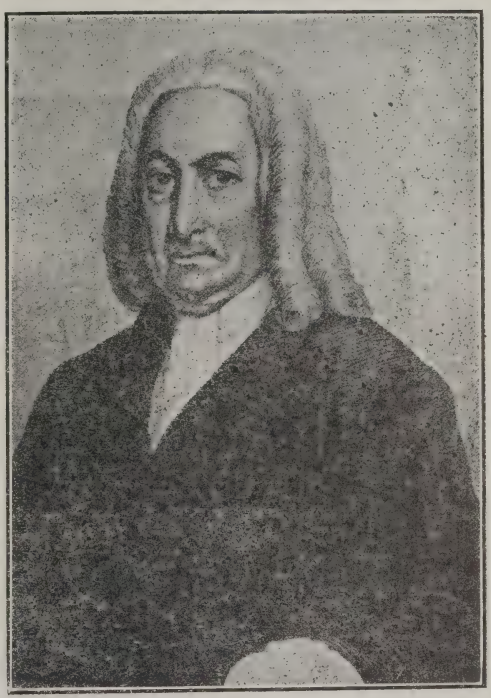
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WILLIAM MACCLURE
(1763—1840)
B. Ayr: d. Philadelphia. "Father of American Geology" and patron of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, Philadelphia.



DR. THOMAS GRAEME
(1688—1772)
Associate Justice Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, 1731-1750. Founder and first president St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia (1749).

What's In a Newspaper?

BY M. E. M. DONALDSON

(From Tonal Mactonal)

It was a warm day in June which was to welcome the first run of the special summer service from Kilmallie; and Glenshona, true to its tradition since Mr. Urie ruled as stationmaster, was ready at the scheduled time for the transaction of business on the arrival of the train.

Duncan, for once in a way untrue to the tradition of the succession of Glenshona porters, was also at the post of duty, but, having fallen asleep on the top of an hospitable barrel, he could not be said to present that spectacle of alert efficiency which was Mr. Urie's ambition for him. That masterly organiser, secure in the knowledge that Duncan was certainly on the platform, and happily unaware that his minion slumbered, was grunting over his books in his tiny office when a shaggy head, announced by a ponderous thump, peered round the door, and a great voice roared in his ear:

"Good day, Master Urie; will you please to pe letting me hev ta *Opan Times.*"

"Oh, it's you, is't, Maister MacIan? I'm feart ye're owre late fur yer paiper this week. D'ye no' mind this is Setturday, whiles the *Oban Times* comes in on We'n'sday? 'Deed, an' I havn'a yin left, but here's the day's *Herald* if that'll dae ye."

Eneas MacIan's head disappeared as he bellowed:

"Tonal, wass you hearing? There wass not wan *Opan Times* that wass left whatefer—only ta day's *Glasgow Herald*—chust that and no more."

Mr. Urie, seeking to avert the imminent invasion which past experience had taught him meant the occupancy of his office for a term of hours by natives without any regard either for time or his antipathy to the pollution of the atmosphere with strong tobacco, hastily made to quit the room and lock it after him. But he was too late, for already Donald Macdonald had crossed the threshold, and Eneas' bulky figure behind doubly secured the exit. Mr. Urie, anxious to get on with his accounts, closed his books with a heavy groan, and resigned his Lowland soul to one of the many uncongenial fates the Highlands stored for him.

"We'll chust pe looking at ta *Herald*, Master Urie," said Donald, with the indulgent air of one conferring a favour. "But it wass ta peety she wass not ta *Opan Times*—a great petty altogether!"

"Ye'll be gettin' far mair news frae yin copy o' the *Herald* nor ever ye wud frae a dizzen numbers o' yer *Oban Times*," said Mr. Urie, with some asperity, discerning in Donald's condescension an implied slight on what he considered Britain's—and, consequently, the world's—leading newspaper.

"More news! Uch, Master Urie, you would be choking," exclaimed Donald, incredulously, the travelled sailor lost in the Highlander jealous for his country's renown. "That wass not possible: there wass no news that ta *Opan Times* she wass not heving. There wass aalways aall ta news of Steornoway, and Topermory, and Portree, and Ullapool, and ta Kyle—"

"Yess, yess, and Uist and Barra," supplemented Eneas, not to be left out of such a controversy, "and Canna, and Coll, and Scalpa, and Paabay moreofer!"

"I wisna thinkin' o' the local gossip o' thae wee bits o' inseegneeficant places, the hauf o' which naebody has ever heard tell, but—"

"My Chorge, ye misseraple Sasunnach!" exploded Eneas; "wass it ta pad names you wass callin Topermory and Steornoway no less inteed?"

"And, moreofer, Master Urie," added Donald, this time determined to deal severely with the peccant Lowlander, "wass you efer being at ta wan or ta other wan of them?"

"It's no' necessary to hae bin tae either o' them—" began Mr. Urie, majestically, but Donald interrupted him scornfully:

"It wass only ta Sasunnach that wass ass ignorant ass ignorant that would pe calling ta peautiful Highland places ta pad names. There wass not wan poat by herself alone, but poat after poat that wass calling in at Topermory, and not chust wance a week, no, no, but efery day too, indeed; and at Steornoway and Portree ta fery same thing too ass well. And Steornoway, moreofer, wass ta fery piggest place where they wass catching ta most feesh, ta fery same feesh that they wass puying in Glasgow herself no less inteed. Will you pe telling, me, Master Urie, *if there wass ass much ass wan herring* that Paisley, for aall that you wass aalways talking about her, wass efer sending to Glasgow, now?"

Mr. Urie, completely baffled by this poser, and threatening in consequence to have an apopletic seizure, was dumb. Accepting his empurpled visage and his silence as evidence that this master-thrust had gone home, Donald continued triumphantly:

"And there wass ta Kyle—ta fery busiest place that efer wass after Opan herself. There wass aalways piles and piles of ta luggage and ta poxes sitting on ta pier, and creat pig cranes for ta moving of them. And there wass often and often four poats, no less, *aall in at ta fery same time*, and ta train, too, moreofer, and you could pe changing poats there or crossing ofer in ta ferry to Skye. And there wass ta pig Hotel—uch, and chust eferything there could pe that wass making ta place busy.

"Yess, yess," supplemented Eneas, "and wan tay, I wass myself seeing six porters together at ta fery least, and aall at ta wance, moreofer. I will be thinking that Paisley she wass nefer ass busy ass aall that."

Mr. Urie, realising the futility of argument with Highland patriotism up in arms, with great effort heroically swallowed his exasperation, and, with an assumption of good nature he was very far from feeling, diplomatically sought to quench the fire he had kindled.

"I can un'erstaun' thae local items are o' interest tae ye, Donald, but it wis mair general, warl'-wide news I had in ma mind when I wis referrin' tae the *Herald*."

On his mettle, Donald accepted this innocent remark as a further challenge to the *Oban Times*, which, as that paper's self-constituted champion, he eagerly accepted.

"Uch, well now, we will chust pe seeing what things ta *Herald* she wass calling ta news," he exclaimed, opening the paper in the middle. "And Eneas, he shall pe ta chudge if ta *Herald* she wass petter than ta *Opan Times*"

"Yess, yess," readily agreed Eneas, whilst Mr Urie, despite being near bursting-point, managed to maintain his policy of silence.

"Here iss ta creat long piece apout 'A Scene in ta House of Commons,'" began Donald "Uch, and who wass caring to pe reading apout ta scenery in ta House of Commons when there wass ta scenes that would pe far, far finer here, efen if we wass nefer putting them into ta newspaper. . . . 'Japan's Position in ta East.' You could be seeing that for yourselfes, inteed, from ta map, without heving ta newspaper to pe telling you where she wass sitting. . . . 'Ta creat Will Case: Thomson threatens Fight.' And what good whatefer wass there in ta fight that wass only being threatened?"

"No, yess, inteed," interposed Judge Eneas. "If ta case, she was here, and it wass a Mactonal in her, it wass fighting he would pe, my Cheorge, with ta createst will, too,

yess, yess—not chust threatening at all whatefer."

"Uch, there wass not wan bit of news in her!" exclaimed Donald, flinging down the paper in disgust.

"Wass there nothing at aall apout ta Highlands in ta paper?" asked the judge, incredulously.

"Not wan little note that efer I did see," replied Donald, picking up the paper again, however, to have another look.

"Uch, here wass wan thing—'Rainfall in ta Highlands'—"

"Wass that what they wass calling news to pe putting in ta paper what wass happening nearly efery tay?" interrupted the judge, impartially.

"Uch, but that iss not ta stupidest thing apout her. Listen here: 'In Topermory, rain fell to the extent of four inches yesterday.' Iss that not too stupid aaltogether, efen for ta Sasunnach paper, when it wass aalways raining for miles and miles no less!"

During this running commentary of judicial disparagement, Mr. Urie, by reverting to his books, strove to smother the annoyance which was fast threatening to overthrow his temper. His efforts, however, met with but feeble success, and he was wondering how much longer he could hold out under the tyranny when a child brought him release. Like some small brownie, her bare feet gave no notice of her approach as she suddenly appeared, a little frightened figured, in the doorway. With a glance at Mr. Urie, as if he were some ogre or bogie-man, she suddenly darted to the side of the Highlanders, as though seeking shelter there from the ogre's evil eye. After whispering, first in the ear of Donald, and then in that of Eneas, she fled as precipitately as she had come.

"My Chove!" exclaimed Donald. "That I should pe forgetting that ta Machor he wass waiting for me this hour ago and more!"

"To think, now, I wass nefer pringing in ta rappits I did promise ta Hotel she should pe heving last night!" Eneas ejaculated. "Well, well, but if I wass taking them ofer now, they would maybe not pe too late after aall inteed."

"Thank you for ta loan of ta *Glasgow Herald*, Master Urie," said Donald, politely, his easy-going self again. "I wass sorry we could not pe staying longer, for I wass expecting a coat by ta train. But we must pe going now at wance, so when she wass coming in, you will pe looking after her for me till I wass fetching her, wass you not?"

"I wull that, Donald,' replied Mr. Urie, with a hearty readiness due solely to the alluring prospect of being rid of his present company. And to secure himself against further molestation, he bethought himself to add: "Dinna fash yersel' to come back. I'll send Duncan doon wi' yer coat when he taks roon the ither paircels."

"Uch, but that iss fery good of you, Master Urie!" exclaimed Donald, in the process of refilling and lighting his pipe. Then, at a leisurely pace, and accompanied by Eneas, he strolled off towards the Hotel.

The stationmaster's books did not make much progress that morning, for, within five minutes of his being rid of his visitors, the telephone call signalled that the train had left the station below Glenshona. When it drew up at the platform, the traffic seemed to be exclusively concentrated in the guard's van, for there were neither passengers to alight nor to be taken up. Mr. Urie's attention, however, was diverted from the train by his belated discovery of Duncan's unconscious form. Indeed, he was wrathfully shaking that luckless youth into some semblance of a porter on active service when his old enemy, the guard, rudely hailed him.

"Stir yer*sel*', Urie! 'Deed, an' ye'd shew mair o yer boasted abeelity if ye didna wait till the train wist juist in fur tae be organeesin' yer stauff! Here I'm waitin' on you, an' there's neither yersel' nor the porter tae attend tae yer wark!"

Mr. Urie, furious at this taunt, wheeled round and fired back:

"I'm no' here, ye puppy, fur tae tak' instructions frae an inferior in the performance o' ma duties!"

"Ye're here tae wait on the train, an' no' hae the train wait on you, my man," retorted the guard. "See, there's yer paircels on the plaitform, an' here's a brither beast tae keep ye comp'ny!"

Scarcely had this announcement been made, when the malicious guard slipped a rope out of the collar of a goat, which thereupon dashed headlong out of the van upon the unsuspecting Mr. Urie. With unwonted agility and a surprising dexterity, the stationmaster, exclaiming "Mercy on us!" managed by a swift flanking movement to interpose the solitary platform seat (which, fortunately, was just behind him) between himself and the goat. Still more fortunately for Mr. Urie, the animal in charging effected its own capture. Butting at the stationmaster entrenched behind the seat, the goat's lowered head passed between the two planks forming the back, and then, being raised, became locked there by reason of its two long horns hooking over the top of the seat. This unexpected result was a disappointment alike to the guard and to the spectators at the carriage windows; but it gave Mr. Urie a unique opportunity, too precious to be missed, of retaliating on his enemy.

"Whiles, there's mair evidence o' organeesin abeelity than ye coonted on, Maister Gaird, I'm thinkin'. An' it's lucky fur ye, tae, or it micht hae bin a case fur the sherriff—assault an' battery wi' malice aforethought, lettin' lowse a wild beast on me oot yer traivellin' monkey hoose!"

As this retort aroused guffaws of laughter from sundry heads at the carriage windows, Mr. Urie felt very well satisfied with himself as the train bore away his discomfited foe. There then remained the question of finding out the goat's consignee, and how to deal with the animal until the owner came to claim his property. Always deem'ng it

wise to keep on the safe side of all things, Mr. Urie, with an eye on the formidable horns, deputed Duncan to examine the goat's collar, but search failed to reveal any indication that a label had ever been attached thereto.

"I wis a fule tae luke fur onything hauf sae wise-like," was the stationmaster's angry comment. "Thae doited Hielan' buddies beats a', wi' their easy-osy ongauns. No' content wi' dispensin' wi' the way-bills o' ceevilisation, noo if they dinna expec' folks tae ken by instinc' fur whom their goods is intendit. Noo, then, Duncan, dinna staun dreamin' there like some thowless gumphie but haun' me up thae paircels at yer fit! I maun sort oot Donald's coat so that ye may leave it at his hoose on the wey tae yer denner."

"It wass not ta parcel that Tonal he would pe heving me—" began Duncan in his slow and difficult English as he handed up the various packages. But Mr. Urie interrupted him sharply:

"I'm fur nan o' yer argie-bargie, ye camsterie blockheid—ye'll just dae as ye're bid," and, as he looked at the several addresses of the parcels, he exclaimed: "Tits—MacVurich, Hotel, Cameron, MacRory—there's no' yin fur Donald efter a'—Im awa' tae ma denner the noo, Duncan. See ye pit thon paircels in-by, an' then ye can awa hame tae yer ain bit meal, an' deleever them when ye come back."

So saying, Mr. Urie, urged by his appetite, speedily departed, leaving Duncan depositing the half-dozen or so odd parcels left by the train no further "in-by" than on the seat which held the goat captive. This trifle done, the porter stood looking sympathetically at the animal which, having recovered from the initial paralysis induced by the surprise at finding himself snared, was now walking up and down the length of the seat, very much like a bolt on a chain travelling in a slot, trying as vainly to get free.

"*A bheathaich bhochd!*" (Poor beast!) said Duncan, compassionately, addressing the goat, "*Am bheil an t-acras ort cuideachd?*" (Are you hungry too?)

Taking an assent for granted, the porter went off, returning with an armful of long succulent grass and an old length of rope. Tying one end of the rope to the goat's collar and the other to the back of the seat, Duncan, by a cunning use of the grass as bait, managed to coax the goat's head through the bars. Then, leaving the animal in full enjoyment alike of his restored liberty and of juicy refreshment, the porter went off to his own dinner.

When Mr. Urie returned to the station after an hour's interval, instead of a goat, there was havoc on the platform. Speechless, the stationmaster surveyed the scene. The seat was awry, but this was indeed as he had left it, imprisoning the now vanished goat. From one end depended the broken end of a weather-worn rope; scattered on the ground amongst a strew of grass lay the remains of disintegrated parcels. Amongst the torn remnants of brown paper, the skeleton of a shoe, representing its less edible portion, was trampled down into a mush of butter; and a rudely dishevelled book lay cheek by jowl with the leavings of some bacon.

"Losh me, whit in a' the wide warl' is the meanin' o' this awesome scene o' deevastation?" exclaimed the bewildered Mr. Urie. "Whits thon bit rope daein' danglin' there? Whaur's thon awfu' wild beast? If it's broke lowse, guid kens, it'll be gallopin' an' roarin' a' owre the kintraside, seekin' whit it may devour, an' maybe gorin' folk furbye! An' if it's no' the faut o' thon fushionless bummler miscad a porter, ma name's no' Dauvid Weelum Urie! Oh, mercy me, certes the day!"

As though in response to this lamentation, Duncan just then made his post-prandial appearance, and Mr. Urie, too distracted with the immediate idea of the escaped goat roaming and ravaging at large to question how the animal came to get loose, directed the porter to go in search of it.

"Haste ye noo, Duncan, ower the moorland road—nane o' yer daidlin', mind—whiles I'll tak' the direction o' the auld pier. gin ye find the beast, haud him in, an' whussle on me through yer fingers."

With this injunction, Mr. Urie dispatched the porter in one direction, and then, with a heavy groan, himself set off in the other.

* * * * * *

After having made fruitless search by wood and moorland for nearly three hours, listening in vain for a whistle which, had it ever been given, would never have carried his length, Mr. Urie, hot, weary, and in the depth of angry despair, had got the length of Donald's cottage on his way home. At the spectacle that there riveted his gaze, he came to an abrupt halt—a halt, indeed, that might rather have been called a stagger. For, seated on a boulder, on the shore was Donald reading a newspaper: at his feet, fast asleep, on his face lay the porter whom Mr. Urie had pictured in like case with himself, and, tethered to a post, on the grass beside them was the goat. Hearing footsteps, the animal looked up from its grazing, and, sighting an object, promptly charged—as far as its tether would allow, which, happily for Mr. Urie, did not reach his length, and, moreover, held. When at last the outraged stationmaster was able to find words, he gasped out:

"Whit in a' the earth dis this mean, Here am I, efter stravaigin' the haill kintra-side, tae return, sair forfouchen, tae fin' ma subordinate—or, I should say, ma insubordinate—not only takin' his ease, but actually wrapped in slumber! But I'll shin pit an end tae this jewkery-pewkery'—deed wull I, or ma name's no' Dauvid Weelum Urie! Duncan, ye dowless, contramashious, donnert, guid-for-naithin'—"

"If you wass only listening to Tincan when he would pe speaking to you, Master Urie,"

interrupted Donald, "it wass none at aall of aall this trouble you would pe gifing yourself whatefer. And, moreofer, I wass telling you myself that it wass ta coat I wass expecting by ta train."

"Whit's that ye say? I'm fair bumbazed, no' tae say disjaskit wi' a' yer Hielan' cantrips! Ye tell't me it wis a coat—no' an animal ye wis expectin'."

"If I did think you wass not knowing ta coat iss ta peast, I would hev been telling you, Mr. Urie. And so tid Tincan too, but you wass not letting him speak when you wass looking for ta coat among ta parcels. Tincan indeed wass ta clefer lad that wass finding her at wance and did pring her here, that wass ta peautiful coat."

So varied were the emotions that ran riot through Mr. Urie's being just then that he could only mop his perspiring face with a handkerchief whose vivid colouring violently clashed with his own. With so good an opportunity of improving the occasion, Donald was not slow to take advantage of it:

"You wass saying there iss no news in ta *Opan Times*, Mr. Urie! But ta *Glasgow Herald* she wass not telling you what you would hev peen seeing here in ta paper that Father Cameron he wass lending me that would hev saved you aall ta trouble whatefer. Listen here," and from the *Oban Times* Donald read the following paragraph for the edification and soothing of the stationmaster:

"The Late Mr. Donald Macdonald Kilmallie.—This recently deceased and much respected residenter, well known locally as the *Gille Breac*, left his pedigree goat Somerled to his cousin, Mr. Donald Macdonald (*Gorm Shuileach*) of Glenshona. We understand that arrangements have been made to dispatch by passenger train this handsome and valuable beast to its fortunate legatee."

Scottish Field Names

Mead—such a charming word—is peculiarly English—Scotland has no "flowering meads" among her place names, but she has many names that hold romance in every letter. Lennoxlove and Sweetheart Abbey are positively lyrical with old-world charm, and Little France awakens memories of the devoted French servants of Mary Stuart. There is a farm at the foot of the Pentlands, says the *Weekly Scotsman*, whose name, Wanton Walls, seems to sing, "Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, sae dauntingly, gaed he," and if Clarty Hole is not exactly romantic, still "the clartier, the cosier" is quite a respectable old proverb. Bogles and witches play an important part in Scottish nomenclature; Carlops, nestling among the green hills, made famous by Allan Ramsay in his "Gentle Shepherd," takes its name from "Karlyn lippes," or Carline's loup, the Carline having taken a prodigious leap. When we came to "Auld Nick," or "the Deil," we find he has left traces of his cloven foot on many a hill and glen, his finest possession being his great Beef Tub among the steep hills about Moffat. When the cattle raiders had driven their ill-gotten herds into the Deil's Beef Tub the bereft farmer could say a long farewell to his four-footed property, the precipitous sides were well-nigh impregnable, and the one narrow entrance well guarded; no wonder the farmers gave it such a nick-name."

McPherson's Fiddle

The story has just been published of how Frederick Buschmann, the German naval spy, who was executed at the Tower of London in 1915, asked for his fiddle the night before his execution, played some favorite airs on it, and then handed it over to his custodians with the words, "Good-bye, I shall not want you any more." The tale is strongly reminiscent of the tradition that has been attached to the notorious Highland freebooer McPherson. The story is well known by Burns' verses, "McPherson's Lament," which begin so intriguingly:

> Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
> Sae dauntingly gaed he.
> He played a spring and danced it round
> Below the gallows tree.

McPherson, students of historical legend will remember, was executed at Banff in 1700 on a charge of "going up and doune the country armed, and keeping mercats in a hostile manner." Like Buschmann, he was devoted to his fiddle, which he is said to have played "below the gallows tree." He asked if anyone who thought well of him would take it, but getting no response, he broke the instrument in pieces, which he threw into the open grave prepared for his own reception. Some critics declare that the McPerson tradition has nothing but Burns' magic to sustain it, his verses being merely a transformation of "Captain Johnston's Farewell," who was executed at Tyburn in 1690.

The Origin of "Bawbee"

The first attempt at portraiture of the Queen of Scots, writes Laurence Hutton in his essay on *Some Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots* ("From the Books of Laurence Hutton"), was made in her earliest infancy, for her little face was engraved upon the half-pennies issued from the Royal Scottish Mint at the time of her coronation in 1543, and when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are preserved, and it is said that the name "bawbee," or baby, was originally given to that denomination of money because of its bearing the image and superscription of the Baby Queen.

Subscribe For The Caledonian

In Memoriam



Rev. Donald MacDougall, B. D.

Born, Horisary, North Uist, Inverness-shire, Scotland. Died, New York City, March 31, 1920.

Founder of The Caledonian

Editor, April, 1901—March, 1920.

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high."

Resolutions and Appreciations

The Funeral

The funeral services were held in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, 96th street and Central Park West, Saturday afternoon, April 3—Easter Saturday; the decorations of the church adding to the beauty and impressiveness of the service. The remains were escorted to the altar by Rev. Robert Watson, D. D., pastor of the church; Elliott W. Brown, D. D., and Dr. David G. Wylie, followed by the honorary pall bearers—Robert Frater Munro, ex-president St. Andrew's Society, William M. MacBean, historian of St. Andrew's Society, Captain Taylor of the New York Scottish, and Walter Scott, Royal Tanist of the Order of Scottish Clans.

There was a large attendance of relatives and friends, among which were representatives of Clan MacDuff, No. 81, and a large delegation from the New York Caledonian Club, and other societies.

Dr. Watson offered prayer and Dr. Brown read the scriptures. Dr. Wylie spoke very beautifully regarding his memories of Dr. MacDougall, whom he had known for nearly thirty-five years,—first as the student, then as the minister in charge of his first church, and lastly as editor of THE CALEDONIAN, dwelling particularly on the fact that the Christian never dies and stating that Dr. MacDougall always endeavored to live as he believed.

The interment was at Woodlawn Cemetery. The pall bearers who accompanied the party to the grave were from the New York Caledonian Club; Chieftain Samuel Marshall, Ex-Chief Robert Foulis, and Clansmen David A. Mitchell, Alexander Gordon, Peter Groves and George Murray.

Among the relatives present at the funeral was a nephew, Donald A. MacDougall, Youngstown, Ohio. A few days later, word was received that his father, John MacDougall, Mr. MacDougall's older brother, had died March 12, at the old homestead, Horisary, North Uist. His death was also sudden, due to heart trouble.

British Schools and Universities Club

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

In behalf of the British Schools and Universities Club, I beg to assure you of our deep sympathy in the loss of your beloved husband, the Rev. Donald MacDougall.

He was very highly esteemed by all the members of this club for his learning and achievements, and for his agreeable personal qualities. His voice and pen were always ready to advocate every good cause, and his influence for good increased with the years. He left behind him a noble record of fine deeds nobly done, and the memory of what he accomplished will ever be an inspiration.

We shall greatly miss him from our gatherings.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN WILLIAMS,
President.

Clan MacDuff, No. 81, O. S. C.

WHEREAS, By the will of an all-wise Providence, our brother clansman, Donald MacDougall has been removed from this earthly habitation, we, his sorrowing associates deeply regretting our sudden and unexpected loss,—and desiring to express our sympathy with his bereaved widow and amiable and accomplished daughter, are hereby

RESOLVED, That the example to us of our worthy departed brother in the religious, moral and intellectual attributes which distinguished him, endeared his personality to us as one ever ready to visit the sick, soothe the suffering, and to exercise his ministerial offices particularly to the bereaved wherever opportunity called him. A tireles worker in all that appertained to the welfare of the Scots in America, he was also a model of American citizenship, active in public affairs, ever ready to maintain the fundamental principles upon which the great American Republic was established. His vigorous mentality and physical activity gave promise of a long life, and we are assured that his bereaved family shares the hope that illumined his journey through this life that there will be a blessed reunion where there shall be no more parting and where God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes.

GEORGE W. HORNE, Chief,
ANDREW G. KIRKE,
Recording Secretary,
JAMES KENNEDY,
Past Deputy Royal Chief

April 10th, 1920.

Caledonian Hospital

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

It was with the deepest feelings of sorrow that the Board of Directors of the Caledonian Hospital were informed of the death of Dr. MacDougall. A resolution was adopted to extend to you the sincerest sympathy of the directors in your hour of sorrow, and to indicate to you the great regret that is felt for his loss to the hospital, for which he has had so keen an interest since it was organized. We will miss his presence and his counsel.

Again expressing the sincere and heartfelt sympathy that all of the members of the Caledonian Hospital feel for you,

I am, with the deepest feeling,
CHARLES F. GARLICHS,
Secretary.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

On behalf of the Women's Society of the Caledonian Hospital, I extend to you at this very sad time their sincerest sympathy.

We were very sorry to hear of your dear husband's death and the society has lost a very dear friend and helper.

Most sincerely,
JANET STEEL EWING,
Corresponding Secretary.

Lady Mackenzie, D. O. S.

Lady MacKenzie Lodge, D. O. S.
New York city.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I have just heard of your great misfortune and my heart aches for you. Words are so weak to convey my sympathy for you. Do not be discouraged under the intense weight of sorrow, but seek hope and joy in the glory of the Resurrection. Only a wee short time when we shall all be together "Forever with the Lord." Your dear husband has gone to prepare the way in those beautiful mansions celestial in the heaven not made with hands. May God in his infinite mercy give you grace to bear the cross. Trusting you are well and commending you to Him "who doeth all things well," with love and tenderest sympathy,

Believe me, your friend and sister,
EMILIE M. CONNAL,
Chief Daughter.

In Memoriam

BY REV. DAVID G. WYLIE, D. D.

(The following memorial minute was ordered sent to THE CALEDONIAN by the Presbytery of New York as an evidence of our esteem for your late editor, Rev. Donald MacDougall.)

Reverend Donald MacDougall was born in Horisary, Scotland, in 1856. The degree of B. A. was conferred upon him by Harly College, London, 1879. He was a student at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1880-81; at Yale Divinity School, 1882; and a Post Graduate at Union Theological Seminary, New York, 1884-5.

Mr. MacDougall was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick in 1881, and ordained by the Presbytery of Champlain in 1883. He was Stated Supply at Black Brook, New York, 1883-4. He organized, and assisted in organizing the following churches: Portland, Maine, Fall River, Mass., Taunton, Mass., New Bedford, Mass., Newport, R. I., Brockton, Mass.

He was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Taunton, Mass., 1886-1893, and of New Bedford, Mass., Presbyterian Church, 1893-5. In 1896 and 7, he visited Europe, Australia and New Zealand, and wrote a volume entitled, *Conversion of the Maoris.*

For many years Mr. MacDougall was editor of THE CALEDONIAN, a magazine devoted to Scotch literature, and was connected with numerous Scotch societies such as The Caledonian Club, The Order of Scottish Clans, The St. Andrew's Society, The Pilgrims of America, and the Loyal Orange Lodge.

Mr. MacDougall was a loyal Scotchman, but just as loyal an American. He was an excellent scholar, a faithful preacher, and a devoted Christian. He was called from earth to Heaven suddenly and peacefully, literally falling asleep.

The funeral took place in the Second (Scotch) Presbyterian Church, 69th street and Central Park West, on Saturday, April 3, 1920, at two o'clock. The services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Robert Watson, D. D., assisted by Rev. Elliott W. Brown, D. D., pastor of St. Nicholas Avenue Presbyterian Church and by Rev. David G. Wylie, D. D., who delivered the funeral address.

It is recommended that a copy of this memorial minute be sent to his family, to THE CALEDONIAN magazine, and to the religious papers.

Attest:
JESSE F. FORBES,
Stated Clerk.

Pasadena, California.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

I was greatly shocked and grieved this evening on receipt of your letter of the 2nd inst, announcing the death of our esteemed and good friend, Mr. MacDougall. The manner of his going looks to me like a case of "He giveth His beloved Sleep." I shall be pleased to learn of the future of THE CALEDONIAN.

With much regret at the loss of our dear friend,

I remain very truly yours,
CHARLES PETTIGREW.

Grimshawes, N. C.

DEAR SIR:

The death of Mr. MacDougall, so sudden and unlooked for, is a great grief to me. Although I had never met him face to face and only knew him through correspondence, I had come to regard him as a personal friend. It was a pleasure to read his letters, they were so cheerful and intimate. I gathered from them that he had a kind heart, a sound mind, and a hand that was strong and steady. The magazine is a monument to his memory. He needs no other: no better could be raised.

Yours very truly,
(JUDGE) W. C. BENET.

London, England.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

It is with profound sorrow that I have received yours of the 2d inst. conveying the news of the passing of Mr. MacDougall . . . I have always admired his persistent efforts

in behalf of his native land and he has ever stood for the best type of Scot. Of him, it may be truly said that the verdict on his life's work must be "well done! good and faithful servant." Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN DOUGLAS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

I have just learned of the death of your husband through the *Presbyterian*. I deeply regret his sudden departure from a life of usefulness where he had been a great benefit to his fellow men. Only a few weeks ago I had a long chat with him in the office of THE CALEDONIAN, and when I left him, hoped to meet him soon again; but all is changed now —in his case for the better.

I have known him many years, and I have learned to love him as an earnest and true minister of the Gospel. But your loss is his gain, for sudden death is sudden glory.

I am, very sincerely,

JOHN J. MUNRO,
Pastor South United Presbyterian Church.

New York City.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

It is a great shock to me to learn of your husband's sudden death. It is a surprise, for I had not learned of any illness and he seemed to be a strong, rugged man.

It was always a help to me to have him in church for I knew I had a kindly, intelligent, sympathetic listener. His heart was big for everything that had on it the impress of religion or anything Scottish.

He will be greatly missed as an interpreter and adjuster. He ever sought to heal and help. Both Scottish and American affairs are poorer to-day because of his departure from us.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN R. MACKAY,
Pastor North Presbyterian Church.

New York City.

THE CALEDONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Gentlemen:

I cannot tell you my surprise and deep regret to learn of the death of my much respected friend, your editor, Dr. MacDougall. It seems only yesterday that we spent a very pleasant evening together here in my library. Little did I dream then that it would be our last interview. He was one of God's noblemen, and has done a great work for his Master during his lifetime.

To his much loved companion, our hearts go out in deepest sympathy. Thank God, she well knows the source of all strength to draw upon in these dark hours. We commend to her for her consolation the truth, that underneath are the Everlasting Arms. May she ever feel this abiding presence near her during these sorrowing days.

With deep sympathy, I am

Very truly yours,

D. W. O'NEIL.

New York City.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

Although an entire stranger to your acquaintance, I trust you will not deem me presumptuous in addressing you for the purpose of expressing my earnest sympathy in the great loss you have sustained, by virtue of the going home to rest of your devoted husband and my good friend, Dr. MacDougall.

I have known him long and well and that intimately that the longer I knew him the more I admired him. He was certainly one of God's noblemen, he lived for a good purpose, the world is so much wiser and better for his having lived, and as a servant of the Lord he fulfilled all duties that were required of him while on earth.

Surely he inherited eternal life and while I know your grief in his going must be very great indeed, yet there is such comfort in the remarkable life that he lived. And our regret is very great that prematurely while at the height of his usefulness he is called from us.

Your friend in sorrow,

WALTER L. MACCORKLE

Canton, Ohio.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

Your letter made me very sad indeed. Was greatly pained to learn of the death of our highly esteemed friend and well-wisher, Mr. MacDougall. I am pleased to hear that you have made arrangments to carry on his good work. We always enjoy reading THE CALEDONIAN, and I shall be glad to do all I can for it in the future.

Yours sincerely,

ALEXANDER RUSSELL.

San Francisco, California.

THE CALEDONIAN:

It is with profound regret that I read of the death of Mr. MacDougall. I knew him well and it was to me always a great pleasure to meet him and converse with him. The Scottish people all over the world and especially those from the Highlands, have lost a great friend and supporter.

Cordially yours,

D. SCOTT CHISHOLM.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

It is with great regret and sorrow I learn of the passing away of our mutual and everybody's good friend and teacher, Editor MacDougall. The loss falls heavily on his loved ones. We cannot but mourn with them, even though we would not wish him back with us again. Please convey my sympathy and respect to them.

I am glad to learn that THE CALEDONIAN will go on. It would be a racial calamity if the Scottish people on this continent were to be deprived of their one distinctive national magazine.

Sincerely,

ROBERT EARLE MAY.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

In the midst of life we surely are in death. Your letter telling of the sudden death of Dr. MacDougall came like a bolt out of a clear sky. Although along in years he looked strong and good for many active years. His death is not only a distinct loss to the CALEDONIAN, but to all Scottish circles where it had found its way. I am glad that you are "standing by the ship," and hope you will also have the responsibility of steering the ship.

I am so glad now that I made the trip to New York and had the pleasure of personal contact with Mr. MacDougall, for it gives me a sense of personal loss which I could not have known through correspondence.

You and all others in close connection with him have my profoundest sympathy.

Yours sincerely,

HUGH W. BARNES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CALEDONIAN:

I esteemed Mr. MacDougall highly, and had learned through correspondence to love the man. He had grand ideals and the ability to carry them out. I feel that I have lost a true friend in this bereavement. The family have my sincere sympathy: a wider family will greatly miss him.

I am sincerely yours,

JOHN MCMASTER.

Springfield, Mass.

THE CALEDONIAN:

Mr. MacDougall was a true Scotsman in his love for freedom and liberty. His magazine was published on a high plane, wholesome and enjoyable, and many Scotsmen who had known him for years will miss his strong personality and companionable and brotherly association. Please convey my sincere sympathy to the family on the irreparable loss they have sustained.

Yours very sincerely,

ALEX N. SMITH.

New York City.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

I desire to express my profound regret upon the death of your illustrious husband, Dr. Donald MacDougall.

His work during the last decade, through the columns of his popular magazine, THE CALEDONIAN, was a noble one, not only in knitting together the Scottish and American spirit, but in its splendid missionary effort to inspire a grander and better civilization.

Very sincerely,

R. WILSON WATERSON.

New York city.

DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

I first met Mr. MacDougall at Yale, long years ago, and have known him intimately all these years. I beg to extend to you and Miss MacDougall my sincere sympathy.

Yours very sincerely,

(REV. DR.) DAVID G. WYLIE.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR THE CALEDONIAN:

I have been a subscriber to the CALEDONIAN for about ten years—the extent of my sojourn in America—and an occasional contributor to its columns in a small way. Once only did I meet Dr. MacDougall, but I had frequent correspondence with him and I had come to regard him as a personal friend. I am certain that every reader will support me in the hope that THE CALEDONIAN may go on. It links us together, links us with the past, and inspires us for the future. It stands for all that is truest and best in Scottish life and sentiment.

All over this great country, and elsewhere, from Scottish homes, a wave of mute sympathy will go out to the sorrowing family.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS DICKSON.

New York city.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

How we shall miss in the Bible House the friendly word and the kind heart of him to whom we said good-bye yesterday in the Scotch Church. Yet what a beautiful end it was and in what a beautiful week.

Very sincerely,

(REV. DR. ROBERT G. BOVILLE.

Beulah, Bermuda.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

It is with equally profound regret and grief I have learned of the sudden death and departure from the earthly to heavenly home of my dear old friend, the Rev. Mr. MacDougall. Great and grievous was the shock yours brought to Mrs. Burrows and myself. We feel we have been deprived of one of our oldest, truest and warmest friends for so many years, without a single break in the chain that bound us together. He lived a busy and helpful life to many; he served his Master and aided much in the advancement of His kingdom in this world. His work is now finished and he has entered into his eternal rest, there to enjoy the presence and glory of Him, in whom he believed and whom he loved and served so faithfully, with much sympathy,

I am, yours very truly,

(REV. DR.) ANDREW BURROWS

New York city.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

I became acquainted with Mr. MacDougall at Princeton Seminary, and I always admired him for his earnestness and his enthusiasm. May our Father sustain and comfort you.

Most sincerely,

(REV. DR.) W. T. ELSING.

Chester, S. C.

DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

We know that with him is to be present with the Lord in his absence from the body, and that now he wears the well-won crown after life's work is well done.

Your loving and sympathizing cousin,

ALEXA M. MACAULAY.

University of Manitoba,
Winnipeg, Canada.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

I hope that his work will be continued. He will be greatly missed by his many friends and well-wishers. His life of intense public activity has borne fruit in many a life, and though he sleeps, the good he did shall live, and all we can do is to cherish his memory and await time's healing touch to bind up open wounds.

Yours in deep sympathy,
NORMAN MACDONALD.

The following letters regarding the twentieth anniversary of THE CALEDONIAN were received too late for insertion in the April issue:

Chicago, March 27, 1920.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

I notice that THE CALEDONIAN is about to celebrate its twentieth anniversary, and write to express my pleasure on the occasion, and to join with your many friends and admirers in wishing you continued success and prosperity. THE CALEDONIAN has always been very welcome at this desk, and is perused each month with increasing interest. It is a unique and admirable publication, edited with high ability and rare discrimination, and has been a powerful factor in preserving Anglo-American friendship during the past two decades. Hoping it is headed for the century mark.

Yours very truly,
JAMES C. MCNALLY,
(Editor *Western British-American* and *Canadian-American.*)

With the April issue, THE CALEDONIAN begins its twentieth year, and we offer our sincere congratulations, and best wishes for many more years of useful service to thousands of readers.—*The Fiery Cross.*

New York, March 25, 1920.

DEAR DR. MACDOUGALL:

There is great need for just such a publication as THE CALEDONIAN to try and get the people of this country and of Great Britain and the Dominion to form a stronger Bond of friendship.

Just at present we notice here a rather unkindly spirit shown towards Great Britain. This should not be, and if your paper can help to change this, even a little bit, it will have done a great work and begin its twentieth year with the right spirit. For "Man to man the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that." I am yours very truly,
WILLIAM CRAWFORD.
(President New York Scottish Society.)

Springfield, Mass., April 12, 1920.

EDITOR THE CALEDONIAN:

I read with intense interest the very able letter of Mr. William Taylor, in the April CALEDONIAN, and heartily endorse all that he has to say in maintaining our cordial relations with Great Britain. While I am convinced that the intelligent and broad minded citizens of the United States are not in sympathy with the propaganda developed in favor of an Irish Republic, it behooves us who wish to see no breach in the harmonious relations between the two great English speaking nations to see to it that we counter attack such insidious operations by the conclusive arguments we can declare publicly on the platform or in the press, by supporting Great Britain's attitude in her desire to restore law and order in Ireland on an equitable and peaceable basis. The achievement of this object has always been the desire of THE CALEDONIAN whose pages have advocated a lasting friendship since they established the magazine.

Yours very truly,
ALEXANDER N. SMITH.

To Dr. Donald MacDougall, editor of THE CALEDONIAN, on its attaining its twentieth year, and nearing its majority.

Weel Doctor; ye hae lots o' freens,
Noo that ye'r hirplin past ye'r teens
Just think hoo mony magazenes,
Hae taen the gate.
A steady haun an' hert it means
Tae 'ware such fate.

The Scottish clans ye've gaen them zest;
And Scottish news ye've gaen the best;
The wale o' writers was your quest,
Tae meet oor needs.
Then the MacDougall did the rest,
And threw out weeds.

Ye gaed them screeds frae Jowett's pen,
And ither guid, far-seein' men.
Some would hae left them oot, ye ken,
As "unca guid."
It shows that ye hae got far-ben.
It's in the bluid.

Your letters frae the auld hame nest.
Aye warmed oor herts to what was best.
For loyalty is aye the test,
O' freen-ships new.
And Scotland's aye aboon the rest
In what is true.

As for this bard, he thocht to try
Ti' cuddle doon just on the sly,
Beside the noted men who ply,
A gifted pen;
You welcomed him and doubting I
Thocht nane wad ken.

So noo we'll toddle on oor ways,
With longing hopes for brighter days,
Your paper shedding clearer rays,
With world at peace.
With politics a dimming craze,
And strife to cease

THE CALEDONIAN stronger grown
Will always reap from good seed sown:
To all its readers it is known,
Clean, clear, and true.
And all of us are prood to own
Such men as you.

With best wishes, I am sincerely yours,
Philadelphia, April, 1920. JOHN MCMASTER.

Christ's Offering Was Voluntary

BY REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D. D.
(For The Caledonian)

"Christ hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweetsmelling savour." (*Ephesians, V*: 2). The three great essentials of religion are these: Christ *for* us, Christ *in* us, and Christ *with* us. In the above passage, we have the first of these essentials: "Christ hath given Himself for us." Is not this the one grand fundamental truth of Revelation? One known in theological phraseology as the Atonement of Christ? And around this central truth of Scripture—the Atonement of Christ—all the others, like so many brilliant planets in the Solar System, revolve and are upheld in their several relations; and, therefore, should we take it away, all would be impenetrable darkness and utter confusion. For is not this precious doctrine—the Atonement of Christ—as visible to the eye of faith in the Spiritual System as the sun is to the eye of sense in the Solar System? So that the death of the Blessed Saviour, the satisfaction He made to God for the sins of humanity stands forth clearly both in the Old and New Testament in connection with the varied dispensations, from the day of Abel's offering until those brighter days of Revelation referred to by the beloved Disciple, when he saw that multitude of blood-washed, and white robed souls around the Throne, ascribing to Him who sitteth upon it and to the Lamb forever, "Salvation, glory, and honor, praise and power."

There are three things stated in the Scriptures respecting the Death of Christ as a sacrifice for our sins: (1) It was voluntary—"Christ *hath given Himself*"; (2) It was vicarious—"Christ hath given Himself *for us*"; (3) It was pleasing to God—"Christ hath given Himself as a *sweetsmelling savour*." Let us examine these features a little more closely and gather some lessons therefrom. It was voluntary: it was necessary not only that Christ should die in order to save sinners from eternal death, and bring them into the possession of eternal life, but that His death should be of a voluntary kind, that it should be characterized by the act of perfect spontaneity on His part, that He should willingly offer Himself a sacrifice to God in the room of sin-condemned sinners. And is not this view in harmony with God's Word? In *Isaiah, 53: 12*, we read, "He poured out His soul unto death."

The representation of Christ's death as an offering, if examined, will be found to be needful as voluntary as being essential to its efficacy and acceptance. Even among heathen worshippers it was regarded as an evil omen should the sacrificial victim on its way to the altar offer any resistance, because they associated with the offering this idea, that the offering must be of a free, voluntary kind in order that it might be accepted by the Gods. And does not God demand and only accept the hearty free-will offerings of His people? So was it in relation to Christ's offering of Himself: it was necessary that He should not only die, but offer Himself voluntarily.

By pondering on the following questions, we shall perceive the necessity and suitability of Christ's offering of Himself being voluntary. (1) *Who* He was? (2) *What* He was? *Who* was He? He was the God-Man, whose word is law, whose will is power, whose smile is life, and whose frown is death. He was that One, against whom there was no power that He could not more readily shatter into a thousand fragmentary parts than Samson did the cords that bound him. Christ being possessed of all power, how could He be compelled to any involuntary course of action? How could He be compelled to undertake any work or do any act against His will? He could not part with life, but in a mode in harmony with His will. Again, *What* was He? The Scriptures declare Him to be perfect in holiness, free from guile and without deceit. This being His character, were He to suffer the consequence of sin, which is death, and to pay the penalty of a law He had never broken, against His own will, would not such a course be contrary to the fundemental principles on which the government of a righteous God is based? But we find that He offered Himself voluntarily: He, the just, died for the unjust, that they might be saved from the wages of sin.

And were we to consider the *motive* that led Jesus to become the sin-offering for sinners, we would be convinced of its voluntary nature. What was that motive? It was His own inherent love, which is not a thing of constraint, but spontaneous—it is free, it is the most fetterless and self-regardless of all the affections. Jesus gave Himself for us, and His death was a willing love offering, a devoting of Himself with His own will on our behalf for our salvation.

Again, *it was vicarious*—"Christ hath given Himself for us." The words of the scoffing Scribes and Elders were true: "He saved others, Himself He could not save." In this voluntary offering of Christ, we have the cheering doctrine of substitution, which runs like a golden cord throughout the Scriptures: Isaiah declares it in the fifty-third chapter of his prophecy; Jeremiah (23:6) speaks of

Christ as "The Lord *our* Righteousness." How frequently does Paul refer to Jesus as He who was made a curse *for us*, and died *for our* sins! And has not Christ Himself said, "I lay down My life for the Sheep?" What a blessed truth is this, of substitution? Christ, the Holy One, taking the sinner's place in order to bear the punishment for his sin, and thus secure for all who come to Him, and believe on Him. the peace of God, the pardon of sin, and everlasting life. This is the mode ordained by God in which the honor of the Divine government could be sustained, and the perfection of the Divine attributes maintained, and the salvation of the lost effected.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

As the Huns See Us

Some translations from a German newspaper containing an article on the Scots, written apparently in all seriousness, have caused no little amusement in Scotland.

The Scots, says the writer, are "a simple, frugal people, the majority of whom are engaged in hunting the deer . . . . and in fishing." They are "intensely religious," and every year hold Highland gatherings, which are "barbaric festivals attended by the most astonishingly primitive exercises." One of the favorite competitions at these gatherings is "to dance on red-hot swords," and we are told that in order to drown the "wild cries" which escape the dancers, it is the custom to play the bagpipes vigorously.

Describing putting the shot and caber tossing the writer states that the former test "shows beyond doubt that the Scottish were preparing for the war," the shot being almost as heavy as a shell and the practice enabling the Scottish regiments to dispense with trench mortars! The training and skill in tossing the caber enabled these regiments also easily to bridge the St. Quentin Canal from a distance!

The origin of the kilt, continues the writer, is probably due to the hatred of England and English customs, and may also be due to the fact that in the old days battles were so frequent that Scotsmen "had no chance of taking their clothes off and so a compromise was effected, whereby they were always half-dressed and half-undressed." The sporran is "a little skin bag" in which the thrifty Scot keeps his money, and which is very difficult to "pick." Scottish soldiers, we are told, are recruited at the Highland Gatherings and sent to Edinburgh Castle, "where the oath is administered under the Scottish flag, and a national dish called haggis is eaten to the solemn piping of the 'bags'."

ADVERTISE IN

THE CALEDONIAN

"Gone West"

BY J. H.

In olden days our Celtic forefolk had a vision of the after-life, and it was eternal youth. All who left this earth took their way to the land of youth, "*tir na'n oig*," as it is called in Gaelic, and there forever enjoyed youth and strength. To the vigorous and pleasure-loving Celt the idea of decay and eld and death was intolerable; and perhaps a vision clearer than ours saw into the future, into the life beyond, and beheld "*tir na'n oig*," and the heroes at play, eternally young.

The aged who felt the fires of life dying down, and saw approaching the end of earthly days, could yet feel the stirring of adventure and joy, for they were soon to mingle with the ever-young, one with them in careless happiness for all time. Strong men going into battle knew that if they should be slain their strength would still be theirs in a golden country beyond. The greatest reward that eternity could give this hardy race was life, the vigorous joyous life of earth, with its hunting, its songs, its romance, and enchantment as well; a life that was to continue for ever and ever full to the brim of all the pleasures known to man. And just as the Celtic peoples were pushed farther and farther to the edge of the world, ever to the West—following the dying day—to be free from the younger races who grasped and held the ancient lands, so did their fancies picture the West as the goal of after-life too. Always they held to the West, ever seeking freedom and peace and happiness, and their ultimate joyful finding of these was to be there. And because the seas of the world crashed against their land which faced to the setting sun they visioned "*tir na'n oig*" as somewhere beneath the magic waters in the gold of sunset, a beauteous place surpassing the Lyonnesse which is under the salt waves.

To-day we speak of our slain men, in whom surely had arisen the spirit of the ancient heroes, as having "gone West." What is this but the final journey into "*tir na'n oig*," the land of eternal youth? It is no phrase made to soften the crudity of death; it is the old, deep knowledge which has never died in us that springs to life in our hours of proud grief and reminds us that "*tir na'n oig*," the abiding place of heroes, awaits those who have crossed over.

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

New York, March 30, 1920.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGALL:

I enjoy receiving THE CALEDONIAN very much indeed, and trust it will increase in publication, and in so doing increase in usefulness in the Scottish community.

Wishing you and THE CALEDONIAN every success, with kind regards, I remain,

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER WALKER.

(President The Colonial Bank, New York city.)



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Thole An' Gang Forit

(Reprinted by Request)

Thole an' gang forit
An' never let on.
When fortune flees by ye'
Unwilling to staun,
Man; never sit doon
Wi' yer heid in yer haun,
Just thole an' gang forit,
An' never let on.

Just thole an' gang forit,
An' never dispair,
Tho' few be yer freens,
An' owr muckle yer care.
You'll find in the end
That far better ye'll fare.
If ye'll thole an' gang forit
An' never dispair.

Just thole an' gang forit,
We'll win thro' at last.
Wi' patience an' courage
To weather the blast.
So we'll never gie in
But our backs to the past.
We'll thole an' gang forit,
An' win thro' at last.

—Author Unknown.

New York Caledonian Club

Chief James R. Donaldson presided at the meeting of the club held April 6th. William Ogilvie, James F. Waldie, William Lavery, Alex. McCall and Robert Sloan were elected members and five propositions were received. Sorrowful announcement was made of the death of Clansman Donald MacDougall, who was a regular attendant at club meetings, and deeply interested in club work. Clansmen William Hunter, James Melvin and William Vance were reported on the sick list.

The Concert and Ball Committee submitted a satisfactory final report on the sixty-third annual gathering and were accorded a hearty vote of thanks for a successful financial and social gathering. The Games Committee announced that the annual bowling tournaments would commence on the club alleys, Monday evening, April 19th. An adjourned meeting of the club was held on Tuesday evening, April 13th, when a motion to offer the club house for sale was defeated by a close vote. A good majority of those present voted in favor of the motion, but under the club rules, a two-third vote is necessary to sell the club's real estate.

CALEDONIANS ON THE ALLEYS

Members of the New York Caledonian Club journeyed to the club house in large numbers, Wednesday evening, April 14, to take part in or watch the annual bowling match between the Scottish born members and the Allies—the latter being made up of those born elsewhere than in the Land O'Cakes. The Scotsmen under the leadership of Chief Donaldson, went at the job in Bannockburn style determined to do or die, but before the game was half over, it was quite evident they would do neither. The Allies with Chieftain Marshall at their head fought their way to the front and at the finish it was found they were one hundred pins to the good, the final score being, Allies 2,041, Scots 1,941. Sandy Tasker, one of the club veterans, was drawn against his old Jedburgh friend, Andrew Hope, and was very much pleased with himself at the end of the tenth frame, when he found that he had trimmed Andra in first class style. To the credit of the Allies, be it said that they have conducted themselves ever since with a modesty rarely seen—confining themselves to offers to devote a few evenings each week explaining the intricacies of the game on a black board to the defeated Scots or giving free practical demonstrations on the club alleys on "How To Win at Tenpins." The only reply from Chief Donaldson's men up to the time this magazine went to press was extremely heavy breathing and a dark hint as to what will happen in the 1921 game.

LADIES ENTERTAIN

The ladies of the New York Caledonians met in the club parlors, Monday evening, April 12th, Mrs. Stark presiding. Details in connection with the annual spring entertainment and the children's May party, were rapidly disposed of, for the annual bowling match between the ladies and the club members was set for that evening. Chief Donaldson and twenty-three of his clansmen entered for the match. Mrs. Stark with a like num-

ber of the ladies, in no way dismayed by the fact that the chief had some of the best club bowlers on his team, toed the mark and rolled their games with the coolness of veterans. What the finishing score was, will have to remain a mystery. Clansman Bob Cameron, who presided at the score board, acknowledged that keeping track of the scoring of forty-eight bowlers and seeing to it that they were in the proper alley—besides rolling himself—was too much for one man and more nerve wracking than anything he had tackled since leaving Perth for the United States. Individual prize winners were Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Low and Mrs. Ridley. Hugh MacLean won first prize for the men with the high score of 218. Mrs. Caldwell, leader also in the game of the month before, who sails overseas May 15, will carry with her copies of the April and May issues of THE CALEDONIAN to show the auld folk at hame how expert she has become in games featured at the clubhouse. On Friday evening, April 16, the ladies put up an entertainment in the clubhouse that will rank with any on the long list of those held there since the building was opened. It took the form of a minstrel show and gave the young folks a chance to show what they could do as dancers, singers and end men. Hearty applause accorded each number, clearly indicated how much their efforts were appreciated by the large audience. The ladies all wore particularly fetching paper dresses that to the masculine eye, gave every appearance of costing a lot of money. In fact most of the men folk had no idea that the material was other than the solid goods generally used. The sale of tea, cake and soft drinks added considerable to the evening's profit. Dancing to the music of Forbes' Orchestra, followed the performance. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. John Davidson and his talented sister, Miss Bella, who coached the players and to Mrs. Lusher and Mrs. Gilbert A. Burns, the members of the committee in charge of the entertainment.



CHIEF JAMES R. DONALDSON
A Native of Irvine, Ayrshire

PERSONAL

Among the visitors at the New York Caledonian Club on the evening of April 16, were Captain James Tasker and Chief Engineer Andrew Green, of the British S. S. *Grace Dollar*. Captain Tasker, there for the first time since April, 1913, whose old ship the *Baron Erskine*, was torpedoed and sunk in the Bristol Channel, and later commander of the S. S. *Liddesdale*, which on two occasions was the object of unsuccessful attacks by German submarines, was warmly greeted by old club friends. Mr. Green, although at sea many years, was on his first visit to New York, and enjoyed the opportunity to spend a social evening with countrymen. Both gentlemen are natives of Glasgow.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

The New York Scottish Society

Ladies' Night was observed on Monday night, April 19, when an awfu' crood o' Scotsmen wi' their wives and freens frae' a' airts and pairts o' the neuks and the glens o' New York and neighborhood, gathered at the rooms in West 23rd street. President William Crawford was in the chair, and the speakers were Lady Hamilton, Captain Cadenhead and Mr. William Rennie. Mr. Rennie has given two talks on Scotland, and in the present one gave us some information on the genius of Scotland's sons, and what they had done for the big world we live in. Joseph Chamberlain once said that Scotland had done more than her share in building up the fabric of the Empire. Mr. Rennie went further and said that Scotland has been and now is one of the foremost in building up the history of the world. He said Scotland is in the forefront of steam with Watt and Stephenson. A Scotchman invented the blast furnace of to-day; a Scotchman invented the thrashing machine; a Scotch minister invented the reaping machine; the bicycle was the invention of a Scotchman; the discovery of coal gas was due to a Scotchman, and the lucifer match was the invention of a Scotch miner's son. Electricity was discovered by a Scotchman, and electric traction and compressed air as a mechanical force, and the first steamboat that amounted to anything was the work of a Scotchman, Henry Bell, and with Elder, Napiers and Dennys we have the steamship of to-day. The shipyards of Glasgow and the Clyde produce more tonnage than any country in the world and they produce two-thirds of the steamships of Great Britain. Aye we are a prood race and we hae cause to be when we listen to what Scotland has done for the world.

Lady Hamilton was the next speaker, and she said that to hear Mr. Rennie talk sounded

like boasting, but she was glad she was a Scot, as there was no prouder heritage than to be a Scot. Lady Hamilton spoke on her experiences of the late war. She said some people did not realize what Germany had done or was capable of doing. Just fancy 3,000 parcels of foods sent for to help the boys found in a state of decomposition when human beings were starving for them; but, oh! she said it was when you went to meet the trains bringing home the wounded boys, that made one realize what war is. Some people do not believe Germans capable of cutting off the hands of children, but I saw with my own eyes five children at Southampton, from five to seven years of age, with both hands cut off. The crimes that Germany has committed on women and children will damn them forever. No we can never forget. I saw lying inside of a door, three babies with a piece of paper pinned on their clothes with these words, "bayonetted by a German officer, what the other damnable brats may expect."

Lady Hamilton said her husband and twenty-three of her relatives were killed and she was proud they died in so worthy a cause. Scotland has a population of four million, and out of that she gave 700,000 of her sons. Scotland responded nobly to the call of everything during the war. (Great applause).

Captain Cadenhead of the Seaforth Highlanders one of the contemptible little army, spoke of our boys at the front and said great tribute was due them for the noble part the Scotsmen had played. Captain Cadenhead has the Mons Medal, and he was at the retreat of the Marne.

Songs were contributed by Miss Agnes Rennie, Mrs. John A. Rennie, Miss MacKenzie and William Cuthbertson, in their usual fine style. Recitations were rendered by Andrew Gillies, and Mrs. Margaret C. Cameron gave one of her own poems on Burns, which was greatly appreciated. Piper MacKenzie gave a skirl on the pipes. Little Miss Broach gave selections on the piano. Miss Hirt was the accompanist.

This was one of the largest and best nights the Scottish society has had in years, and one not to be forgotten, "Auld Lang Syne" brought the meeting to a close around the hour of twal.

T. M. Lennox,
Secretary.

Mr. William Morris, American manager for Sir Harry Lauder, will soon begin the construction of his own theatre in New York, in the neighborhood of Broadway and 42nd street. Mr. Morris has announced five plays under his management for next season, also the fourteenth American tour of Sir Harry Lauder.

Captain Gipsy Pat Smith, the British evangelist, married April 28, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, Miss Karin Maria Tjader, daughter of Mrs. C. Richard Tjader.

Philadelphia Letter

When the news reached Philadelphia of the sudden death of Mr. MacDougall, editor of The Caledonian, many were the expressions of sorrow and condolence for his bereaved family. The wonder was, whether The Caledonian would continue to be published, and great satisfaction was manifested when assured that the much esteemed magazine would appear from month to month as formerly, under the leadership of an ardent and capable Scot.

Since "the boys" returned from overseas, all the Scottish organizations have been busy initiating new members. The different clubs and societies have been receiving circular letters from Provist Samuels, of Glasgow, telling of a movement being afoot in the form of a shilling subscription for the purpose of creating a fund to establish a training workshop for disabled sailors and soldiers and soliciting the aid of Scots overseas. Prince Albert is patron and honorary president. The project met with uniform favor, and subscription sheets were opened, several of the organizations heading the list of subscription with ten dollars appropriated from their funds. The Caledonian Club realized a handsome surplus from the annual concert and commendably donated a handsome sum to the Salvation Army. "Uncle Sam" was not forgot, $120 being paid to the Inland Revenue Collector for war tax, although not charged for in the price of admission tickets. April number of The Caledonian contains the interesting biography of Mr. MacDougall, which is highly esteemed by your readers, who hope for a continued successful career of that valuable and interesting magazine.

St. Mungo.

The MacMaster Clan of America will hold their annual rally this year at Asbury Park, August 5. All of that name or descent should float the colors on that day—or better still join in the rally. Please communicate with the president, Mr. John S. McMaster, No. 1 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

Colonel Walter Scott of New York, has made another valuable contribution to the cause of Americanization, by issuing in broadside form the *Constitution of the United States of America*. It is convenient in form and size, and well printed in open and readable type, and places this wonderful historical document, with its amendments and original signatures, at once before the eye as could not be done in any other form. As the superscription says, "Every patriotic American citizen owes it to himself as a practical benefit, and to his country as a high and sacred duty, to know the salient facts of the Constitution"; and with such loyal and patriotic citizens as Colonel Scott ready to supply the means of such knowledge, there is certainly no excuse for any to remain in ignorance.

Boston Letter

AMERICAN-BRITISH FEDERATION

The Federation is an association composed of individual members of British birth or descent, and delegates from the various Scottish, English, Welch, Canadian or other societies related to the Empire, for the purpose of bringing into closer union and fellowship men and women with British affiliations, to encourage and stimulate American citizenship, and participation in civic, State and National affairs.

In existence less than three years, it represents over thirty thousand members of the different units, comprising its membership. The need is now felt for a permanent home for the Federation. In Boston alone there are about 140,000 persons of British birth or immediate descent. In Greater Boston there are more than twice that number. All the units of the Federation have meeting places for which they pay rent, and the money so paid out would pay the taxes and insurance on a home. A meeting of the directorate was held on Wednesday, April 14th, at Hotel Bellevue to consider the matter of a home. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that a home should be procured, and that a building should be erected to worthily represent the British element, second to none in Boston; that the building should be placed among the finest modern buildings in a location most easy of access, and where the value of property will constantly increase. It was felt that the want of such a centre was the cause of the apparent lack of cohesion among the citizens of British origin here, and the consequent failure to contribute their share to civic, State, National and International goodwill. It was unanimously voted that the president, S. A. Starratt, appoint a building committee of prominent active members of the Federation to formulate plans for the financing of the undertaking.

The Federation will hold its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, April 29th, at Bate's Hall, Y. M. C. A. building, on Huntington avenue. The speaker of the evening will be the editor of the *Providence Journal*, whose exposures of the German propagandists during the late war stirred the whole nation. Needless to say the hall will be taxed to its capacity.

EMPIRE DAY FESTIVAL

The annual Empire Day Festival, under the auspices of the Sons of St. George and the American British Federation, which will take place on May 24th, in the Grand Hall of the Mechanic Building, promises to surpass all former festivals in magnitude and splendor. Great preparations have been made by the different units taking part, representing England, Scotland, Wales, Canada and other parts of the Empire. The Boston Canadian Club will in all probability present as its contribution to the festival, one of the leading bands of Canada. The Scottish contribution will consist of pipe music and dancing.

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION

The regular monthly meeting of this popular organization was held on Tuesday, April 13, at 8 Boyleston Place, Thomas J. Merritt, president, in the chair. There was a good representation of the membership present, notwithstanding the unfavorable night. Much enthusiasm was manifested in the social dance to be held on April 30th, in Parker Memorial Hall, and likewise in the "Outing", to be held July 17th, at Lexington. Many young men are joining the association, and there is a strong sentiment growing up to re-establish the uniformed companies, which in former years proved such an attraction.

With its splendid Pipe and Drum Band, this is a feature which is bound to be revived, and not until that is done will the association fulfil the purpose of its organization. A cordial invitation is extended to all men of Scottish birth or descent who favor the wearing of the Highland costume on all festival occasions in which Scotsmen participate.

SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY

At the regular quarterly meeting held on Thursday, April 22nd, fourteen new members were admitted. At every quarterly meeting for the past two years, the admission of new members has been most gratifying, and is the best evidence that this venerable society and the object of its origin in 1656, makes strong appeal to Scotsmen, true to the characteristics and traditions of the race, to aid and relieve their unfortunate kinsmen who, in their misfortune, have such a repugnance to public charity.

The report of the chairman of the relief board will show that applications for aid during the quarter have been few.

Since the last quarterly meeting the society has suffered by death, the loss of three of its members. Robert Sutherland died February 19, 1920; Adam Weir died February 19, 1920; and Dr. Donald MacDougall, editor of THE CALEDONIAN, died March 31, 1920.

BOSTON BOWLING GREEN CLUB

The formal opening of the green was to have taken place on Monday, April 19th, Patriots' Day, as in former years. The weather was most propitious, and a large percentage of the membership was on hand, but it was not considered at all advisable to play, because of the condition of the greens. It was decided at a meeting held in the club house to postpone the official opening to Decoration Day, although the greens will be in condition for play before that day.

Through the generosity of five members of the club, donations have been received to be used for advancing the best interests of the club. This matter has been referred to the games committee as how best to make use of these donations. All indications point to a most successful season. The club is the holder of the National Challenge Trophy, and will no doubt be called upon to defend it during the season. Several teams will be present at the National tournament to be held in Hartford, Conn., this summer. A

team will also represent the club at the International Tournament to be held in Buffalo, N. Y.

The officers for the present season are: President, Alexander Simpson, a Border Scot and a keen bowler; vice president, James Urquhart, ex-chief of the Boston Caledonian Club; secretary, Mark H. King; treasurer, David J. Dannahy. W. LAWSON REID.

71 Simpson Avenue, Representative.
W. Somerville, Mass.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

I have talked with Mr. Reid, and both of us agreed
We'd do our best to boom THE CALEDONIAN'S circulation;
Try our darndest to enthuse Boston Scots with Scottish news,
So your mailing list may lengthen under your administration.

We shall miss the Highland bugle of the pioneer MacDougall,
Calling Scotland's scattered sons to the gathering of the Clan;
But while bowing to the loss, thank the Lord his Fiery Cross
Is burning still to bring about the "Brotherhood of Man."

Tho' its coming twist and bend, loyal citizens depend
On the editorial wisdom of a free enlightened press—
When its broken joints are so'dered, may we bless the name of Stoddard,
Whose pungent, patriotic pen brought peace in our distress.

Here's to every Scot who rallies to the magazine of the Allies;
Let every one declare himself a stalwart *Union* man;
While the Bolshevik debates, stand by these United States,
And show what Scotland nurtures makes a true American.

H. W. BARNES.

Somerville, Mass.

Rhode Island Letter

Many clansmen in Rhode Island join me in expressing deepest regret at the totally unexpected passing of Mr. MacDougall, as mentioned in the last issue of THE CALEDONIAN. He was personally known to many here in years gone by, when he travelled in this district. We hope his great work will be carried on by some able successor.

Arrangements are now complete for the annual church parade of Clan Fraser, in Pawtucket. Usually this was held on the last Sabbath in April, but this year, owing to the fact that on that date the Rev. B. Kirkland, who is to officiate, and is pastor of Park Place Congregational Church, where the services will be held had set aside the date for the Interchurch World Movement services, the Clansmen have accepted the first Sabbath in May at the evening session. The Clan anniversary, however, will not be altered, but will be held on the last Saturday in April as originally fixed, as the hall and concert party had been engaged and therefore that arrangement could not be postponed.

As intimated in last month's CALEDONIAN, the Daughters of the Heather held their masquerade ball at the end of March. It was a great success financially and socially, but how came it about that a Highlander in military uniform secured the first prize in a masquerade? Was it an indication of the war spirit that has been bequeathed to us since the great world upheval, for I feel certain had the same thing occurred in 1914, no prize would have been similiar awarded.

Clan Cameron, of Providence, are making a bold bid for progress. Not only have they been pushing ahead and initiating members, but they have an idea to invite the Royal Clan to hold the convention of the order in the Capital City of Rhode Island. If they succeed, no doubt all the clans in the State will benefit, but it says a great deal for the pluck of a small clan like the Camerons to aspire to such an honor. Of course, Providence is well fitted to house such a convention and certainly the State officials would welcome the Clansmen from all over the country to meet in their capital city if it was only as an advertisement, for they are booming Providence for all their worth with view to making it a port of call and emigration from Europe in competition with Boston and New York. There is much to be said in favor of such a scheme, and in place of being entirely new, it will be only a return to what was in force, in some respects, many years ago, when goods were delivered in Providence long before the invoices of these same goods arrived in Boston, although dispatched at the same time from England. Perhaps clansmen who are laughing at the audacity of the Camerons may not be aware of the above fact that in the early days of the Republic, while the mails were delivered in Boston and were supposed to travel express speed, the goods to which the mail referred were already in the country, although not in the Massachusetts port, but in Providence, R. I., awaiting the official papers for their release to those to whom they were addressed. All I wish is that the Camerons may gain their request as they are deserving of it for their courage.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I

Mrs. Edith Scott Magna has recently prepared a most interesting paper on Americanization embodying statistics and facts as set forth in the pamphlets written by Hon. Franklin K. Lane, newspaper articles, addresses given by national officers of the D. A. R., and the ideas of the great American, Theodore Roosevelt. Mrs. Magna is first vice-regent of Mercy Warren Chapter, D. A. R.

Clan MacKenzie, New York

The thirty-third annual concert and ball of Clan MacKenzie, No. 29. Order of Scottish Clans, was held in the Grand Lodge Room, Masonic Temple, Friday evening, April 9. The program was of the usual excellence and brought out a large gathering. An unusual feature was the overture on the Grand Organ, "In Dear Auld Scotland," played by Mr. Charles H. Hoyt, organist of York Commandery. No. 55 K. T. The artists were Miss Alice M. MacKenzie, soprano; Miss Beatrice MacCue, contralto; Wilfrid Glenn, baritone. Miss Alice MacKenzie made a fine impression, and Mr. Glenn, always a favorite, was "a marvel." Miss MacCue's numbers were exquisitely rendered. Mr. Fred Smythe was the accompanist. The Lovat Pipe and Drum Band and the Elder Troupe of dancers, received an enthusiastic reception. Music for the dancing, which lasted until the wee hours was furnished by Prof. James F. Knox's orchestra.

The Scotch Tea Rooms

The Brooklyn Choir, conducted by James F. Knox, and their friends, met for a dinner recently in the Scotch Tea Rooms, 21 East 47th street, New York, and all voted Mrs. Bain a charming hostess, the surroundings ideal, and the dinner the best ever had. There is a delightful homelikeness to the place, and a lingering memory of the Scots dishes that one does not soon forget. There were songs and speeches by Mr. Knox, Mr. McLean Johnstone, Mrs. MacDonald Johnstone, Miss S. Knox Johnstone, and others. Mr. Samuel Roberts, a coming tenor, sang to the delight of everyone. Dancing, beginning with a quadrille, was kept up till the sma' hours.

In Memoriam

At Langholm, Greenock Road, Paisley, on March 10, Elizabeth Young, in her 81st year, passed to her rest: She was the beloved wife of Mathew Lang, deceased, who was a prominent builder in Paisley. Two sons and one daughter and grand children survive. The Lang family are loved and respected by all their dear friends and still hold that chain of love.

When our hands last clasped with healthy grasp.
We little dreamt 'twould be the last
In life between us dear old friend.
In life between us.

But gazing now through the mist of tears,
Our dear old friend of twenty years,
Lies cold and voiceless, dead, dear friend,
Lies cold and voiceless, dead.

WILLIAM PARK.
Huguenot, Staten Island, N. Y.

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

"The Auld Scotch Songs"

New York, March 23, 1920.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I've been wondering for a long time why it is that singers on our concert stage will insist on murdering the Scottish songs in their effort to make the song more Scottish.

There are no songs more beautiful than "The Auld Scotch Songs," if the artists will only sing them as they are written, and not exaggerate, or go to extremes, in trying to impress an audience. They all seem to try to get a "Harry Lauder" style with the words. Well, "Harry Lauder's" way is all right, with Harry Lauder, as a comic, but not with the concert artist.

The songs are not sung in Scotland with this exaggeration and abuse of the words. Then why do it here? There is no occasion for it. We all know the Scottish songs, words and all, and love to hear them sung, but, as they should be, especially the words.

This reminds me of a friend of mine, who, some years ago, was coaching a prominent singer for a Scottish concert in New York. The opening song by the artist was, "Scots Wha hae." Everything went fine up to the night of the concert, and great things were expected of him. When he came out on the stage, this is what he gave them: "Scotch Who ha." That was enough; as a Scottish singer his prestige was gone.

It is the same to-day. I've listened to quite a number of so-called Scottish singers this past winter, and find it so. They have got the wrong idea of the Songs of Scotland. Songs that bring back such memories and recollections as "The Songs of Scotland" do, certainly deserve and call for better care in the wording of the songs, as well as in the singing of them. I am sure many will agree with me in this.

I trust, Mr. Editor, that you will give this letter space in your next issue, in the hope that it may be read by those interested.

Thanking you, I remain,

Yours most cordially,

WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

(President *New York Scottish Society.*)

Springfield, Mass.

The Springfield Highland Pipe Band is now fully equipped, and has adopted the Stewart Tartan for its uniform.

Official acceptance of the post of Honorary President has been received from the Earl of Galloway, chief and lineal descendant of the Stewart Clan of Scotland. His letter of acceptance is in part as follows:

"I thank you very much for your letter. I wish to thank you for the honor you have done me by asking me to become Honorary President of the Springfield Highland Pipe Band. I can assure you that it gives me very great pleasure to accept. I am sorry to hear that you had such an unpleasant winter. In Great Britain it has been the mildest that I can remember."

The officers of the band are: President, John H. McClenaghan; Secretary, William

Knowles; Treasurer, William Ramsey; Directors, Arch. Warnock, John Watt (These five comprising the Board of Management); Pipe Major, James Ramsey; Drum Major, Thomas Patterson; Pipe Sergeant and Teacher, Robert Potter; Drum Sergeant, David Flynn; Pipe Corporal, Robert Inglis; Pipers, James Adams, Stanley McClenaghan, Wallace Potter, Charles Steele, David Cooper; Drummers, Nicol Campbell, Edward Gwinnell; Bass Drummer, Thomas Kelly.

Perth Amboy, N. J.

There was a large attendance at the last regular meeting of the Perth Amboy Caledonian Club, and much enthusiasm in spite of the very stormy night. One new member was initiated, William Gordon, lately discharged from the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The committee in charge of "Ladies' Night," Wednesday, April 7th, made their final report and promised everything in readiness for a real good old time social.

Scranton, Pa.

The Caledonian Club of Scranton, recently held a banquet in honor of Chief Thomas N. Thomson, who is leaving Scranton to reside in New York. It was a most enjoyable affair. The club keenly regrets Mr. Thomson's departure; but it is New York's gain. He has always been 100% American, but held a warm spot for the land of his birth. Nothing pleased him better than to have a crowd of Scotsmen around him, talking over old times in the old country and singing the old Scots songs. The Scranton club wishes him and his family all the prosperity they can get in New York.

WILLIAM LYALL, Secretary.

Among recent deaths in Scottish circles are: WILLIAM H. SCOTT, Philadelphia, April 12, in his 73rd year. Mr. Scott was head of the printing firm of Allen, Lane & Scott, and was president of the Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work of the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

WILLIAM FRASER, a well known Chicago Scot, and a member of the Illinois St. Andrew Society, was struck and killed by an automobile, the week of April 10. He was 58 years old, a native of Inverness, and had been a resident of Chicago for thirty-five years.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER SMITH, for many years a resident of Chicago, in Orphir, Orkney, Scotland, on March 10. He returned to Scotland in August, 1908, with his wife to spend the remainder of his years near his birthplace in the Orkney Islands. He was born November 5, 1844.

HUGH MCCUTCHEON, a brother of the late James McCutcheon, the linen merchant, in Hoboken, N. J., April 16, in his 68th year.

DAVID FRASER URQUHART, a native of Inverness and a former member of the St. Andrew's Society of New York, in New York, April 9, in his 64th year.

A Letter From William Morris

New York, April 13, 1920.

EDITOR THE CALEDONIAN:

Dear Sir:

I have before me a cutting from the last issue of your paper relative to the splendid efforts of Colonel Walter Scott in connection with the Sir Harry Lauder Fund.

In the absence from this country of Sir Harry Lauder, there is no man who could so capably keep alive the interests of this worthy cause as Walter Scott.

Not stopping at benefiting his own fellow Scots, his philanthropic activities have carried him throughout the country.

Colonel Scott's modesty has caused many of his laudable acts to be kept secret even from his most intimate friends. Very few people have heard of his beneficence in the small town of Saranac Lake, N. Y. His contributions to the "Trudeau Labratory" for research into pulmonary diseases, has made him beloved by the villagers.

His gifts to the Girls' Club, Day Nursery, Boys' Club, Men's Club, The Saranac Lake Society have been numerous, and the amount of private charities of which he took personal care will never be known.

Upon learning that the "Wee Hoos" situated in Saranac Lake, which was Robert Louis Stevenson's abode in America and in which he wrote many of his books, might some day be permitted to fall into a state of neglect, Colonel Scott went before the Saranac Lake Board of Trade and asked for immediate action regarding it. To prove that action and not words was needed, he placed before the Board his check for $2,500.

It is not surprising to me that a greater recognition has not been made of Colonel Scott's munificence because of his retiring disposition and nature, but this in no way should prevent us from honoring ourselves with a just tribute to this great man.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM MORRIS.

War Heroes Honored

A bronze memorial tablet to 131 who served in the war and the five who gave their lives, was unveiled April 25, in the outer wall of the Second Presbyterian Church (The Scotch Church), New York. The tablet is the gift of Clarence E. Helck, a member of the church, who served in the war.

The presiding officer was the Rev. Dr. Robert Watson, the pastor, and a prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie, who for twenty-five years was the pastor. The address was delivered by Colonel John C. F. Tillson of the 22d Infantry.

Miss Esme Cutler Fergusson, a descendant of "Bonnie Annie Laurie," was married in London, April 6. The groom was Major V. W. Eyre (late R. A. F.)

A New Valor Medal Presented to the New York Police Department by Royal Tanist Walter Scott

Heretofore only six members of the New York Police Department have received medals for bravery and valor, but this year there will be seven, the seventh being the new "Walter Scott Medal," presented in perpetuity to the Police Department by Royal Tanist Walter Scott. It is in the form of a Greek cross surmounted by a daintily modelled streamer bearing the name of the donor. Superimposed on centre is a circular disk with the seal of the department and the lettering "Police Department City of New York" raised with gracefully placed Victors Palm Branches entwined on right and left, inserted upon which is a small panel bearing the word "Medal." On the upper part of the cross is an American Eagle surmounting a Roman Battle-Ax with the word "Valor." This is offset by an entwined wreath of laurel.

The medal will be suspended by a military silk ribbon with an 18 karat colonial edged bar, the centre of which will have the recipient's name in raised gold letters. A fine artistic die has been specially prepared for this decoration and the medal will be struck in solid 18 karat gold in rose and Roman gold finish.

The first one to receive the "Walter Scott Medal" is Patrolman John J. Wimmer of the First Precinct. It will be presented by the Mayor of the city on May 8th, at the annual parade of the New York Police Department.

The Grand Clan Convention

The fortieth annual convention of the Grand Clan, Order of Scottish Clans of Massachusetts, was opened in Hurley hall, Lynn, Mass., Monday morning, April 19, with an address of welcome by Mayor Creamer, who praised the loyalty of Scotch people, not only of this city, but in all parts of the world, during the recent war. Grand Chief Bertram Glencross, of Quincy, took charge of the meeting at the conclusion of the mayor's address.

There were twenty-nine delegates and nine grand officers present, as well as ten past grand chiefs, four of whom were presented with medals during the day. They were: John P. McKnight, of Clan Campbell, Chelsea; David Halliday, of Clan McLeod, Hyde Park; Hugh McMurray, of Clan McKinnon, of Woburn, and Neal J. MacDonald, of Clan McIntosh, of Cambridge. John Kinnear, past royal chief, a member of the Cambridge clan, and the first man to volunteer in the Civil War, and now eighty-four years old, was a special guest during the day, as was Past Grand Chief George Lambie. Other guests were the royal secretary, Thomas R. P. Gibb, of Boston, and Royal Physician George A. Johnson, of Everett.

Royal Tanist Walter Scott was prevented from attending, but the following telegram from him was read:

"Regret extremely, can be with you only in spirit to-day at your annual meeting, but please accept congratulations on what the Grand Clan has accomplished and on what you are doing to-day, also best wishes for what you will do in the future. Your opportunities and responsibilities are great, not only in connection with the work of our order, but in the way of making by good example better citizens of our neighbors. We should ever tell them of our great love for this fair country and that there can be but one flag, one language, and one great loyalty, and that is to this land of our adoption. It is characteristic of those of Scottish blood never to have cliques in this country or to do anything but uphold the law. God bless our clans in Massachusetts, our Grand Clan, and the entire Order of Scottish Clans."

The officers elected were: Grand Chief, Bertram Glencross, of Clan Campbell, Chelsea; Grand Tanist, Jary Sample, Clan McAlpine, Fall River; Grand Chaplain, Lewis H. Graham, Clan Stewart, Charlestown; Grand Secretary, W. E. J. Graham, Clan McKenzie, Boston; Grand Treasurer, Thomas W. McLean, Clan Cameron, East Boston; Grand Henchman, James McCrandall, Clan Grant, Lowell; Grand Warden, William Miller, Clan McInnis, Pittsfield; Grand Sentinel, Frederick Gibb, Clan Sutherland, Brookline, and Grand Clan Piper, Angus McKillop, Clan McKinley, Dorchester.

The convention voted to give prizes of $50, $30 and $20 for the Clans reporting the largest number of new members during the coming year, and also voted to conduct a publicity campaign in regard to taking up insurance in the organization.

The 1921 convention will be held with Clan McDougall, of Somerville.

Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of State Langtry, Mayor Whiton, A. E. Marlows, British Consul in Boston, and other prominent citizens joined with members of Clan MacGregor recently in paying tribute to the 129 members of Clan MacGregor who saw service in the World War. A handsome memorial tablet bearing the names of the Clansmen who went overseas was unveiled in Clan MacGregor Hall by two local women, Miss Susan Marshall and Miss Margaret Carey, who saw service with both the British and American forces.

The invited guests were met at Quincy station by Chieftain Neil A. MacDonald, former chiefs and members of the clan and escorted to Clan MacGregor Hall. Among those present were Dr. Fred E. Jones, commander of Quincy Post, American Legion; John D. Williams, commander Paul Revere Post, G. A. R.; President Stewart Miller of the Scots Charitable Society, Boston; Royal Secretary Gibbs, and other officers of the Order of Scottish Clans, and Royal Tanist Walter Scott, of New York, sent a patriotic telegram.

A Princess of Thule

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET

(Continued From March Caledonian)

"Mamma," said Mrs. Lorraine, as an elderly lady entered the room, "let me introduce to you Mr. Ingram, whom you must already know. He proposes we should join in some conspiracy to inveigle Mrs. Lavender into society, and make the poor little thing amuse herself."

"Little!" said Mrs. Kavanagh, with a smile; "she is a good deal taller than you are, my dear. But I am afraid, Mr. Ingram, you have undertaken a hopeless task. Will you stay to luncheon and talk it over with us?"

"I hope you will," said Mrs. Lorraine; and naturally enough he consented.

Luncheon was just ready. As they were going into the room on the opposite side of the hall, the younger lady said to Ingram, in a quiet undertone, but with much indifference of manner,—

"You know, if you think I ought to give up Mr. Lavender's acquaintance altogether, I will do so at once. But perhaps that will not be necessary."

There were three of Lavender's pictures on the walls of the dining-room; and as Ingram inadvertently glanced at them, Mrs. Lorraine said to him,—

"Don't you think it is a pity Mr. Lavender should continue drawing those imaginative sketches of heads? Some bits of landscape, now, that he has shown me, seemed to me to have quite a definite character about them, and promised far more than anything else of his I have seen."

"That is precisely what I think," said Ingram.

"I think he ought to have given up his club when he married. Most English gentlemen do that when they marry, do they not?" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Some," said Ingram. "But a good deal of nonsense is talked about the influence of clubs in that way. It is really absurd to suppose that the size or the shape of a building can alter a man's moral character—"

"It does, though," said Mrs. Lorraine, confidently. "I can tell directly if a gentleman has been accustomed to spend his time in clubs. When he is surprised, or angry, or impatient, you can perceive blanks in his conversation, which in a club, I suppose, would be filled up. Dont you know poor old Colonel Hannen's way of talking, mamma? This old gentleman, Mr. Ingram, is very fond of speaking to you about political liberty, and the rights of conscience; and he generally becomes so confused that he gets vexed with himself, and makes odd pauses, as if he were invariably addressing himself in very rude language indeed. Sometimes you would think he was like a railway engine, going blindly and helplessly on through a thick and choking mist; and you can see that if there were no ladies present he would let off a few crackers—fog-signals, as it were—just to bring himself up a bit, and let people know where he was."

"Cecilia!"

"I beg your pardon, mamma," said the younger lady, with a quiet smile; "you look so surprised, that Mr. Ingram will give me credit for not often having erred in that way. You look as though a hare had turned and attacked you."

"That would give most people a fright," said Ingram, with a laugh. He was rapidly forgetting the object of his mission. The almost childish softness of voice of this girl, and the perfect composure with which she uttered little sayings that showed considerable sharpness of observation, and a keen enjoyment of the grotesque, had an odd sort of fascination for him.

Luncheon, indeed, was over before any mention was made of the Lavenders; and when they returned to that subject, it appeared to Ingram that their relations had in the mean time got to be very friendly, and that they were really discussing this matter as if they formed a little family conclave.

"I have told Mr. Ingram, mamma," Mrs. Lorraine said, "that, so far as I am concerned, I will do whatever he thinks I ought to do. Mr. Lavender has been a friend of ours for some time; but if we are wounding the feelings of any one by asking him to come here—why, it would be easy to lessen the number of his calls. Is that what we should do, Mr. Ingram? You would not have us quarrel with him?"

"Especially," said Mrs. Kavanagh, with a smile, "that there is no certainty he will spend more of his time with his wife merely because he spends less of it here. And yet I fancy he is a very good-natured man."

"He *is* very good-natured," said Ingram, with decision. "I have known him for years, and I know he is exceedingly unselfish, and that a better-intentioned fellow does not breathe in the world. But he is, at times, I admit, very thoughtless and inconsiderate—"

"That sort of good-nature," said Mrs. Lorraine, in her gentlest voice, "is very good in its way, but rather uncertain."

"Well," said Ingram, "I am afraid it is impossible for me to dictate to you what you ought to do. I do not wish to draw you into any interference between husband and wife, or even to let Mr. Lavender know that you think he is not treating Shei—Mrs. Lavender—properly. But if you were to hint to him that he ought to pay some attention to

her; if you would discourage his coming to see you without bringing her also, and so forth—surely he would see what you mean. Perhaps I ask too much of you; but I had intended to ask more."

Half an hour thereafter he was walking back through Holland Park, in the warm light of an autumn afternoon. The place seemed much changed since he had seen it a couple of hours before. The double curve of big houses had a more friendly and hospitable look; the very air seemed to be more genial and comfortable since he had driven up here in the hansom.

Perhaps Mr. Ingram was at this moment a little more perturbed, pleased, and bewildered than he would have liked to confess. He had discovered a great deal in these two hours; been much surprised and fascinated; and had come away fairly stupefied with the result of his mission. He had, indeed, been successful: Lavender would now find a different welcome awaiting him in the house in which he had been spending nearly all his time, to the neglect of his wife. But the fact is, that as Edward Ingram went rapidly over in his own mind everything that had occurred since his entrance into that house, it was not of Lavender's affairs alone that he thought. He confessed to himself frankly that he had never yet met any woman who had so surprised him into admiration on their first meeting.

Yet what had she said? Nothing very particular. Was it in the bright intelligence of the gray eyes, that seemed to see everything he meant with an instant quickness, and that seemed to agree with him even before he spoke? He reflected, now that he was in the open air, that he must have persecuted these two women dreadfully. On first going into the house, certain things said by Mrs. Lorraine had almost surprised him into a mood of mere acquiescence; but after luncheon he had assumed his ordinary manner of tutor in general to the universe, and had informed those two women, in a distinct fashion, what their opinions ought to be on half the social conundrums of the day.

He became more and more dissatisfied with himself. If he could only go back, now, he would be much more wary, more submissive and complaisant, more anxious to please.

And yet he could not have seriously offended them; for they had earnestly besought him to dine with them on the following Tuesday evening, to meet an American judge; and, when he had consented, Mrs. Lorraine had written down on a card the date and hour, lest he should forget. He had that card in his pocket; surely he could not have offended them?

Something now occurred that startled him out of his revery. Communing with himself, he was staring blankly ahead, taking little note of the people whom he saw. But somehow, in a vague and dream-like way, he seemed to become aware that there was some one in front of him—a long way ahead as yet—whom he knew. He was still thinking of Mrs. Lorraine, and unconsciously postponing the examination of this approaching figure, or rather pair of figures, when with a sudden start, he found Sheila's sad and earnest eyes fixed upon him. He woke up as from a dream. He saw that young Mosenberg was with her; and naturally the boy

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would have approached Ingram, and stopped, and spoken. But Ingram paid no attention to him. He was, with a quick pang at his heart, regarding Sheila, with the knowledge that on her rested the cruel decision as to whether she should come forward to him or not. He was not aware that her husband had forbidden her to have any communication with him; yet he had guessed as much, partly from his knowledge of Lavender's impatient disposition, and partly from the glance he caught of her eyes when he woke up from his trance.

Young Mosenberg turned with surprise to his companion. She was passing on; he did not even see that she had bowed to Ingram, with a face flushed with shame and pain, and with eyes cast down. Ingram, too, was passing on, without even shaking hands with her, or uttering a word. Mosenberg was too bewildered to attempt any protest; he merely followed Sheila, with a conviction that something desperate had occurred, and that he would best consult her feelings by making no reference to it.

But that one look that the girl had directed to her old friend before she bowed and passed on had filled him with dismay and despair. It was somehow like the piteous look of a wounded animal, incapable of expressing its pain. All thoughts and fancies of his own little vexations or embarrassments were instantly banished from him; he could only see before him those sad and appealing eyes, full of kindness to him, he thought, and of grief that she should be debarred from speaking to him, and of resignation to her own lot.

Gwdyr House did not get much work out of him that day. He sat in a small room in a back part of the building, looking out on a lonely little square, silent, and ruddy with the reflected light of the sunset.

"A hundred Mrs. Lorraines," he was thinking to himself, bitterly enough, "will not save my poor Sheila. She will die of a broken heart. I can see it in her face. And it is I who have done it—from first to last it is I who have done it; and now I can do nothing to help her."

That became the burden and refrain of all his reflections. It was he who had done this frightful thing. It was he who had taken away the young Highland girl—his good Sheila—from her home; and ruined her life and broken her heart. And he could do nothing to help her.

Chapter XVIII

SHEILA'S STRATAGEM

"We met Mr. Ingram to-day," said young Mosenberg, ingenuously.

He was dining with Lavender, not at home, but at a certain club in St. James's Street.

"Oh, did you?" said Lavender, showing no great interest. What did Ingram say to you?"

The question was asked with much apparent indifference; and the boy stared.

"Well," he said, at length, "I suppose there is some misunderstanding between Mrs. Lavender and Mr. Ingram, for they both saw each other, and they both passed on without speaking. I was very sorry, yes. I thought they were friends. I thought Mr. Ingram knew Mrs. Lavender even before you did; but they did not speak to each other, not one word."

Lavender was in one sense pleased to hear this. He liked to hear that his wife had been obedient to him. But he said to himself, she was carrying her obedience too far. He had never meant that she should not even speak to her old friend. He would show Sheila that he was not unreasonable. He would talk to her about it as soon as he got home, and in as kindly a way as possible.

"Sheila," he said, "Mosenberg told me last night that you met Mr. Ingram, and did not speak to him. Now, I didn't mean anything like that. You must not think me unreasonable. All I want is, that he shall not interfere with our affairs and try to raise some unpleasantness between you and me, such as might arise from the interference of even the kindest of friends. When you meet him outside, or at any one's house, I hope you will speak to him just as usual."

Sheila replied, calmly,—

"If I am not allowed to receive Mr. Ingram here, I cannot treat him as a friend elsewhere. I would rather not have friends whom I can only speak to in the streets."

"Very well," said Lavender, wincing under the rebuke, but fancying that she would soon repent her of this resolve.

So that was an end of this question of Mr. Ingram's interference for the present. But very soon Lavender perceived the change that had been wrought in the house in Holland Park to which he had been accustomed to resort.

"Cecilia," Mrs. Kavanagh had said, on Ingram's leaving, "you must not be rude to Mr. Lavender."

"Of course I shall not be, mamma," Mrs. Lorraine had said. "Did you ever hear of such a courageous act as that man coming up to two strangers and challenging them, all on behalf of a girl married to some one else? You know that was the meaning of his visit. He thought I was flirting with Mr. Lavender, and keeping him from his wife. I wonder how many men there are in London who would have walked twenty yards to help in such a matter."

"My dear, he may have been in love with that pretty young lady before she was married."

"Oh no," said the clear-eyed daughter, quietly, but quite confidently. "He would not be so ready to show his interest in her if that were so.

"Perhaps you are right," said the mother: she seldom found her daughter wrong on such points.

"I am sure I am right, mamma. He talks about her as fondly, and frequently, and openly, as a man might talk about his own daughter. Besides you can see he is talking honestly. That man couldn't deceive a child

if he were to try. You see everything in his face."

"You seem to have been much interested in him," said Mrs. Kavanagh, with no appearance of sarcasm.

"Well, I don't think I meet such men often, and that is the truth. Do you?"

"I like him very well," said Mrs. Kavanagh. "I think he is honest. I do not think he dresses very carefully; and he is perhaps too intent on convincing you that his opinions are right."

"Well, for my part," said her daughter, with just the least tinge of warmth in her manner, "I confess I like a man who has opinions, and who is not afraid to say so. I don't find many who have. And as for his dressing, one gets rather tired of men who come to you every evening to impress you with the excellence of their tailor.

"My dear child, you are throwing away your vexation on some one whom I don't know. It isn't Mr. Lavender?"

"Oh dear, no! He is not so silly as that: he dresses well, but there is perfect freedom about his dress. He is too much an artist to sacrifice himself to his clothes."

"I am glad you have a good word for him at last. I think you have been rather hard on him since. Mr. Ingram called; and that is the reason I asked you to be careful."

She was quite careful, but as explicit as good manners would allow. Mrs. Lorraine was most particular in asking about Mrs. Lavender, and in expressing her regret that they so seldom saw her.

"She has been brought up in the country, you know," said Lavender, with a smile; "and there the daughters of a house are taught a number of domestic duties that they would consider it a sin to neglect."

"But she cannot be occupied with them all day."

"My dear Mrs. Lorraine, how often have we discussed the question! I only know that she is pretty nearly always busy with something or other; and in the evening, of course, she is generally too tired to think of going out any more."

"Oh, but you must try to get her out. Next Tuesday, now, Judge Low is going to dine with us, and you know how amusing he is. If you have no other engagement, couldn't you bring Mrs. Lavender to dine with us on that evening?"

Now, on former occasions, something of the same sort of invitation had frequently been given; and it was generally answered by Lavender's making an excuse for his wife, and promising to come himself. What was his astonishment to find Mrs. Lorraine plainly, and most courteously, intimating that the invitation was addressed distinctly to Mr. and Mrs. Lavender as a couple! When he regretted that Mrs. Lavender could not come, she said quietly,—

"Oh, I am so sorry! You would have met an old friend of yours here, as well as the Judge,—Mr. Ingram."

Lavender made no further sign of surprise or curiosity than to lift his eyebrows, and say, "Indeed!"



But when he left the house, certain dark suspicions were troubling his mind. Nothing had been said as to the manner in which Ingram had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter; but there was that in Mrs. Lorraine's manner which convinced Lavender that something had happened. Had Ingram carried his interference to the extent of complaining to them? Mrs. Lorraine had been most courteous to him; but the longer he dwelt on these vague surmises, the deeper grew his consciousness that he had been turned out of the place, morally if not physically. What was that excess of courtesy but a cloak? If she had meant less, she would have been more careless; and all through the interview he had remarked that, instead of the free warfare of talk that generally went on between them, Mrs. Lorraine was most formally polite, and apparently watchful of her words.

He went home in a passion, which was all the more consuming that it could not be vented on any one. As Sheila had not spoken to Ingram—as she had even nerved herself to wound him by passing him without notice in the street—she could not be held responsible; and yet he wished that he could have upbraided some one for this mischief that had been done.

Sheila could see that her husband was troubled, but could not divine the cause, and had long ago given up any habit of inquiry.

He ate his dinner almost in silence, and then said he had to make a call on a friend, and that he would perhaps drop into the club on his way home, so that she was not to sit up for him. She was not surprised or hurt at the announcement. She was accustomed to spend her evenings alone. She fetched down his cigar-case, put it in his overcoat pocket, and brought him the coat. Then he kissed her, and went out.

But this evening, at least, she had abundant occupation, and that of a sufficiently pleasant kind. For some little time she had been harboring in her mind a dark and mysterious plot, and she was glad of an opportunity to think it out and arrange its details. Mairi was coming to London; and Sheila had carefully concealed the fact from her husband. A little surprise, of a dramatic sort, was to be prepared for him. All of a sudden Lavender was to be precipitated into the island of Lewis, as nearly as that could be imitated in a house at Notting Hill.

This was Sheila's scheme. Mairi was coming to London under the escort of a worthy Glasgow fishmonger whom Mr. Mackenzie knew. She would arrive after Lavender had left for his studio. Then she and Sheila would set to work to transform the smoking-room, that was formerly called a library, into something resembling the quaint little drawing-room in Sheila's home. Mairi was bringing up a quantity of heather gathered fresh from the rocks beside the White Water; she was bringing up some peacocks' feathers, too, for the mantelpiece, and two or three big shells; and, best of all, she was to put in her trunk a real and veritable lump of peat, well dried, and easy to light. Then you must know that Sheila had already sketched out the meal that was to be placed on the table, so soon as the room had been done up in the Highland fashion, and this peat lit, so as to send its fragrant smoke abroad. A large salmon was to make its appearance first of all. And when Lavender went with wonder into this small room, when he smelt the fragrant peat-smoke—and every one knows how powerful the sense of smell is in recalling bygone associations—when he saw the smoking salmon, and when he suddenly found Mairi approaching him, and saying to him, in her sweet Highland fashion, "And are you ferry well, sir?"—would not his heart warm to the old ways and kindly homeliness of the house in Borva, and would not some glimpse of the happy and half-forgotten time that was now so sadly and strangely remote, cause him to break down that barrier between himself and Sheila that this artificial life in the South had placed there?

(To be continued)

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The Book-Hunter

(I) Another of the serious charges against the character of Robert Burns has received its death blow. "More than sixty years ago the dull-looking *Excise Register of Censures*, discovered at Somerset House, rescued one side of the poet's character, and now, a hundred and twenty odd years after Burns' death, an obscure manuscript volume of the *Minutes of the Dumfries Volunteers* has come to light to confound the critics still further. The great value of the new discovery lies in this, that the volunteers set up a standard of discipline in some ways even more rigid than that of the church, and yet Burns stands the test and comes off with flying colors. His attitude to his military duties shows that his membership was not, as has been suggested, a mere piece of hypocrisy meant to deceive or placate his superiors in the Excise. In point of fact, he was not only an enthusiast, but a leader of the movement, and that, too, at a period which has frequently been regarded as the least admirable of his short life." All of this is shown forth most interestingly in a little book that has already created a sensation among Burns' admirers in Great Britain, *Robert Burns as a Volunteer*, by William Will, president of the London Burns Club. It should be in the hands of every Burns lover and in the library of every Burns Society in the United States and Canada for the light it throws upon the little known "last days" of the poet. The price is $1.00, and THE CALEDONIAN will be pleased to handle promptly orders for the book.

(II) We have just one set of *The Works of Hugh Miller* (second hand, rare), six volumes, including *Old Red Sandstone; The Testimony of the Rocks; The Footprints of the Creator; First Impressions of England; My Schools and School Masters;* and the *Miscellaneous Essays*, collected after his death. The edition is that of Gould & Lincoln, Boston, 1857, with all the original plates; binding, cloth, in fair condition; the text pages clean and complete. A splendid set for rebinding. A single volume is worth what we ask for the set, $10.00.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

By Sir Harry Lauder. Published by James A. McCann & Company, New York

This is an interesting and entertaining book, written in conversational style. It is Harry Lauder in his own inimitable way. He tells of his early life in the coal mines, and of his first attempt at singing and struggles in England, especially in London, until he made such an impression on the Cockney audiences that the wave of success carried him on its bosom above high water mark.

Going a Foot—A book on walking, by Bayard H. Christie. Published for the League of Walkers by the Association Press, New York.

The author has combined with a practical handbook many features that will bring to the reader a new appreciation of "the joys of the road." The book, which is of convenient pocket size, gives helpful suggestions on how, when and where to walk, and there are interesting chapters on "Walking Clubs in America," and directions for the organization and conduct of such clubs.

HAVE FAITH IN MASSACHUSETTS

A collection of speeches and messages by Calvin Coolidge, Governor of Massachusetts, delivered at public meetings and functions throughout the State.

Governor Coolidge is a man of sterling character. These addresses give no uncertain sound of his high stand for "Law and Order," the duty is supreme. He was recognized as a statesman and patriot for sometime, but he came prominently before the whole country in the fall of 1919 for his firm stand against the striking policemen of Boston, Mass. His addresses are lucid and eloquent. They should be read extensively.

Published by Houghton Mifflen Company, Boston.

ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIANS

For centuries the Armenians have been under the yoke of the persecutor on account of their adherence to the Christian faith. Before the war, the Armenians of Turkey numbered 1,800,000, located in the province of Anatolia (950,000), in Cilicia, Adana and Marach (150,000), and in other regions of Turkey, (700,000). At the beginning of the war, it was agreed by the young Turks and influential members of committee of union and progress, to exterminate the Armenians, in order to put an end to the Armenian question. It was resolved that they and other Christians should be annihilated when circumstances should permit. This wicked plan found an excuse all the more willingly in the minds of the Turks because the Armenians were in sympathy with allied cause. Many of them joined the allied army, in fact, 53,000 Armenians laid down their lives on the battle fields of France.

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The work of deportation was executed everywhere throughout Turkey. The work was first applied to the male population. The young were thrown into prison, and the elderly were forced to depart without delay, the priests were burned to death. Then the women and children were arrested, and in many cases were forced to embrace the Turks religion to escape death. The women were violated and then killed. This methodical carnival of blood began in June, 1915, after the failure of the attack upon the Dardanells; and acting in accord with the German authorities. It is estimated that fifty per cent. of the Armenian population of Turkey was sent to an untimely end. About 700,000 Armenians to-day appeal to Christiandom for deliverance from the Turks.

By Kevork Aslan; published by MacMillan Company, New York. "From the Earliest Times Until the Great War 1914."

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JUN 2 2 1920

NEW YORK
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The Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE)

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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AT THE TIME of the War of Independence, there were 500 Scottish settlements in the country. The white population of the thirteen colonies is estimated to have been 2,100,000, of which 400,000 were of Scottish blood, more than of any other nationality. They were the prime movers for independence.

ALSO several notable Scots of the United States and Canada have contributed interesting and important articles on various lines in which Scots have excelled. Mr. A. Barton Hepburn has written on *"The Scottish Influence in American Banking and Finance"*; Sir James Alexander Grant on *"Scots in the Exploration, Settlement and Development of Canada"*; Dr. John Huston Finley on *"The Land We Live In"*; Rev. Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie on *"The Scottish Influence On the American Pulpit"*; John Findley Wallace, *"Scots in American Engineering"*; Hon. Charles P. McClelland, *"Scots in American Politics"*; Dr. George S. Carson, Halifax, *"The Makers of New Scotland"*; Malcolm Parsons, St. John's, *"Scots in Newfoundland,"* etc.

THE book is of the greatest value to the friends, relatives and descendants of those appearing in it, *and to patriotic Scots everywhere,* as a means of tracing their lineage to the individuals of this great American-Scottish family of merit and worth. Special attention has been given in the biographies to FAMILY HISTORY and GENEALOGY. The book is not for the present alone, but will increase in value as years go by, as the only reliable source of this historical and geneaological information.

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Ambassador Geddes' Great Appeal

At a dinner given him by the Pilgrims of the United States, at the Ritz Carlton, New York, May 25, Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British Ambassador, thrilled his hearers with what is probably the most significant address he has so far delivered in America. In large part, it was an earnest appeal to America to stand with Great Britain in the latter's earnest desire to rehabilitate Europe and bring lasting peace to the world. The Ambassador sternly denied that Great Britain seeks to monopolize the world's fuel oil supply. He also declared baseless the reports that his Government had desires to pool the war debts and "drag you into the pool." Hon. Chauncey M. Depew presided and messages from Secretary of State Colby and from Lord Desborough, chairman of the executive committee of the British Pilgrims, were read.

Some of the more salient of the many fine points of the address follow:

"I am a Scot of undiluted Scottish blood, educated in Scotland, brought up in an atmosphere as un-English as the American atmosphere is un-English. My life so far has been passed mainly in Scotland, Ireland, South Africa and Canada. I inflict these biographical details upon you with a purpose. I wish you to realize that I can see England objectively as only those who do not share her blood or her long traditions can see her. Seeing her in that external way, judging her by what I see, I believe that England is to-day spiritually greater than she has ever been. I know that she is the leader among the British nations.

"Day by day I scan your press and magazines so far in a vain search for any adequate realization of the pulsating new life within the old shell of England. The columns which I read picture a grasping, greedy England laying violent hands on anything she can reach, militarist in spirit, creating a great navy to dominate the oceans. That is not the England of fact; that is not the England that I, who am not English, love and admire. That is not the spirit which inspires the British Government. The people of England to-day are strongly anti-militarist, liberal, democratic, seeking no quarrel, jealous of none, hoping for world peace and determined to make great sacrifices if necessary to secure it.

"I say without fear of informed criticism that British foreign policy is directed against no man, but is inspired by the desire to seek peace, to bring order out of chaos, to extend the boundaries of freedom, to improve the lot of the oppressed and increase the material prosperity of the world.

"Neither criticism nor misrepresentations of British action surprise me. I do not resent them. I regret them. I realize that traditional hatreds and ancient grudges die hard. I know well how unsettled and abnormal are the minds of men. I can, I think, make full allowance for these things. But I do plead with each and all to realize that if they have oil to pour they will better serve their day and generation and the cause of all humanity by selecting troubled waters to receive their libation and avoiding smouldering fires. It is for each in his own good judgment to distinguish between fire and water.

"Believe me, England to-day is a very different England from what she was before the war. During it she, in common with the other British peoples, saw a great light. Their inmost hopes and aspirations found form in words used by your President. And now in spite of all difficulties, believing that their feet are on the path to the better ordering of human affairs, they intend to go steadily forward to secure peace and disarmament in Europe.

"In spite of initial disappointment, but firmly suppressing reaction and militarism at home, and discouraging both abroad, they are determined to build up a new prosperity in Europe and to construct, if they can, some super national body, some sort of League of Nations—I do not think they are bothering much about the particular pattern—to which the nations can appeal for justice between themselves.

"At home they are determined to mould and are rapidly moulding their social organization to secure certain quite clearly defined ends, the first and greatest of which is such adjustment between capital and labor as will give equal opportunities of health and education and advancement to rich and poor, high and low. They are enemies to no people now, not even to Germany. It is necessary to live among the people to realize how great they are. The whole country is seething with new mental life.

"Great forces, great spiritual forces, are at work in Britain. Every nation in the world will have to reckon with the same forces, for however crudely and materialistically they may be expressed they are spiritual in essence and will pass as the wind passes, recognizing no frontier.

"I come to you as a Pilgrim from a far land, as the representative of the peoples of lands both near and far, to deliver a message that is breathed by countless hearts. Will not you, who at the end helped so mightily in the war against militarism that you and we together with our allies secured the victory—will not you now help to gather the real fruits of victory? You and we together have seen the world crumble. Some one has to build a new world for men to live in. Our European allies and late enemies are more spent than we or you. We and they are now trying to get the new foundations laid.

"If you decide that you cannot help please try to understand what we are attempting to do and how great our burden is. Let me say one thing more—all the British nations wish to be friends with all your nation. I hope that no action will be taken and no word spoken which will make it hard."

THE CALEDONIAN

(*An American Scottish Magazine*)

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

In April THE CALEDONIAN began its twentieth year, and from the beginning has never missed an issue. THE CALEDONIAN is the only magazine in America appealing directly to men of Scottish blood and to Americans generally—and circulates in all English-speaking countries.

Now, at the beginning of a new era of American-British friendship, we appeal to our subscribers and to the officers and members of all societies, American and British, to co-operate with us in making THE CALEDONIAN even a stronger bond between all English-speaking people. Will every subscriber get another subscriber, and thus enlarge the circulation?

Current Events

Domestic

Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British Ambassador, was received at the White House by President Wilson, May 26, and formally presented his credentials and exchanged messages and assurances of good will from the two Governments.

Fifteen Princeton athletes will visit England to participate with Oxford University, July 8, in a dual track meet at Queens Club, London. Much regret is expressed that Cambridge was unable to compete in the meet. The events will be limited to the standard ten English track events, the discus being eliminated.

Mr. Nathan Straus, of New York, has turned over his magnificent country homes at Lakewood, N. J., and in the Adirondack Mountains for the use of soldiers, regardless of race, color or creed. Mr. Straus's interest in the war veterans has also resulted in his adopting one youth, a survivor of the Argonne fighting.

Magistrate James Gardiner, of Glasgow, who was a recent visitor in New York, predicts that several counties in Scotland will go "dry" in the November elections. "Plebiscites resulted in a majority favoring prohibition," Mr. Gardiner said. "At a meeting of workingmen in Paisley the vote was 104 to 40 in favor of complete prohibition. When the country decides the question I am sure the vote will be two to one in favor of the drys."

Half of the world's available supply of furs has been sold at the fur auctions of the International Fur Exchange, St. Louis, during the past year. The total sales are over $80,000,000; the seventeen days of the spring auction, which closed May 28, netting $28,000,000.

The loss from the fire, which on May 15 destroyed Dickinson Hall and the Marquand Chapel at Princeton, is placed at from $500,000 to $700,000.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, on May 25, made an offer to the United States Government of the gift of his London residence as an American Embassy building. Mr. Morgan asked for prompt decision, saying that he did not want a residence to stand unoccupied while there was such scarcity of housing in London. The residence, which is particularly desirable for the purpose, fronts on Hyde Park, and was used by Mr. Morgan's grandfather and father.

Rev. Dr. John Kelman, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, was inducted into office as a director of Union Theological Seminary, May 18, and was also the guest of honor at the annual luncheon of the alumni of the seminary, and also at the annual dinner of the alumni on Monday evening, May 17, at the Hotel Pennsylvania.

William Morris, of New York, announces he has engaged the English tenor, Tom Burke, to appear at a hundred concerts in Canada and the United States at the largest salary ever paid an English artist. He has also insured Burke for £1,000,000.

M. Paul Painleve, member of the Institute of France, Deputy of Paris, former Prime Minister, former War Minister and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Paris, passed through New York, May 27, at the head of the scientific and technical mission appointed by the French Government to visit China at the invitation of the latter Government. He was accompanied as an escort by Hain-Jou-Kia, a scholar, who will be remembered here for his activities in 1916 in organizing a China group in the United States Congress.

Hon. Elihu Root, who sailed from New York, June 1, to attend the first meeting of the organizing committee of the permanent court of international justice of the League of Nations, will make while in London, the formal presentation of the St. Gandens statue of Lincoln, the gift of the American to the British people. The statue is erected in Parliament Square, Westminster. The invitation to Mr. Root is signed by the Duke of Connaught, president; Lord Weardale, chairman, and other officers of the Anglo-American Society.

The bill authorizing coinage of a special 50-cent piece to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was signed May 12, by President Wilson. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, a descendant of the Mayflower Pilgrims, will deliver the formal oration at the opening of the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, to be held at Plymouth on December 21. Premier Lloyd George has accepted the presidency of the Mayflower tercentenary celebrations to be held during the year in England.

James Larkin, the Irish radical leader, was found guilty of criminal anarchy in the criminal branch of the New York Supreme Court, April 27, and on May 3, sentenced to from five to ten years imprisonment.

Two prominent British advertising men, Charles F. Higham, M. P., who managed the British Government's advertising campaign during the war, and W. S. Crawford, of London, are visiting America, in attendance at the convention in Indianapolis of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, of which Mr. Higham is vice president. A delegation of twenty of the leading retail merchants of Great Britain has also been making a tour of American cities on the invitation of the National Retail Dry Goods Association.

Governor Smith of New York, on May 20, vetoed the bill repealing the Daylight Saving Law. This was the final attempt, successful in the Legislature, of the great public lighting corporations, masking behind a few farmers' organizations, to do away with the summer light-saving plan that by more than two years' test has proved an untold benefit to 99 per cent. of the people of the State.

Simultaneous announcement was made in the British and Canadian Houses of Parliament, Monday, May 10, of the completion of arrangements whereby a separate diplomatic representative of the Dominion will be stationed at Washington.

Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, has returned to Ottawa, much improved in health. With Lady Borden, he arrived in New York, May 7, where he rested a few days before completing his home journey.

Canadian

General Sir Arthur Currie has accepted the position of principal of McGill University. The acceptance of Sir Arthur fills the vacancy caused by the resignation of Sir Auckland Geddes, who gave up the post in order to assume the duties of British Ambassador to Washington.

In 1919 Quebec produced 12,353,667 pounds of maple sugar and 1,470,275 gallons of maple syrup, the whole estimated at $6,396,535, taking as a basis the sugar and the syrup converted into sugar, at an average price of twenty-five cents per pound.

The new Dominion luxury tax, which became effective May 19, is expected to yield an additional annual revenue of from $75,000,000 to $80,000,000. The new tax is designed not only to produce more revenue, but to prevent extravagance. It is believed the tax will give an impetus to reduction in prices, as an article now coming within the scope of the luxury tax will probably be sold a few cents under the limit.

It is reported that the Prince of Wales will make an unofficial visit to his ranch, at High River, Alberta, on his return from his present visit to the Australia, etc.

Sir William Osler, who died last December, bequeathed his medical and scientific library to McGill University.

The Dominion Parliament, on May 8, approved an additional appropriation of $50,000,000 to continue the work of the Canadian Soldiers' Settlement Board. Loans approved up to March 31, aggregated nearly $59,000,000. Fifteen thousand returned soldiers have already become settlers, seventy of whom have paid off their loans, and 36,000 additional applications for land loans have been approved by the board. Nearly 1,000 applicants have completed a course of agricultural training and 600 are taking courses. The average loan per settler was $3,700.

The British Empire Steel Corporation, a merger of steel and shipping interests capitalized at half a billion dollars, was incorporated under the laws of Nova Scotia, May 23. Its registered office will be at Sydney, N. S. The merger, which includes nine of the largest companies in Canada, is said by its promoters to be the largest of its kind in the British Empire, and second only to the United States Steel Corporation. Included in the consolidation are the Dominion Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries; Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Ltd., and its subsidiaries; Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd., and its subsidiaries; Canada Foundries and Forgings, Ltd., and its subsidiaries; Maritime Rail Company and its subsidiaries; Collingswood Shipbuilding Company, Ltd.; Port Arthur Shipbuilding Company, Ltd.; Halifax Shipyards, Ltd., and the Davie Shipbuilding and Repairing Company, Ltd. Negotiations are in progress with several other enterprises to enter the consolidation.

Labor agents representing Canadian hosiery manufacturers have recently been actively engaged in Leicester and Nottingham, England, recruiting skilled workers to make up for the shortage of labor in Canadian hosiery factories. More than forty Nottingham girl hosiery workers are reported to have left for Ontario.

The new Industrial Congress, designed to bring together business men of the East and West of the Dominion, will open in Medicine Hat, June 2, and after a tour extending to Lethbridge, Colgary, Edmonton, and Vancouver, ends at the latter city on June 10. The congress session in Vancouver will be contemporaneous with the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in that city. Visits to industrial establishments in the cities included in the tour will be an interesting feature of the congress.

Newfoundland reports the most unsatisfactory seal fishery on record. The crews of the nine vessels (the last of which reached St. John's late in April), totaled 1,586 men, and the catch amounted to only 33,985 pelts, weighing 773 tons 14 hundred-weight net, valued at $159,929, as against 81,293 pelts, weighing 1,886 tons 12 hundred-weight net, valued at $278,145 for 1919, which was also a small fishery as compared with previous years. The expenditure for fitting out the feet this year was about $300,000, or nearly twice as much as it cost to fit out 22 steamers in 1900.

CANADA

Canada, with the exception of Mexico, is the only part of North America not ruled by the Irish.

In former days it was a popular health resort for frenzied financiers who wished to retire from private life.

It is now a still more popular resort for Americans suffering from thirst.

Though next door neighbors and rivals in business and what is still more trying, near relatives; Canada and the United States are the best of friends.

For over a hundred years there has not been so much as a picket-fence or a policeman, much less a patrol or a fortification, on the border line between the two countries.

Canada has not, like her sister Columbia, "severed home ties"; she is perfectly happy under the parental roof, earns her own living, has a latch key and stays out as late as she pleases and has never been able to understand "why girls leave home.

Though differing in many respects, the United States and Canada have so much in common and are so nearly of the same age and size that, in any musical comedy of Nations the two might easily pass for a "sister turn."

The inhabitants of Canada are the most moral and patriotic people in the world, and their army is second to none in bravery and won the World War.—From *This Giddy Globe*, by Oliver Herford.

The Hero of Kut

A descendant of the famous Lord Townshend who fought with Wolfe at Quebec, and himself heir to the marquessate, General Townshend set himself from boyhood to maintain the fighting traditions of his family. His military career has been one long record of active service in every part of the world. Engaged first in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, Townshend next took part in the fighting on the North-West Frontier of India in 1891-92, when he leaped into fame as commander of the escort of the British Agent during the siege of Chitral. He fought in the Sudan Expedition of 1898, and served on the staff in the South African War. In the peaceful decade which followed Townshend acted for a time as Military Attache in Paris, was on the staff in India, and finally commanded the troops at Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony.

The outbreak of the great war found him in command of a division in India, longing to be at the front in France, but destined, as events turned out, to win greater fame in Mesopotamia. All accounts agree as to the masterly strategy with which he defeated Nur-ed-Din Pasha at Kut-el-Amara, and subsequently fought the battle of Ctesiphon. Those two battles, and his heroic endurance of the long siege of Kut, have given his name a permanent place in the annals of the British Army.

Lord Townshend possesses other qualities than those generally attributed to the soldier, and one of them at least must have stood him in good stead during these anxious months. He is indomitably serene and cheerful, a lover of amusement himself and well able to amuse others. In London and Paris he is nearly as well-known in the world of playwrights and actors as in the world of soldiers. He can sing a good song and tell a good story. Like Baden-Powell, the hero of another famous siege, he is certain to have kept his gallant troops alert and interested during the long period of waiting for the relief which never came. Up to the last his messages to the outside world were full of cheery optimism and soldierly fortitude. No general was ever less to blame for a disastrous enterprise or better entitled to the rewards of success.

Lord Townshend has arranged with the James A. McCann Company of New York, to publish his experiences in book form under the title of "My Campaigns."

Sir Edward Carson, speaking in the House of Commons, May 20, said that there was ample evidence that the rish disorders were all a part of the propaganda being conducted in Egypt and India. "The chief offices are in New York," he said, "and the persons who are directing the campaign are not animated by a desire to help Ireland, but out of hatred are working to destroy the British Empire. Whether it comes by way of Germany or not, the greater part of the funds for this movement come from America."

British

The colors of the second battalion of Lord Ogilyy's regiment which fought at Culloden, were recently sold at Logie House, Kirriemuir. The battalion was under the command of Sir James Kinloch, and the colors, which bear the Scottish national motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," are the only ones which were not destroyed after the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his followers. The purchaser was "a citizen of Dundee," who will present the treasure to the Corporation of Dundee.

London is overcrowded with students from all parts of the world. In the sixty colleges attached to the University of London, are some 20,000 resident students, in addition to between 40,000 and 50,000 day scholars.

Hugh Thomson, the artist, died at his home in Wandsworth, a suburb of London, May 8, in his 60th year. He was widely known as an illustrator of standard books. Other deaths are: Rev. Stephen Gladstone, second son of the late William E. Gladstone, April 26, in his 76th year; Rt. Hon. Sir Thoms Wallace Russell, in Dublin, May 2, in his 80th year.

The Prince of Wales, who sailed from New Zealand, May 21, arrived in Melbourne, May 26. A fleet met the *Renown* to escort him into the harbor, and everywhere ashore, the Prince was given a warm and enthusiastic welcome.

The Bank of England is to be rebuilt; however, the reconstruction will not begin for some time. The old, familiar one-story building is to be made into a monumental structure seven stories in height. The Bank of England is the oldest in Europe, for it was founded by an act of Parliament in 1691, by William Patterson, a merchant from Dumfries. Sir John Soannes modelled the present building upon the classic lines of the Temple of the Sibyls in Tivoli, Italy. The original building was erected by George Simpson, another Scot, in 1732.

Scotland's local option act, enacted in 1913, after thirty years of agitation, became effective June 1. The bill calls for a poll on the local government franchise in every town and district of Scotland, and out of that vote will come the choice of one of three alternatives—total prohibition, reduction of drinking facilities by one-fourth or continuance of present regulations. Even spokesmen for the liquor interests concede that a good part of Scotland will go "dry." Local option is to be exercised in fairly small areas. There will be 1,300 voting areas in Scotland. The electorial unit in the counties is the parish. In the burghs with a population of less than 25,000, it is the whole burgh; in the burghs with more than 25,000, the municipal ward. The vote will be taken in November, and both "wets" and "drys" are already at work.

Rev. Dr. G. H. Morrison, of Glasgow, has declined the unanimous call to succeed Rev. Dr. John Kelman in St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh.

A memorial regarding Church Union, signed by members of all political parties has been presented to the Prime Minister in the following terms: "We, Scottish members and Scotsmen representing English constituencies, are anxious that the Government should introduce on as early a date as possible a measure recognizing the Draft Articles prepared by the Church of Scotland and agreed to by the United Free Church of Scotland as a possible basis of union." It is expcted that the Government will agree to the request.

A vigorous protest has been registered against the proposed destruction of nineteen churches in the city of London. The removal of these buildings, some of them of historic and architectural interest, has been recommended by the commission appointed by the Bishop of London to study the diocesan finances in relation particularly to the salaries paid to clergymen. The funds were found inadequate and the commission proposed to have the nineteen churches pulled down and their sites sold. One site alone would bring £500,000.

The Belfast City and District Water Commissioners have placed a contract for the construction of a storage reservoir in the Silent Valley above Kilkeel. This great dam will take seven years to build, and with the contingent works will probably cost not less than $5,000,000, but when made the reservoir will store 3,000,000,000 gallons of water for summer use in the city, more than all the present facilities combined.

The Scottish Trades Union Congress at Dunfermline, late in April, passed a resolution in favor of liquor prohibition.

Mr. James Macgillivray Watson, a well known London Scot and younger brother of Mr. Donald Watson, of Inverness, died May 3, in his seventy-seventh year. His name had been connected with the Highland game of shinty in the metropolis for more than fifty years. He was a man of genial personality, and combined with attractive rugged character a marked degree of true Highland independence. Mr. Watson was a keen upholder of the Gaelic language, and the London Gaelic Society had in him a pillar for more than a generation. He was a good debater, and the "Cagers' Club," which had its palmiest days thirty years ago, in Fleet street, had in him an active member.

Miss Isabel Macleod, elder daughter of the Rev. John Macleod, Free North Church, Inverness, has taken the first place, and been awarded the first medal, in Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. She has also been offered the post of Assistant Demonstrator in Zoology in the College.



GENERAL SIR CHARLES FERGUSSON, BART.

J.P., D.L., C.B., M.V.O., D. S. O., of Kilkerran, Chief of Clan Fergus

General Sir Charles Fergusson, Bart., Chief of the Clan and Laird of Kilkerran, Ayrshire, received a rousing welcome on his return home after five years' distinguished service at the front. Sir Charles, who was promoted Lieutenant General soon after the beginning of the war, commanded the Seventeenth Army Corps when it stormed the Hindenburg Line at Drocourt-Queant in September, 1918. Lady Alice Fergusson is a daughter of the late Earl of Glasgow. They have one daughter and three sons.

J. M. Barrie's new comedy, "Mary Rose," recently produced in London, is said to rank with his best work.

The ratepayers, at Uddingston, unanimously refused the offer of a captured German heavy gun on the ground that they wanted to forget the war and not be constantly reminded of it by any such memorial.

Prince Henry presided at the great annual demonstration of the Boys' Brigade in the Royal Albert Hall, London, May 5. There were companies of the Brigade representing every part of England and Scotland, and a large and distinguished audience supported the Prince in his first chairmanship of a great public gathering.

The new chief of the Clan Matheson is Sir James of that ilk, an Australian Senator. The Mathesons in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were capable of mustering no less than 2,000 claymores, but subsequently they fell on evil days, and were literally "landless Highlanders." The revival of the family fortunes was achieved by Sir Alexander Matheson, whose son, Sir Kenneth Matheson, died recently.

Rudyard Kipling is to be honored with the degree of LL. D., by Edinburgh University at the summer graduation cermony. It is particularly appropriate that he should be honored by a Scottish, for while generally referred to as "typically Anglo-Saxon" his mother was a MacDonald, the daughter of a Skye parish minister, his father of west of England Celtic stock, and he himself was born in India. Mr. Kipling is proud of his Highland connection, and intensely pro-Highland.

A memorial service for Scottish ministers and probationers, including both chaplains and combatants, who lost their lives in the war, was held in St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, Monday afternoon, May 17. The arrangements were made by a joint committee of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church.

The directors of the Royal Bank of Scotland have declared a half-yearly dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, less income tax, payable at midsummer.

A rosewood desk, formerly in the possession of David Lang, the "Gretna Priest" who performed marriage ceremonies from 1792 to 1827, was sold recently at Christie's for 34 guineas.

The estate of Flowerburn, in Rossshire, has been sold for £22,250. The estate adjoins Fortrose, and is twenty-five miles by rail from Inverness. It extends to about 1,400 acres, and includes a modern mansion house. There are also grouse shooting and salmon net fishing.

With two rural districts yet to report, Nairnshire has subscribed more than £1,600 for its war memorial at Milbank corner. Mr. Marshall Mackenzie, architect, has been commissioned to furnish the design.

Admiral Angus Macleod, of Holmisdale, Glendale, Isle of Skye, died April 29, at the age of seventy-two. Admiral Macleod entered the navy in 1860, being promoted captain in 1888, and to flag rank in 1901, and retired in 1910. In 1893, he became Senior Naval Officer in the Gulf of Siam, and from 1899 to 1901 was A. D. C. to Queen Victoria and King Edward.

Among historic estates which have recently changed hands are those of MacLeod of MacLeod in Skye (except Dunvegan and the Cuchulins). They have been acquired by the Board of Agriculture for conversion into small holdings.

Our Glasgow Letter

A wonderful scheme is at present in progress at St. Andrews, under Sir James Mackenzie's guidance. This famous London heart specialist, at the very height of his medical fame, abandoned his Harley street practice, to go to St. Andrews in furtherance of his scheme. His idea is to check disease in its origin, before it has had a chance to get a strong grip, and thereby give the patient every chance to regain normal health. The tired feeling so many people take no notice of, and the minor ailments that are passed over as being nothing to worry about, are the signs often of impending disease, and it is Sir James Mackenzie's experiment in St. Andrews to work out his scheme, by a system of periodic examinations, and watch results. There is not the slightest doubt but that this is one of the most ambitious schemes ever engaged in, with possibilities to the health of the individual that are boundless, and one can only wish the instigator the success he so richly deserves in such a splendid project for the benefit of mankind.

Greenock Town Council has agreed to borrow £130,000 to meet the cost of erecting the 114 Corporation Cottages recently decided upon. Greenock has also just erected a monument at Broomhill to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the district who fell in the war. There are 138 names on it, and it is nine feet six inches high. It is of Creetown granite, surrounded by an arch, inside of which there is a wreath of laurels. A dranking trough of red granite is placed at the front of the base, and at the sides are basins of the same material with fountains.

The late Sir Harry Kaid Maclean, of adventurous history, former advisor to the Sultan of Morocco, has left gross estate valued at £71,411. It is almost old history now when Sir Harry was held to ransom for a period of months and was only set at liberty when the heavy ransom was paid.

At a meeting of the Dundee Harbour Board on April 5th, Mr. A. F. Durkie fiercely attacked the government in connection with the embargo on Canadian cattle, and demanded withdrawal of the restrictions. Great injustice, he said, was being done by the respective British Governments to Canada. Because they did not want the embargo removed, the Conservative Government did nothing. Because they were afraid to remove the embargo, and in fear of losing the Irish vote, the Liberal Government did nothing. Hopes were high when the Coalition Government came on the scene, but they were worse than their predecessors. Valuable ground at Dundee Harbour, which was scheduled for Canadian lairages, was being allowed to lie useless, when there was a great demand for ground for local development.

Mr. Farwell stated that on one occasion when he formed one of a deputation on this subject to the Board of Agriculture, the president merely "haw-hawed." It was decided to approach the Prime Minister on the matter, and to find out if the Harbour Board would be justified in putting to other uses the valuable ground referred to.

If all public bodies would take a stand like this, it might bring our lax Government to its senses, and it will require to be brought to its senses sooner or later. This is just another of thousands of instances where it is ridiculous on the face of it to have to put this matter up to London. The position will probably not be understood—or sympathized with if it is understood—by the Prime Minister, so that these purely local matters should be handled on our own side of the Border, where their real importance to Scotland is understood.

Glasgow is, in future, to have free ferries across the Clyde. What next? And the burden of the expense is once again to fall on the hapless ratepayers, who are already taxed beyond all reason. Formerly these ferry boats were run by the Clyde Trust, and it cost merely a copper to cross from one side to the other. The class who use the ferry boats principally are the working men in the shipyards, who are probably at the present time the highest paid workers in the community. And yet the Corporation must needs take over the ferry boats and sling the expense on to the ratepayers. It is certainly not a popular move on the part of the Corporation and our opinion is that far too much has already been done for the class who require it least—the working man. The already harrassed middle class have to "pay the piper" and look pleasant for the benefit of the working man, whose policy is invariably grab all and give nothing. This is one of the biggest blunders the Glasgow Corporation has made, and in future, when they think of ladling out such a gratutiously charitable scheme, the opinion of the ratepayers should first be asked.

We understand that it is the intention of the Edinburgh Corporation to purchase the house at 8 Howard Place, in which Robert Louis Stevenson was born on November 13th, 1850. The house is a rather sombre looking property, but substantial and in good repair. This would certainly be a very welcome addition to the "show" places of Edinburgh, as who would not be interested in the birth-

place of the author of "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island," and so many other world famous tales? Although a compulsory wanderer, ever in search of good health, no man loved his country more than R. L. S., although it was not granted to him in dying, as he so beautifully expressed it—"To behold again the hills of home."

The question of extending the boundaries of Edinburgh and including Leith and Musselburgh, is causing some lively scenes these days. Leith and Musselburgh, with the wholehearted support of Lord Rosebery, have been standing out against the annexation, as it is going to prove no benefit to them, but rather the reverse, and they resent this merging of their interests in larger Edinburgh. However, the powers that be have decided to leave Musselburgh out of it, but to include Leith, and this decision has loosed a veritable hornets' nest about the ears of Edinburgh, of which we shall hear more later. At the moment the war is raging, and Leith has determined to stand out against the decision at all costs, and fight for her independence. We wish her every success, as Leith is an important little burgh, and has always shown herself well able to take care of her interests.

We wish all Scottish towns were as fearless as Dundee in expressing their opinions. On April 8th, a public meeting of tenants was held there, to protest against the latest rent proposals of the Government, which suggest a 40% increase. Councillor Fraser, Secretary of the Tenants' Defence Association, said that unless there was a modification of the recommendations issued by Lord Salisbury's Committee, he estimated that in Dundee the increase in rent and rates would not be less than 10/- in the pound. It was agreed to ask all the trade unions of the city to protest against any increase in excess of 10% in the pound, six months after the official peace declaration, and it was also agreed to communicate with all Scottish Members of Parliament. This is a question of vital importance to the people, and such suggestion of wholesale increases should not be tolerated by any class.

We are afraid the Corporation of Edinburgh has condescended to be spiteful in the proposal to purchase Turnhouse Farm from the Ministry of Munitions, as this will certainly raise the ire of Lord Rosebery, whose property, it will be remembered, this really is, but which the Government took possession of. The Corporation has its knife in the noble Lord because of his encouragement to Leith and Musselburgh to stand fast against the annexation, but it doesn't say much for a Corporation like Edinburgh, when it allows personal spite to enter into municipal affairs. Lord Rosebery's advice had at least no personal reason behind it, but was given for the good of the Burghs' concerned.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The Scot in London

The London Scottish Rifle Volunteers came into being in 1859, and have always been the pride of Scots in London. Lord Elcho took a leading part in forming the regiment, and succeeded in carrying out his views with regard to dress. He held that "red coats and white pipeclayed belts" was the worst uniform a soldier could wear, because "a better target no marksman could wish for." The well known gray cloth was adopted, and the kilt was gradually introduced by companies until in 1872, the whole battalion was garbed in the philabeg and belted plaid of the now familiar hodden grey.

Many distinguished officers have been connected with the regiment, including Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, Lord Elcho, afterwards Earl of Wemyss: the Duke of Abercorn: the Marquis of Lorn, afterwards Duke of Argyll; Professor Masson, S. Crockett, J. M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren. An annual Scottish Camp was held on Wimbledon Common, when the National Rife Association met there, and the tall flagstaff from which the Scottish Standard flew is still a dominating feature of the Common.

On the outbreak of the South African War the "Scottish" furnished strong detachments to the City Imperial Volunteers, and the Gordon Highlanders, while several members served with other units with distinction. Four members of the regiment won the D. C. M., and the honour "South Africa" was inscribed on the regimental appointments.

At midnight on 31st March, 1908, the Volunteer Force ceased to exist, and the Territorial Force came into being. The new force maintained the traditions of the old regiment, and helped to supply the fighting strength of the British Army during the initial stages, and throughout the weary years of the Great War. On 2nd of August, 1914, the regiment proceeded to Luggershall, Salisbury Plain for the annual camp, but they had scarcely shaken down in their tents when the order arrived to return to London. Mobilization took place on 5th August, and, after a preliminary training at Watford, the regiment, under Colonel G. A. Malcolm, on 15th September marched out to the war.

On 31st October, the regiment received its baptism of fire, and proved to the world that

Britain's Territorial Army was worthy of its place with the men of the line. Field Marshal Lord French said it was "the most critical hour of the war." Major General E. H. Allenby (as he was then) also declared that "the behaviour of officers and men of the London-Scottish was worthy of the best traditions of British regular troops." Three years later in 1917, the second battalion upheld the old Hallowe'en spirit at Beersheba, where against the Turks who held strong positions, the motto of the regiment—"Strike Sure"—was made good.

The regiment did magnificent service on the Western battle front, and also in Palestine, and are entitled to register on the list of battle honors—Messines, Givency, Somme, Arras, Gommecourt, Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, Loos, Sally-au-Bois, Doulliens, Richebourg, Moeuvres, Hebuterne, Cambrai, Queant, Buzencourt, Soustre; The Passage of the Jordan, Beersheba, Es Salt, Gaza, Jerusalem, Jericho.

Ten thousand men passed through the different battalions. Of these, 1,380 were killed, 4,800 wounded, and 115 made prisoners of war. Something like 2,000 commissions were granted to men who had served in the regiment, and the influence of the London-Scottish was thus extended to many other corps.

Under the new territorial scheme, the strength is being recruited, and all eligible Scots in London are asked to uphold the laurels of the famous regiment. Colonel Bernard C. Green C. M. G., T. D., is in command, and gives a personal welcome to all new-comers. The headquarters at 59 Buckingham Gate, S. W. I., is excellently fitted with gymnastic and other appliances, and athletics receive special attention. Colonel Green was a noted athlete as far back as 1890, when he carried off the 100, 220, and 450 yards races, together with the 120 yards hurdles in the United Hospitals Challenge Shield Competition, and, in addition to many other successes, in 1891, he won the 100 yards race, long jump, and championship of Scotland. He believes in making men fit by rational exercise, and there is little fear of the physique of the regiment degenerating.

There is a special interest in referring to the London Robert Burns Club at the present time, as almost the last appearance in London of the new British Ambassador to the United States of America was made in connection with its annual festival. Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes were honored guests, and in the course of the evening Sir Auckland made a speech worthy of the occasion. He referred to Robert Burns as one of the few human beings who had achieved the immortalities, for, as a pure poet, in the realms of international poetry, Burns was immortal—in some of his verses he reached the highest artistry in poetry. He claimed the bard as a great Scottish poet, standing out as the perfect flower and fruit of the Scottish vernacular school, and as a Scottish National poet, he stood for something enormously important to the Empire. Sir Auckland went on to say that there was nothing perhaps so astounding as the fact that there was a strong sense of Scottish nationality, for the Scots were one of the most mixed races in the world: not only had Burns woven the web which united class to class in Scotland, but his songs were the very rivets which united peoples, and tied Scottish hearts to Scotland. Burns had made living and conscious the spirit of Scottish Nationality, and had led them, diverse in origin, now one in sentiment, to bring to the service of Britain and the Empire, and the world, something which without him they would have greatly missed. Burns paved the way for democracy, for he had the gift to see the brotherhood of man, which must come, and the much talk of League of Nations was foreseen by him when he wrote:

"a man's a man for a' that"

The London Robert Burns Club and its esteemed president, Mr. William Will, have well maintained the honor of the poet, and during the war gave practical illustrations of the faith that was in the members by subscribing to the Royal Caledonian Schools —£287, to the Harry Lauder Fund, through the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London—£414, and to the London Scottish Regimental War Memorial Fund—£223.

It is arranged that the Burns Federation will be the guests of the London Robert Burns Club this year, and a large number of admirers of the poet are expected to visit the Metropolis on that occasion.

The study of Burns inevitably leads to the desire that some permanent organization should come into existence for the purpose of preserving the Scottish vernacular language. In these days of stress and artificial excitement it is worth while to look ahead, and estimate the ultimate effect of all the jazzing and artificial living, and it behooves those who are animated with a real love for the things that count to do what in them lies to preserve their best traditions. The force, pathos, and humor of the Scottish Nation depend on the vernacular language, and it is a welcome sign of the times that it is proposed to form a circle in London for the preservation of these priceless boons. It may result in the addition of another association to the roll of the London Scottish Community, but it will be welcomed by those who best know what the heritage of Scoland really means.

JOHN DOUGLAS,
F. S. A., Scot.

6 St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, London, S. W. 13, England.

The Sinn-Fein Circus

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET, GRIMSHAWES, N. C.

PART I

(For The Caledonian)

Judge Benet will be remembered for his able and interesting article on "Scots and Ulster-Scots in the Southern States," in the January and February issues of THE CALEDONIAN. For many years a judge in South Carolina, a born Scot, for fifty years a resident of the Carolinas, Judge Benet is an accepted authority as a historian, a scholar of wide reputation, and has contributed special articles to many periodicals in America and abroad.—EDITOR.

Barnum has been out-Barnumed at last. The greatest showman and best advertiser has been surpassed by the grand Sinn-Fein Circus that is now exhibiting in these United States. Barnum's biggest elephant, Jumbo, hides his diminished head; he is not in the same class with the Sinn-Fein elephant, the Hibernian-Hispanian-American "Pretender"—President of a Pretended Republic. The very name—Eamon de Valera—throws a shadow over simple Jumbo. It is as strange and mysterious as ouija or abracadabra. Everybody knows that Jumbo, like Sambo, came from Africa. No one can guess where the Sinn-Fein elephant comes from, with such an outlandish, unearthly name. Maybe he is a Martian.

Barnum's show never had a freak like the one in the Sinn-Fein Circus. Barnum, we are told, had an Irishman who played the part of the Wild Man from Borneo. But the Sinn-Fein Circus has an Irishman, a Protestant, a Presbyterian *minister, who proves to the satisfaction of all good Irishmen that in the Emerald Isle of the Blest there are no religious enmities; that religion has nothing to do with the Irish question; that Catholic and Protestant are perfectly friendly, and dwell together in unity; that black is white; that green is orange; that murderers and rebels are martyrs and patriots; that deception is truth. Did I say he was a freak? Perhaps he is the circus clown. The Irish love a joke.

Like Barnum's, the Sinn-Fein Circus has many side-shows, where are to be seen and heard "wonders too numerous to mention." The most popular is the Congressional side-show where can be witnessed the thrilling spectacle of the twisting of the British Lion's tail by valient Senators and Congressmen. Although extensively advertised, one of the side-shows did not draw so well. The performance purported to be an attack on the British Embassy in Washington by shock troops of handsome and handsomely dressed ladies from the Hibernian quarter of New York—a sort of battalion of death—an army with banners. The attack foozled.

It is as a money-making concern, however, that the Sinn-Fein Circus bids fair to be far more successful than Barnum's ever was. Ten million dollars—that is the sum they have set out to collect; and they are likely to collect it from the sympathetic and gullible Irish, who are told that the money is to be expended in the "economic development of Ireland."

It may truly be said that all who paid

*This man, whose name is decorated with many degrees, is announced as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Killead, County Antrim, and as a "reformer" and a prominent leader of his denomination in Ireland. Interested in his demonstrations, the Society for American and British Friendship, New York, who had the honor of arranging the itinerary of the recent visit to America of the delegation from the Protestant churches of Ireland, cabled to responsible representatives in Ireland to learn something of the man and his work. The following cablegram, which speaks for itself was received in reply:

"Belfast, April 10, 1920.

"Irwin mission entirely repudiated by Irish Presbyterian Assembly, as well as by Irwin's presbytery and congregation. His views, as cabled here, absolutely opposed to the whole mass of Irish Presbyterian opinion. His statement generally as cabled here a mass of falsehoods and misrepresentations. He has no credentials to speak either for Presbyterians or Protestants. Presbyterian Church taking action on the matter."

their way into Barnum's Circus got their money's worth. What about those ten millions for bonds of the pretended republic? Wall Street has warned against them. But the warm-hearted Irish will follow the example of their Bishop and their priest and their political boss, and will invest in those so-called bonds. Did not the Irish servant girls in America contribute half a million dollars to the Fenian fund fifty odd years ago? History repeats itself.

It can be truly said, also, that Barnum's Circus did not deceive the public. The superlative vocabulary, the grandiloquence, the magniloquence that made his circus posters a delight to read, were not intended to deceive, but only to induce the public to come to the show.

This cannot be said for the Sinn-Fein. Their circus and side-shows, their advance agents and chief performers are carrying on a propaganda of deceit and falsification; unless, indeed, their unfounded statements are due to their ignorance, in which case they should merit our pity and not our scorn.

I have read the addresses, as reported in the press, of Pretender de Valera and his Sinn-Fein minister, and of several Catholic priests who made Sinn-Fein speeches, on St. Patrick's Day. I have read also in the Congressional Record the speeches made in Congress by pro-Sinn-Fein Senators and Representatives. With regard to the latter, they deceive nobody. The public knows they were made to catch the Irish vote by the vote-watching, vote-hatching and would-be vote-catching Congressmen. And while the resolutions they adopted on the Irish question were, on the face of them, insulting to the British Government, Britain knew that the voice was not the voice of America, but the pre-election oratory of the campaign stump-speaker and ward-politician—mere lip service to the Irish in Ireland and hifalutin buncombe for the hyphenated American-Irish voters.

In all these various speeches and addresses there is an amusing similarity. They recount the same grievances under which the Ireland of to-day is supposed to be suffering. They make the same gross mis-statements concerning the history of Ireland and of the Irish hyphenates in the United States, and cite the same historical authority, namely, that amazing production of an Irish-American "historiographer" called *A Hidden Phase of American History,* which is by them pronounced to be "a masterly historical achievement." It certainly is "masterly," but only as a feat of misrepresentation and unlimited exaggeration.

Let us consider some of the false historical claims they make, and, later on, look into the alleged grievances.

The claim is made that Ireland greatly helped the American Colonies in their struggle for independence, and that therefore America should pay her debt to Ireland by helping her to establish an independent republic. Indeed, the "historiographer" asserts that "America owes more to Ireland for the part played by her sons in the struggle for our independence than she does to any other country on earth." This absurd claim is flatly contradicted by history and sattistics. Before the Revolution, there were in the Colonies only 28,000 Catholics of all nationalities. Even if the majority of those Catholics, male and female, were Irish, it is ridiculous to claim that they furnished one-third of Washington's soldiery. At that time the population of Scottish blood numbered well over a million, and the records show that they furnished nearly forty per cent of Washington's army. If there was even a battalion or regiment of Irish in the Revolution army, where is the record of it?

The truth is that very few Irish had come to America during the Colonial period. Indeed, very few had come down to the year of the famine in Ireland—1845. Then began the great Irish emigration which has resulted in giving us in 1920 an Irish population numbering probably from eight to ten millions. Some claim fifteen millions. Senator Phelan some months ago fixed the number at twenty millions; but, not satisfied with that exaggeration, he now asserts that he speaks for thirty million Irish. They may raise it still higher, for there seems to be no limit in this jackpot game. The historiographer—to his credit be it said—admits that even fifteen million is an exaggeration. These false estimates, however, are due in some measure to his claiming as Irish the descendants of the Ulster-Scottish settlers, and also in large measure to the custom of their calling themselves, and being called by others, "Scotch-Irish." Even Irvin

Cobb, the author, was misled into telling an Irish audience at a banquet in New York that he, a Southerner from Kentucky, had recently discovered that he was an Irishman; that he had always understood that the people of the Southern States were Anglo-Saxon, but he had learnt that they were of Irish blood. This, however, may have been merely post-prandial pleasantry.

The "Pretender," de Valera, has made no such discovery during his tour through the Southern States. He has found that the Southerners are almost entirely Anglo-Saxon, with a very slight Celtic and Germanic admixture in the larger towns. His Sinn-Fein Circus did not draw big crowds. Indeed, in some towns it was forbidden to pitch its tent, while in others it was suffered to exhibit under protest. He will not forget Montgomery, Alabama; nor Charlotte, North Carolina. He will also remember the indignant protest of certain Methodist ministers.

The truth is that the Southern States are more thoroughly American than the New England and Northern and Western States. The "melting pot," so much praised by our Northern friends, has had little to do in the South. The great bulk of the Southern population to-day are the descendants of the early settlers, the English, Scottish and Ulster-Scottish, added to, in Colonial days, by several small colonies of Huguenots and Hollanders—a most desirable addition. This accounts for the genuine Americanism of the Southerners. They maintain the principles and the faith for which their forefathers fought. This also explains why an anti-British propaganda meets with small success in the South.

Another false historical claim made by the Sinn-Fein orators and authors is that Ireland has furnished the United States with eight of our Presidents. This is a most preposterous claim. We have had Presidents of English, Welsh, Scottish, Ulster-Scottish and Dutch extraction, but not one with Irish blood in his veins. Of the twenty-six men who have filled the great office of President of the United States, twelve were of Scottish or Ulster-Scottish descent. Here are their names—Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson. The late Mr. Whitelaw Reid is my authority. He examined the pedigree of all but the last named, tracing their Scottish blood through the father's or the mother's side. If the Sinn-Fein writers and speakers would name the eight Irish Presidents claimed, we should find them all in the list I have given. It is the same old trick of counting as Irish the Ulster-Scots or "Scotch-Irish." They even claim our Presbyterian President, in spite of the undisputed fact that if there is an American citizen of pure Scottish blood, it is Woodrow Wilson. It is surprising that they have not claimed Washington; they do assert that if alive now he would befriend the Sinn-Feiners. But Washington and Columbus have not as yet been transformed into Irishmen.

Let us pass without comment the glaringly false statement that until the English occupation no foreign invader had stepped on the sacred soil of old Ireland, although history tells us that the Danes and the Northmen who over-ran England and Scotland did not spare the "Isle of Saints." The Sinn-Fein orators seem never to have heard of the Norse King Sigtrygg, who ruled in Dublin.

Let us consider, rather, the Sinn-Fein claim that before the English invasion Ireland was a free, united and independent nation; and that in accordance with the accepted doctrine of "self-determination," the so-called Irish Republic is of right a free, united and independent nation. That blessed word—"self-determination"! How the Sinn-Feiners do roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues! Much though they hate President Wilson and hiss and boo when his name is mentioned at their meetings, they must in their hearts thank him for this magic word, which, if he did not coin, he certainly caused to become current coin. It makes us think of the old Scottish woman's praise of her minister's sermon—"it was just heavenly to hear him say that blessed word, Mesopotamia."

Ireland never was, at any time of her history, a free, united and independent nation. There never was an Irish king of Ireland, not even that Malachi, who "wore the collar of gold; nor Brian Boru, so famous in story." The Irish kings we read about are as mythical as that long line of Scottish kings named by the

Venerable Bede—kings that Scotland never saw, although their portraits hang to-day on the walls of Holyrood Palace. While there were no kings in Ireland, there were numerous chiefs of clans or tribes, and there were frequent attempts by the more powerful chiefs to subdue and annex the weaker clans—just as was the case in the Scottish Highlands. It was during one of those inter-tribal wars that one of the Irish chiefs asked help from the King of England. A few hundred English men-at-arms were sent, and they were enough to secure the victory. The English, having helped the Irish, then helped themselves, and before long the King of England became the King of Ireland—the first king of all Ireland. It was another instance of history repeating itself. The Britons, after the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons, asked the Jutes and Angles to come over and help them against the barbarian Picts and Scots. The Jutes and Angles came and drove back the Northern warriors; then, having helped the Britons, they proceeded to help themselves, and with so much success that ere long they possessed the country and changed its name from Britannia to Angle-land—England.

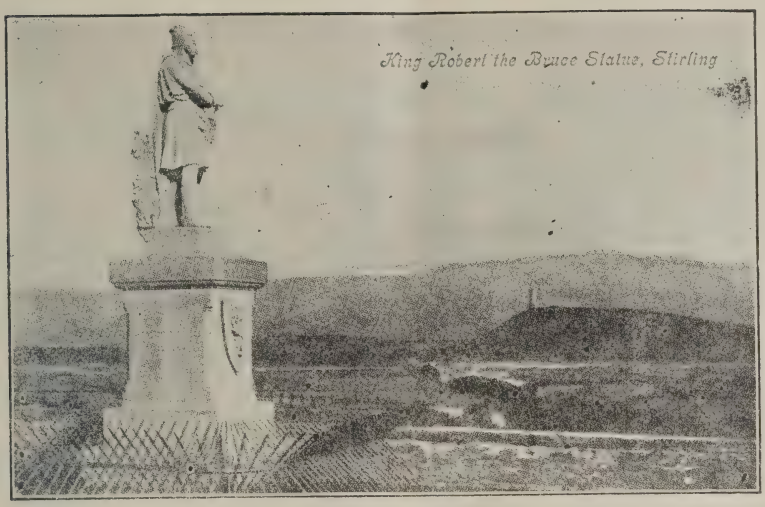
It requires no boldness on my part to assert that Ireland never was a united and independent nation; but it showed no small degree of courage for an Irishman to say that in Ireland during the reign of terror which the Sinn-Feiners have established there. Yet that is just what was recently done by the Rev. Walter MacDonald, D. D., of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, in his book just published, entitled *Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War*. He is an Irishman of ancient and pure Gaelic blood. He is a Roman Catholic. "To my own people of the Gael," he says, "is due the best I have—the truth if indeed I have it." And with the utmost candour and faithfulness, he tells them the truth. Reviewing the history of the country from the earliest times, he shows that Ireland never was a fully independent, free and united nation. He points out that unity of rule and independence are the essentials of nationhood, and that, lacking these essentials, Ireland has never really been a nation in the true sense of the word. I quote in his own words the conclusion he arrived at:

"The truth seems to be that, during all these centuries of inter-tribal warfare, the Irish clans were struggling towards national unity, just like their neighbors in England, France and elsewhere—with the difference, unfortunately, that whereas unity was achieved across the Channel, with us [Irish] no native power grew strong enough to overbear the self-will of the chiefs."

He thus shows the falsity of the claim that Ireland was formerly a free, united, and independent nation, such as, for example, Scotland was for centuries before the union with England. And yet the ignorant or wilfully blind leaders of the Sinn-Feiners loudly assert that Ireland and Greece are the two most ancient nations in the world. None are so blind as those who don't want to see. They shut their eyes to the fact that theirs is not a case for "self-determination."

History and statistics are utterly disregarded by those Sinn-Fein speakers. To prove the evils and cruelties of British rule, they assert that after the union in 1800 the population of Ireland was greatly reduced; while statistics show the fact that between 1800 and 1845—the year of the famine—the population almost doubled. Thereafter, it is true, it did decline in numbers, for then, for the first time, the Irish began to emigrate to America in great numbers. There was a great and growing demand for laborers in the United States, required for railroad construction and numerous other business enterprises everywhere; and Ireland supplied that demand for many years. But the Sinn-Fein "President," referring to this reduction in Ireland's population, which he says was cut in half during the last seventy years, charges that it was due to British atrocities, and driving the poor Irish from the land. This is sheer nonsense. During the same period, nearly as many Scottish emigrants left the old country for the United States, or Canada, or Australia, or New Zealand; and for the same reason that prompted the Irish—the desire to better themselves. There is no use, however, to argue with the Sinn-Feiners. They insist upon it that theirs is "the most distressful country that ever you have seen," and they want Americans to believe that under British rule to-day "they are hanging men and women too for wearing of the green."

(To be Continued)



King Robert the Bruce Statue, Stirling

The Golden Day in Scottish History

Bannockburn, June 24, 1314

BY ALASTAIR FRANK

The sun rose sleepy-eyed and sullen from somewhere beyond the gleaming river Forth. Usually his earliest rays were the signal for a great outburst of melody from the feathered songsters in the tree-tops; but that morning, just six hundred years ago, the first uncertain shafts of light to penetrate the gloom of Halbert's Bog brought forth a different music.

It was the grim music of two great armies preparing for battle, the clanging of arms and the marching of men. South of the bog lay England's army in all its might, each man well armed and protected by a corsage of steel. North of the bog lay the Scots, rude and half-naked fighters, for the most part; the main body of these were armed with spears and axes.

And as they lay there waiting the order to take up their final position, the soldiers on both sides had much to talk about. The day before, a body of English horse under Lord Clifford had sought to steal past the Scottish flank and capture Stirling Castle. Robert the Bruce had anticipated such a move, and had told his nephew, Randolph, to checkmate it. It seemed as if the young Scottish leader's plans to prevent a passage to Stirling Castle had failed.

"See, Randolph," said the Bruce, "a rose has fallen from your chaplet."

The young noble had answered not a word to his King's reproach, but hurled his men across the path of Clifford's horse. The Scots had been on foot, a bare four hundred against the English eight hundred. They were armed with the usual pikes, and quickly took up position in squares to receive cavalry, the first row kneeling and the second row standing, all with pikes firmly embedded in the ground. The English horsemen had paused when they saw such a hedge of steel in their path, but the next moment they charged the Scottish squares. It seemed as if Randolph's party must be engulfed, and Douglas plead with the Bruce that he might go to the young noble's assistance.

"I cannot break the order of battle," the King said firmly, and he was immovable in his decision, though none was more anxious than he for the welfare of that sorely beset little band. Soon after, however, the conflicting bodies drew apart, and it was seen that the English horse had shattered itself against that well of pikes. A moment more and the remnants of Clifford's horse turned tail and fled to the safety of their own lines.

As the men lay around on that morning of June 24, they discussed this happening on the day before. To the Scots it was a subject of enthusiastic rejoicing; to the English, it was a stain on their honour which this day would see wiped out.

But this was not the only deed to which reference was made in undertones. That previous evening had witnessed another thrilling scene. A number of intrepid English knights had made their way almost into the Scottish lines while reconnoitring. Only a little distance off they beheld Robert the Bruce, easily distinguishable by reason of a circle of gold worn outside his helmet. The Scottish king had been inspecting his lines and had wandered some little distance from his bodyguard. He was mounted only on a

pony, unarmed saved for his never absent battle-axe.

At the sight of the Scottish king so unprotected, an exclamation escaped Sir Henry de Bohun, a fearless English knight. Then before anyone could restrain him, he bore down upon the Bruce, his lance set in the rest and his great war-horse spurred on furiously. King Robert had realized his danger immediately. With wonderful horsemanship, he swung his pony round just in time to avoid the lance's deadly point. Then as his assailant thundered past, the Bruce stood up in his stirrups and, with a mighty blow of his battle-axe, cleft Bohun through the helmet. That night the Scottish king's friends reproached him for his foolhardiness, but among the rank and file the feat had been regarded as an omen that on the morrow the apparently weak would again triumph over the apparently strong.

And now that morrow had come. But the issue of the conflict would depend, not on omens, but a combination of good generalship, coupled with unflagging courage. No one shall say that the English lacked aught of courage. No craven's fear was theirs. But they had no Robert the Bruce to lead them. Their numbers, their cavalry strength, their dreaded archers were rendered unavailing by the military genius of the Scottish king, who had contrived to limit the area of battle to a plain little over half-a-mile square. His right flank was protected with pits more than knee-deep and skilfully concealed by brushwood and turf. On his left, the swampy ground of Halbert's Bog was a hindrance to any oncoming foe. The level ground in front, it is said, was also strewn with calthrops, a kind of steel pikes which would hamper the action of the English cavalry. Thus had the genius of generalship reduced the superior army to the strength of the inferior.

Across the neck of level land the Scottish infantry were drawn in three sections, commanded by Edward Bruce, Randolph, and the Douglas respectively. In the rear, King Robert himself commanded a reserve division, while on the right flank were placed the Scottish cavalry, a mere handful of horse numbering only 500 in all and under the command of Sir Robert de Keith. The English formation was almost the same, though behind their three leading divisions there were four strong reserve sections. Gloucester's heavy cavalry occupied a position on the English left flank, and they it was who engaged Edward Bruce's division in combat.

Prior to this, however, the battle had been begun by the English archers, whose arrows with the Scots, Gloucester's cavalry now rushed in and the archers had to hold their hand for fear of shooting down their own summer air. But in their anxiety to close made a dark, death-dealing cloud in the countrymen. This was the fundomental and crucial mistake in the English tactics. The Scottish ranks should first have been weakened under a hail of arrows and the Scots induced to make a charge and so leave their strong vantage ground. Had this been done, the history of Bannockburn and the whole Scottish nation might have been cast in a different mould. As it was, Gloucester's horse fell into dire confusion immediately they reached the unsuspected pits into which horses and riders fell. True, a big body reached the Scottish lines intact, but they were met unflinchingly by the Scottish squares.

The short interval had been sufficient to permit Sir Robert Keith's horse to make a detour and fall upon the English archers, who, deadly though they were at long range, were ill-adapted for a hand-to-hand encounter. Before the onslaught of the Scottish horse, they perished almost unresistingly, and the greatest asset of Edward's army was hopelessly destroyed.

Meanwhile the battle in the plain raged furiously, amid a grim stillness, which was only partially broken by the clash of steel and the groans of agony. But at last the force of the English attack had spent its fury. Their charges grew less forceful, and soon the Scots, till now merely defenders, became aggressors. With battle-axes they pressed home the advantage which by pikes had been won. They fell on the discomfited foe with the energy of pent-up enthusiasm.

"On them, they fail!" was the cry they raised, and soon a prodigious slaughter was taking place. Then came a stroke of good fortune for Bruce, the kind of good fortune which favours the brave. The Scottish camp-followers had from the security of an adjoining eminnce—now called Gillies Hill—watched the progress of the battle, and had seen the triumph of the Scottish arms. With exultant shouts, they rushed down towards the field of battle, intent on completing the rout and sharing the plunder. To the discomfited Englishmen it seemed as if a new army had come to help the Scots, and with loud shouts of dismay they fled. The Scottish king's fourth division, which had till now been held in reserve, was loosed upon the flying foe, and fearful slaughter of the demoralized English took place.

The battle was won, and Edward himself narrowly escaped from the pursuing Douglas, who followed as far as Dunbar, where the fugitive king took ship for England. Thus was Scottish independence won, for in the ensuing fifteen years of Robert the Bruce's reign the victor of Bannockburn proved himself not merely a great and invariably successful warrior, but a statesman so sagacious that Scotland became one united whole. The independence he secured us has never through the long ages been lost nor the spirit of patriotism which he fostered and established been allowed to decline. Truly, the Bruce is a hero of all ages, and Bannockburn one of the turning points of history.

The Furnishing of Tonal's House

BY M. E. M. DONALDSON

(From "Tonal Mactonal")

Donald Macdonald appeared at Father Camerson's door, a coverless and mutilated book in his hand. With some show of shyness, he asked if the priest could spare him a little time to give him advice in a matter where his assistance would be valuable. The rector, readily assenting, brought him in, and when they were seated together in his study Donald began:

"Uch, well, Father, it iss apout ta cottage that wass chust finished. I wass not sure that I wass knowing aall ta furnishings I should pe getting for her, so I wass thinking that you would pe telling me what it wass there should pe in ta house for ta chentry like yourself."

"Indeed, Tonal, and it's very glad I'll be to help you in the matter," answered Father Cameron genially. "What were you thinking of yourself?"

"Well, I wass hearing of ta peautiful mare that wass carrying ta wood and things up to ta fery top of Ben Nevis herself, no less, this last fourteen year. I tid see her myself moreofer, that wass called Katie, and she wass ta fery fine horse that tid waalk ass steady ass steady ass yourself, Father, with a peautiful proad pack, too. Ta Sasunnach chentry they wass aalways complaining apout ta long ways they tid hev to waalk here, and so I wass thinking that it would be ta fery fine thing to pe puying Katie to go with ta house. They wass wanting £7 for her, put I wass thinking I could pe getting her for £5 whatefer."

"That is an excellent idea, Tonal!" exclaimed the priest, enthusiastically. "And what about a cat? It would be company for the horse, poor beast, besides giving a comfortable feeling to the house."

"Yess, yess," agreed Donald.

Highly gratified, Father Cameron, assuming a busines-like air, remarked:

"I think it would be a good thing if we were writing down the things you are to be getting. It would be a great pity to forget anything after we have been spending so much good thinking on them."

Donald readily agreeing, a sheet of paper was headed "List of Furniture to be Bought," and the first entry made beneath.

"Then ta tay pefore to-tay," resumed Donald, "I wass taalking with Eneas that wass mending an old fishing-rod, and he tid say I could pe heving her for fife shilling. Would that not pe ta useful furnishing in case any wan wass forgetting to pring their own rod with them?"

"So it would, so it would," agreed Father Cameron, and then asked, "How much money were you thinking of spending on all the furniture, Tonal?"

"I tid put £35 away for ta furnishing, put there wass some thing I wass puying aalready ta last time I wass at Opan. I tid see a peautiful picture of ta Holy Father himself, so I wass puying her, and a sketch moreofer of *an tighearna*. I wass thinking that maype you would pe gifing me a picture of yourself, Father, ass well, and then if I wass getting a sketch of ta King, I should pe heving ta likeness of aall ta creat men that wass alife now."

"Och, no," replied Father Cameron, modestly blushing. "You would be better without me that was not good-looking at all, and would only be spoiling the other pictures." Then, seeing Donald's face fall, he added, "Well, if you were really wanting it, I think I have a photograph that was taken of me when I was a young fellow at the Seminary, and you shall have that. But your rooms will be wanting other furniture—now let me think—"

"I wass heving here what they wass calling ta prize list, Father," Donald broke in. "I wass finding her on ta shore in ta front of ta Hotel, and I wass think she might pe useful," whereupon he handed over to the priest the disreputable remnant that had once been a stores catalogue of Messrs. Swords & Lake. As Father Cameron turned over its pages, he observed:

"You're the clever fellow, Tonal, to have brought this along with you, for indeed it will be giving us ideas. Now, let's see, here's the Haberdashery Department—"

"I wass not knowing what that iss at aall," said Donald.

"Och, it will not be anything we were wanting—just pins and needles," said the priest, after scrutinizing one page. Then turning over, he read aloud the headings of some others and their contents—"Hardware Department—Garden Seats—Tables—"

"I might pe getting wan garden seat," mused Donald, but the priest broke in:

"That's given me the idea! You'll be wanting a table indoors, Tonal—I wonder under what department that will come? Let us look at the index—Here we are—Tables. Dear me, to think of there being more than one kind—Bamboo, Bed—"

Wass ta ped table wan that wass ass ta table in ta tay time and ta ped in ta night?" queried Donald. "My Ch—, I wass meaning to say that wass ta clefer itea!"

"Och, it is not here!" exclaimed Father Cameron in disgust. "All the pages that have tables on them are missing! I could

not be very sure about a bed table, for I was never hearing of one before. But I should think it would be an 'Occasional Table' they have got down here that would be the best kind for your house, where it will not be in use all the year round. How many will you be wanting?"

"There would pe wan for ta sitting-room, and another wan for ta kitchen, and ta chairs ass well—"

"Och, it's not chairs you need to be spending your money on—you can ave some of these," said Father Cameron, looking round the room from one of its four plain Windsor chairs to another. "I was never wanting more than the two myself, and there would be two you could be taking from the dining room that also has four chairs. Yes, and there are two in one of the spare bed-rooms—you can be having one of them, for these was always the bed to be sitting on if an extra seat is wanted."

"No, no, it iss too much," protested Donald reluctantly, but the priest insisted.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Tonal, I shall be glad to get them out of my way— am always tumbling over one or other of them."

"Uch, well, it iss fery kind of you, fery kind inteed," said Donald, gratefully.

Father Cameron cut short his visitor's thanks by breaking in with—

"Then there will be the cooking pots. Let us look them up in here. Yes, they'll be somewhere under 'Cooking,'" and running his finger down the index, he read, "Cooking almonds, cooking aprons—"

"Cooking ta apron!" exclaimed Donald in amazement.

"Uch, it would just be an ap on you were putting on to boil when it was dirty and you would be cleaning it," explained the Father. "I'm sure it's many the apron you've seen the women washing over the fires on the shore. Here we are now—'cooking utensils'—that will be the name for the pots we are after—on page 769, etc. Och, there are none of them here again—that is tiresome. Let me think—you'll be wanting a pot for the porridge and the potatoes and the eggs, and you'll be wanting a kettle—and is there anything else now?"

"Ta frying pan," supplied Donald.

"Yes, yes! and I think that when you have got that, you will have bought all that is necessary to make the house very comfortable, very comfortable indeed, and handsome too, moreover," mused the priest, as he conned the list of the "furnitu e" before handing it over to Donald, who, with profuse thanks, thereupon took his departure.

When he returned home and shewed the list to his sister, however, she, usually so quiet, surprised him with the wealth of her scorn as she read aloud the

"List of the Furniture to be Bought.

1 horse
1 cat
1 fishing rod
1 King's portrait
1 garden seat
2 occasional tables
1 pot
1 kettle
1 frying pan."

"And where wass ta veesitors to pe sleeping on, and what wass they to pe waashing in? And wass ta floors aall to pe naked? And wass there to pe no curtains for ta wintows and no drawers in ta pedrooms? And what wass there to pe sitting down upon anywhere—?"

"Father Cameron he wass gifing me ta chairs he wass not wanting himself," Donald here broke in, glad to be able to stem the torrent of Eilidh's outburst by assuring her that chairs, at least, had not escaped their attention.

"And there wass no tishes, not wan cup nor saucer neither moreofer," continued Eilidh, mercilessly. "Uch, inteed, there wass nothing at aall whatefer. Men to pe thinking they could pe furnishing ta house inteed! It iss not that I wass saying anything against Father Cameron that iss ta clefer priest," she hastened to add; "but he could not pe helping himself that he iss only ta man—chust that and no more. And I would ass soon pe asking ta man how ta baby she should pe tressed as ta man what things ta house she should pe heving."

"Uch, well," said Donald, easily, "I will not pe minding if you wass adding to ta list ta things you was speaking apout. And moreofer you could pe taking a tay at Opan to pe puying them aall yourself, except Katie and ta fishing rod, so long ass you wass not spending more than ta £30 on ta fare and ta furnishings."

* * * * * * * *

The day that Eilidh went to Oban, Donald drove over to the Presbytery with a borrowed cart to take away the promised chairs. Greeting him genially as usual, the absent-minded priest asked what he could do for him, and Donald, with great diffidence, had to explain his errand. He was speedily reassured, however, for Father Cameron expressed himself glad to be reminded, and with very willing hands helped Donald to get the "superfluous" chairs into the cart. As with the satisfied air of "something attempted, something done," the little priest watched Donald drive off with his spoil, Mrs. Binskin appeared on the scene.

"Beggin' your parding, sir, but wotever *'ave* you done with them chairs?"

Then, as it occurred to her that possibly they had gone to be renovated for Mrs. Crauford's advent, she hazarded:

"Are they h'orf to be done h'up, sir?"

"I am sure I could not say if Donald will be doing them up, Mrs. Binskin. I was just giving him for his new cottage those that I did not want here and that were only blocking up the place."

"Blockin' h'up the plice, sir?" echoed Mrs. Binskin in horror. "Why, there is few enough of 'em at most, and wot ever *will* Mrs. Crauford be a-sayin' when she finds them few 'as bin took?"

"Dear me, now, I never thought of that," answered the priest. "Och, well, before Mrs Crauford comes, I must just be going into Oban to buy some others to take their place."

* * * * * * * *

Donald was the proud man when, after daily tramping the five miles to the pier for over a week, he discovered that his long-expected furniture had at last been landed. Since the advent of the railway, the pier had ceased to be a port of call, and only very occasionally did a cargo boat come in to discharge a heavy consignment of goods more conveniently conveyed all the way by water. With the general desuetude of the pier, the pier-master had gone, and now it was usual for the rare cargoes to be thrown out upon the landing-stage—to lie there, exposed to the mercy of the weather until the consignee appeared to remove them.

Upon this occasion it was an imposing array which greeted the eye of the claimant: several packing-cases and hampers; also, without any pretence of packing, the component parts of three bedsteads tied together, and their accompanying equipment of mattresses and blankets; two tables; a large and ungainly piano of ancient design; and in a gaudy gilt frame, the glass of which was shattered, a highly-colored oleograph of the Royal Family.

In relating the result of her shopping expedition to Donald, it was on account of the acquisition of the last two items that his sister expected to receive most commendation. Nor was she disappointed. She had had to decide between the rival claims of a sideboard—new—at £4 10s., and a second-hand piano at £5, and had elected to purchase the piano as likely to prove the great attraction to the gentry. Regarding the picture, finding that she could secure one of the Royal Family for the same price as one of His Majesty alone, she bought the first picture as the greater bargain.

A heavy shower had fallen in the night, and, deeming the oleograph of the Royal Family at once the most valuable item of furniture and that likely to suffer most damage from the rain, Donald with his cap vainly attempted to mop up some of the water that had filtered through the broken glass before he set out for Glenshona to arrange for the transport of his furniture.

Both Eneas and Uisdean, asked to lend a hand, readily agreed each to drive in their respective dogcarts to the pier, there to await Donald's return. He had his eye on a discarded chaise which he proposed to borrow from M'Vurich, and, if it were possible, also to lay hands on a pony to draw it. But, first, Donald made for the station, to ask for the loan of Duncan the porter, and on his way encountered Mr. Urie, who listened with the greatest interest to the tale which embodied the request.

"Were you no' thinkin' o' borrowin' *me*, Tonal? I'm thinkin' I'd be of mair use tae ye nor thon thowless waufle o' a lad," said the stationmaster. "It's no' an easy maitter to arrange for all yon furniture to be cairted tae yer hoose. Ye may tak' my word fur't, speaking' frae a wide experience o' the wurld, that it ca's for nae sma' amount o' organeesin' abeelity. Indeed, an' ye'll be weel advised if ye'd pit the job intil ma hauns entirely."

"Uch, well, inteed, Master Urie, if you will pe so fery kind, I wass fery glad for you to pe trying ta organeesing abeelity on ta furnishing removal," agreed the easy-going Donald.

"Aweel, that's a' recht, an' I may say ye'll no' hae ony cause tae regret yer wise deceesion, Tonal," said the gratified Mr. Urie. "I'll juist get oot ma bicycle an' awa' tae the pier on't. Duncan, Duncan, ye feckless loon, whaur are ye? Come awa' here at yince an' blow up ma cycle if ye dinna want me tae blow ye up instead."

Scenting some excitement, the porter hastened to obey the call, and, as he inflated the tyres, Mr. Urie instructed him to follow him to the pier.

"If I wass to pe riding on ta step pehind you, I should pe getting there so soon ass yourself, sir," ventured Duncan, who, as he made progress with his English, was, where Mr. Urie was concerned at least, shedding some of his native shyness.

"Indeed, an' you'll no' dae iny sic thing," snapped Mr. Urie, indignantly. "You micht hae mair respect for the deegnity o' ma office, ye graceless carl, than to mak' siccan a like suggestion."

Then, with the air of a general about to assume command of an army, the stationmaster mounted his cycle and rode off majestically.

Meanwhile the news had spread abroad that Donald's furniture had arrived, and with a remarkable unanimity, abandoning work of lesser importance to embrace the duty imposed by friendship, the neighbours betook themselves to the pier, there actively to assist by looking on at proceedings. The word having gone round that Mr. Urie was to superintend the carting, the attraction was all the greater, for the stationmaster was still an object of amazement to the natives by reason of his fussy restlessness and other foreign habits. Therefore it was a goodly company that greeted Donald as, with the gratified Duncan for passenger, he drove up in a dilapidated chaise to which Father Cameron's pony, Bluebell, was attached by an extemporised harness of odds and ends of rope.

"Noo we'll begin," announced Mr. Urie, bursting with importance, and intensely well pleased with the numbers assembled to watch his conduct of affairs.

At first things went fairly smoothly, and, after Mr. Urie had organised a packing-case down on to Uisdean's left foot and had cut his own right hand with the broken glass of the Royal Family, the two dog-carts, precariously overpacked, were dispatched on their perilous journey. Awaiting their return, Mr. Urie addressed himself to the problem pre-

sented by the very heavy and awkward piano, while Donald, leaning against a convenient post, thumbs in his armholes, looked on.

"I doot we'll no' be able tae luft it up tae yin o' thae dogcairts. It's an awfu' wecht, furbye gey an' clumsy,' observed the stationmaster. "But we micht manage it on tae the powny machine—"

"Uch, ta pottom of her, she wass ass rotten ass a pad potato inteed! I tid put my foot through her myself, and I was thinking, too, she would pe weak in ta wheels moreofer," interrupted Donald.

"Aweel, then, we'll juist hae the powny oot the shafts an' tie him tae the pianny for tae draw it alang efter him!" exclaimed Mr. Urie, in a sudden inspiration, borne of the discovery that the instrument was mounted on castors.

"Uch, ta poor peast, she wass nefer accustomed to pe pulling ta creat heavy weight after her at aall, and wan that would be fery strange to her moreofer. She would pe kicking ta music aall to pits" said Donald, decidedly.

But Mr. Urie's inspiration was not yet exhausted.

"Aweel, a bicycle will no' pe kickin' onything. We'll fasten the pianny behind it, an' Duncan can ride it cannily hame. He's aye eager for a hurl on ma cycle."

"Maype, maype," was all Donald had to say in reply this time, and looked on with the rest as Mr. Urie, ordering Duncan to hold the bicycle in position fussed about it and the piano with ropes. Then, when he announced he had made a firm job of it, he ordered Duncan to mount, to be obeyed with unwonted alacrity, Donald stepping forward to support the cycle for the boy.

But though the porter obviously spared no exertion in his pedalling, he could not budge the cycle.

"Pit mair smeddum intil't, Duncan, pit mair smeddum intil't!" admonished his superior, but Donald interposed:

"Uch, Maister Urie, it iss not possible for ta poy to pe moving er—you would not pe toing it yourself inteed, if you wass trying aall your organeesing abeelity on her."

"Could I no'?" retorted the stationmaster aggressively, and taking up the challenge, he commanded, "Here, Duncan, aff wi' ye, an' 'll shin show ye!"

Bursting alike with energy and determination, his dignity for once forgotten, as Duncan supported the cycle, Mr. Urie leaped into the saddle, but for all his frenzied attempts, he could not advance it by so much as half an inch.

"Here you," he called out to one of the thrilled spectators, "haud on tae this machine, an' you, Duncan, gang ahint an' push—I'm no' bate yet!"

"I will pe helping you, Tincan," said Donald, advancing again when he saw the lad's efforts had not the slightest effect.

Putting his shoulder to the piano, while Duncan pushed lower down, the piano at last gave a spasmodic lurch forward. Shooting Mr. Urie, his supporter, and the cycle on to the ground, the instrument, having shed two castors in the effort, was only saved from annihilating the struggling mass by Donald's ready action.

Several onlookers rushed forward to disentangle the wreckage, and raised first Mr. Urie, groaning from sundry cuts and other trifling damages, and then his unfortunate companion who lay beneath him.

A lull now ensued in the work of transport. Mr. Urie tenderly bathed his damaged members in the sea, and his companion in misfortune literally suffered the examination of his friends, anxious to discover how many bones were broken.

Whilst these first-aid operations were still in progress, Eneas and Uisdean returned, and Donald hailed them to hear how they had fared.

"Uch, fery well, fery well inteed," answered Eneas, contentedly. "But there wass wan pox on Uisdean's cart that wass padly organeesed, for she did fall off."

"Uch, yess," grunted Uisdean, in confirmation of this statement.

"There wass ta piano to pe moved," said Donald, taking the field as master of the ceremonies now that Mr. Urie was still lurking in discomfited retirement. "Would you pe taking ta pony out of your cart, Uisdean, and tying her on to ta shafts of Eneas' cart in ta front of his horse, so that she might pe helping to draw ta cart?"

With his usual grunt of compliance, Uisdean proceeded to do as requested, while Donald wheeled off the cart, released from its horse, to halt it with its shafts on the ground immediately behind the piano. Then, bidding Eneas take up his stand behind this cart to keep it in position, and summoning one of the onlookers, Donald, with his aid, soon had the piano resting on the incline made by the shafts. And no sooner than Uisdean had accomplished his task than Donald skilfully backed the trap and pair against the piano, stationing Duncan by the animals to keep them still. Next, ordering Uisdean and another sturdy fellow to join Eneas behind the second cart, Donald instructed them to hang on with all their weight that the piano might thus be levered on the shafts into the open back of the cart in front. Finally, stationing a man on either side of the piano with a plank apiece to use as additional levers, Donald gave the word, and the spectators saw that this time the piano was vanquished, for it rose in the air. When it was level with the cart in front, a skilfully-directed shove locked together the two carts, now jointly bearing the humiliated piano. When, for greater security, the carts had been roped together, Donald, seated at one side of the foremost, drove off triumphantly, with Duncan at the leader's head, amidst exclamations of admiration from the greatly edified spectators.

"My Chove, but Tonal wass ta clefer, clefer fellow for aall he wass not heving ta organeesing abeelity!" remarked Eneas, as his eyes

followed the slowly disappearing piano van.

* * * * * * * *

When the furniture had been duly disposed about the house, Donald, in the character of proud proprietor, invited his cronies in to admire in general and particular. Thumbs in his waistcoat as usual, the owner preceeded his visitors from room to room, his face one settled beam of satisfaction.

"My Chorge, but it's you that wass ta creat man, Tonal!" exclaimed Eneas, as finally he halted before the piano which its owner had opened for his friend's inspection.

"Uch, yess," grunted Uisdean, the ever-faithful chorus.

"It wass Eilidh that wass ta clefer wan to pe getting her. It wass her own itea moreofer," acknowledged Donald, generously. "There wass some of ta notes that wass not speaking at aall, put ta most of them they wass aall right. Moreofer, whenefer I wass seeing any wan playing the piano, it wass nefer aall ta notes that they wass hitting. No, inteed, it wass aalways what ta Sasunnach they would pe calling 'picking and stealing' them."

"Uch, it wass ta peautiful voice she wass heving," remarked Eneas, as his clumsy fingers thumped here and there the keys which, in the few cases of response, emitted a thin note very much out of tune.

"And what wass you calling ta house?" asked Eneas, when Donald had closed the piano.

"I wass calling her 'Taisy Filla' inteed!"

"Uch, that wass ta peautiful name—it would pe after M'Vurich's cat, too. And how *wass* you going to pe letting her?" continued the interested Eneas.

"I wass sending an advertisement to ta *Glasgow Herald*," answered Donald, producing a scrap of paper. "I wass copying it off ta wans I wass seeing there."

"Will you pe rading it to us?" asked Eneas.

"Uch, yess," grunted Uisdean.

And Donald read:

> "GLENSHONA.—DAISY VILLA. To Let, furnished. Fishing rod goes with rooms, also cat and horse. Newly built, fresh paint, and paper. Fine piano. Boat can be hired of owner. £10 a month.—Apply D. MACDONALD (GORM SHUILEACH), GLENSHONA."

"My Chorge, but it's you that wass ta fine, fine scholar, Tonal!" exclaimed Eneas.

"Uch, yess!" grunted Uisdean.

Clan Gunn

Clan Badge: Juniper *(Aitionn)*; or Roseroot (*Lus nan loach.*)

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Gunn tartan are: Anderson, Gallie, Gaunson, Georgeson, Gunn, Henderson, Jameson, Jamison, Johnson, Kean, Keene, MacComas, MacCorkill, MacCorkle, MacIan, Mackames, MacWilliam, Manson, Nelson, Robison, Robson, Sandison, Swanson, Williamson, Wilson.

The Arms of the Clan is: Silver, a black galley with three masts, sails furled, oars in action, and red flags, within a blue bordure; on a red chief a silver bear's head, muzzled black between two silver mullets. Crest: In a right hand a sword proper.

Motto: *Aut pax aut bellum.*

Round the coasts of the extreme north of Scotland, and notably on the eastern and northern shores, the place-names have an interesting tale to tell. These "wicks" and "oes" and "dales" speak of the settlements of Norse and Danish rovers in days now remote. For some five centuries, down to the time of the battle of Largs, in 1263, that part of the country, along with the Orkneys, the Shetlands and the Hebrides, was, in fact, Norwegian territory, and to the present hour the inhabitants, at any rate of the coast districts, have probably more Norwegian than Scottish blood in their veins. This is not least true in the case of the Clan Gunn, whose possessions lay in the Kildonan district, about the upper waters of the River Helmsdale, where Ben Grianmore towers two thousand feet against the sky, and the mountain glens come down to the fertile strath of the Helmsdale itself. The soil is fertile, the little mountain lochs abound with trout and char, and red deer, grouse, ptarmigan, and blackcock have always been plentiful on the moors, while grains of gold are even yet to be found in the sand and gravel of the streams. It was a country to attract the wild Norse rover, and round the Pictish towers or castles, of which the ruins still remain, many a desperate onslaught must have taken place between the older Pictish inhabitants and the Viking adventurers before these latter secured possession of the region.

Clan Gunn, which had its home here in later centuries, took its name and claimed descent from Guinn, second son of Olaf the Black, King of Man and the Isles, who

died in 1237. The Gaelic Guinneach signifies fierce, keen, sharp, and is probably an accurate description of the outstanding characteristics of the clan. From later chiefs of the race are descended septs known in modern times by the names of Jamieson, Johnson, Williamson, Anderson, Robson and others, while the Gallies take their name from a party of the clan which settled in Ross-shire and was known as the Gall-'aobh, or men from the stranger's side.

The territory of the clan lay on the border between the country of the Earls of Sutherland and the Earls of Caithness, while to the west of it lay Strathnaver, the territory of the Mackays, otherwise Lord Reay's country. With all these neighbors the Gunns from time to time had feuds and friendships, and some of the episodes which occurred between them were among the most romantic and desperate in the history of the north. Alike as friends and as foes, the Gunns appear always to have been held in the highest estimation. It is obvious that, at a very early date, they had acquired the character of being "bonnie fechters."

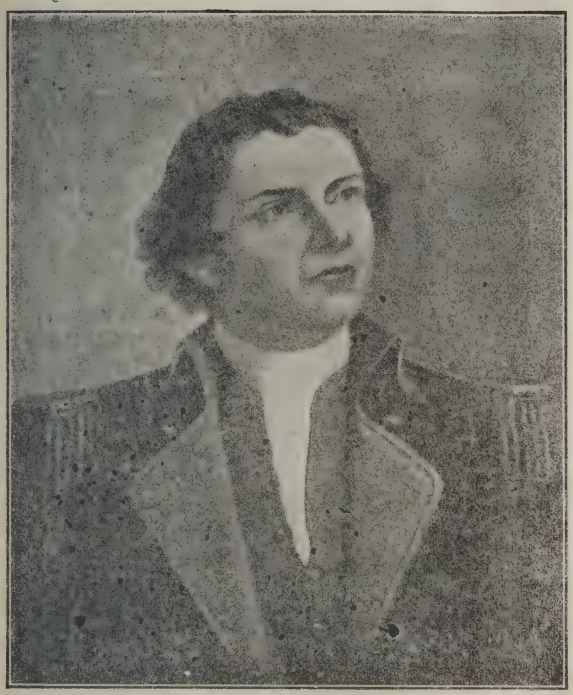
Perhaps the most outstanding event in the history of the clan was the battle of Alt-no-gaun, fought in the year 1478. The chief of that time, George Gunn, was then the greatest man in the north, there being then no Earl of Sutherland to overshadow him. Moreover, he held the dignity of Crowner, or coroner, then a high officer of justice. In virtue of this office, the chief wore as a badge a large silver brooch, from which he was known as Fear a -Bhrais teach mor. In his time a member of the family of Keith, afterwards Earls Marischal, married the heiress of the Cheynes of Acrigil, and thus obtained a footing on the borders of the Gunn country. The Gunns looked with little pleasure upon the appearance of the followers of such a powerful family in their neighborhood, and accordingly disagreements and a serious feud sprang up between them. With a view to an understanding, a meeting was held in the chapel of St. Tair, but this aggravated rather than diminished the differences between the parties, and, matters having come to a head, an arrangement was made to fight out the quarrel at an appointed place. Each chief was to appear with his relations, a party of not more than twelve horse, and the battle was to be fought to the death.

The place chosen was a remote part of Strathmore, but when the Crowner and his eleven champions reached the spot they found that the Keiths were double their number, having treacherously mounted two men on each horse. This action, however, merely enraged the Gunns, who hurled themselves into the combat with added fury and desperation. Both sides fought until they could fight no more, and when the battle was over the Crowner and seven of his clan lay dead, while the Keiths were barely able to carry their slain and wounded from the field. Of the Gunns the five who survived were all sons of the Chief, and all wounded. As night fell, they sat down by the bank of a stream, where Torquil, the one most slightly wounded, washed and dressed the injuries of the other four. As they talked over the disaster of the day, the youngest of them, Little Henry, burning to revenge the treachery and triumph of the Keiths, and to recover his father's sword, brooch and armor, induced two of his brothers—the only two still able to fight—to go with him in pursuit of the victorious enemy. They came up with the latter at the castle of Dalraid. By this time it was night, and through the narrow window Henry Gunn and his brothers looked in and saw the Keiths drinking ale and relating to their hosts, the Sutherlands, the incidents of the day's encounter. Little Henry watched his chance, and as the Chief of the Keiths raised the tankard to his lips, he bent his bow and sent an arrow through his heart, at the same time calling out, "Beannachd na Guinnich do 'n Chai"—the Gunn's compliment to Keith! The company inside dashed for the door, and as they came out several were killed by the Gunns, who were waiting for them. It was no equal match, however, and the Gunns presently retired under cover of the darkness, and, making for the spot where they had left their brothers, all five retreated in safety to their own country.

A hundred years later, the Chief of the Clan, Alastair Gunn, was again a man of much note and power in the north. He had married a daughter of the Earl of Sutherland, and felt himself entitled to hold his head high among the best in Scot-

(*Continued on Page 122*)

Scottish Builders of the Nation



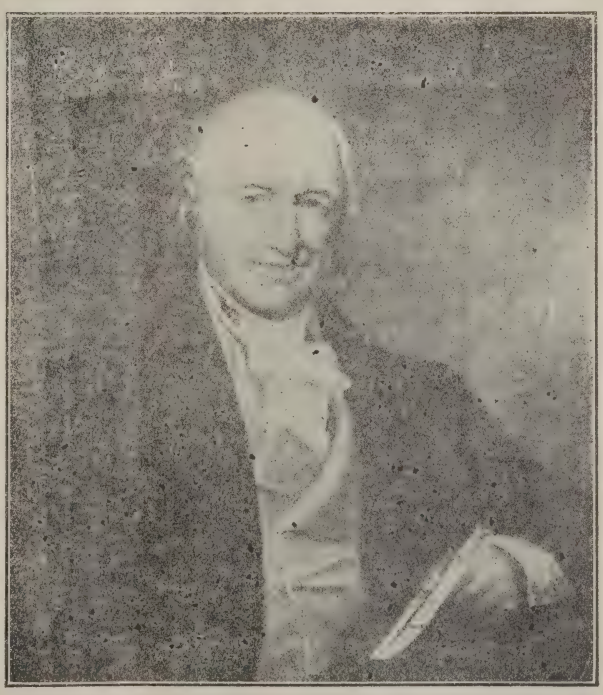
Further portraits of important men of Scottish blood who were leaders in the early days of the United States, whose sketches and portraits appeared in the first volume of *Scots and Scots' Descendants in America.*

GENERAL HUGH MERCER
(1720—1777)

Born in Aberdeen, Scotland; killed in the battle of Princeton. Surgeon in Prince Charlie's army, 1745. Escaped to Pennsylvania after Culloden. Brigadier General and friend and confident of George Washington.

ROBERT LENOX
(1759—1839)

Born in Kirkcudbright, Scotland, died in New York City. One of the greatest merchants of his day. His son, James Lenox, endowed the Lenox Library, New York, and made large contributions to the Presbyterian Hospital and other institutions. Robert's brother, Major David Lenox, (—-1828), was a noted Revolutionary patriot and a successful merchant in Philadelphia



Clan Gunn

(*Continued from page 120*)

land. This, alas! led to his undoing. One day, about the year 1562, marching, with his "tail" of followers behind him, along the High Street of Aberdeen, he happened to encounter no less a person than the Earl of Moray, also with his followers. Owing to the condition of the thoroughfares at that time, it was not less a point of honor than a matter of convenience to keep the crown of the causeway. This, the Earl, by reason of his rank, of course, considered himself entitled to, but the haughty Chief of the Gunns showed no disposition to yield the point. In the upshot the Earl made Gunn his prisoner, and had him executed "under pretence of justice."

Twenty-three years later, in 1585, the clan found itself involved against its neighbors on each side, the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness, heads of the most powerful houses then in the north. It looked as if the Gunns were to be the earthen pipkin crushed between the two iron pots, yet they seemed no whit dismayed and managed to hold their own in valiant fashion. The two earls planned to come upon the Gunns from both sides at once, and, "thereby so to compass them that no place of retreat might be left unto them." The Gunns took up their position in an advantageous spot on the side of Ben Grian. There their enemies, seeing them much fewer in number than themselves, made the fatal mistake of thinking lightly of them. Instead of waiting for the Sutherlands to come up and attack simultaneously, the Sinclairs rushed impulsively forward. The Gunns waited till their enemies, breathless with the steep ascent, were close upon them. Then they poured a flight of arrows into them at close quarters, and, rushing down the slope, cut down the commander of the Sinclairs, with 120 of his men. The rest they pursued till darkness fell. The Gunns were followed, however, by the Earl of Sutherland's men, who pursued them as far west as the shores of Lochbroom. There the Gunns were brought to an encounter, when they were defeated, their captain, George Gunn, being wounded and taken prisoner, and thirty-two of the clan being slain.

Later in the same reign, in 1616, John, Chief of the Gunns, suffered from the part he was compelled to play as an ally of the Earl of Caithness. The earl, being desirous of visiting his displeasure upon a certain William Innes, brought pressure upon the Chief of the Gunns to burn the corn stacks of Innes's tenants. This John Gunn long refused to do, offering instead to "do his best to slay William Innes." The earl, however, continued to insist; in the end the corn stacks were burned, thereby no doubt inflicting severe hardship upon the people of the district; and as a result the Chief of the Gunns was rigorously prosecuted and imprisoned in Edinburgh.

The early seat of the Chiefs of the Clan was the old castle of Hallburg, the name of which sufficiently indicates its Danish or Norwegian origin. In its time this stronghold was considered impregnable. In later days, the Chiefs of the Gunns had their seat at the castle of Kilearnan, till it was destroyed by fire in 1690.

Strangely enough, after the long warlike history of the clan, the chief means of its dispersion was the introduction of the peaceful sheep. In the twenty years between 1811 and 1831 sheep-raising as a new industry displaced the old breeding of black cattle in the Highlands of Scotland. To make way for it in this district, the notorious Sutherland clearances took place. In the former year the population of Kildonan parish, which measures some 250 square miles, numbered 1574. To make way for sheep-farming, most of that population was removed to the neighboring parish of Loth, and in the glens where hundreds of families of the name of Gunn had for centuries had their happy though humble and too often abjectly poor homes, nothing was to be heard but the bleat of the sheep, the call of the grouse and the crow of the blackcock. In 1851 the parish of Loth was united to that of Kildonan, and by this means the number of the population was more than restored. Meanwhile, however, many of the old clan of the Gunns had gone out to the world, never to return to the scenes of the doughty deeds of their ancestors.

Among the members of the clan who have attained name and fame may be enumerated Barnabas Gunn, musical composer, who died organist of Chelsea Hospital in 1753; John Gunn, author of a

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"A Straight Deal or an Ancient Grudge"

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR

(*For The Caledonian*)

The notable contribution in the April CALEDONIAN from Captain William Taylor of the "New York Scottish" dealing with the Irish question in America, which has aroused considerable and widespread interest, was warmly approved by the late Mr. MacDougall and was captioned by him, "A Most Timely Suggestion." As the event proved, however, the article was not only "timely," but prophetic; for, at the moment of its appearance there was actually in process of being printed a book of the exact character indicated. This book, *A Straight Deal or The Ancient Grudge*, is by Owen Wister, than whom it would be vain to seek for a truer type of American. Logically enough, we asked Captain Taylor to review this book, and we feel confident that his contribution will again arouse much interest.—EDITOR.

It is the commonplace of competent observers that the world is sick; seriously, critically sick. We can hardly escape the evidence of this fact. It is in the dailies, the weeklies, the monthlies; we hear it in after-dinner addresses and in public forums and pulpits from men who have returned from Europe; we observe hints of it in the moving pictures. The condition of millions of human beings is appalling. Starvation is exterminating masses and disease threatens all. The terrible picture drawn by Henry Davison in his recent address to the Methodists at Des Moines cannot be doubted, nor can it be disregarded—even if Congress turns a cold shoulder to the idea of loaning a half-billion to the nations most stricken.

Calamitously, as it must appear, there are a great number of American citizens who are carelessly and coldly indifferent to the lessons of the war; to the call of starving and demoralized humanity; and, worst, although unwittingly, to the fate of their own country. I am aware that this is a most serious indictment, but who may doubt it when he observes a candidate for the presidential nomination going about the country appealing to radical prejudices and passions and, apparently, gaining an impressive volume of public support?

The fact is that Europe's sickness is partially upon us. Mr. Frank Cobb, editor of the *New York World,* lately made the statement that not before in his experience had the American people shown such spiritual apathy or weariness as in the period dating from shortly after the signing of the Armistice to the present time.

The world is sick and America cannot avoid contagion nor escape the common fate, because, to use the illuminating word of Theodore Roosevelt, America is not "Chinafied," but bound up with the rest of civilization in inexorable unity.

Amid these conditions the greatest blessing that could befall mankind would be the working out of an enduring friendship between America and Great Britain—a League of Nations established firmly upon the broad basis of understanding. Treaties may become "scraps of paper," but unscrupulous governments and statesmen cannot "scrap" the sentiment of the two great branches of the English-speaking people. In such a union lies the safety and salvation of the world.

It is at this crisis, then, a crisis in the destiny of the nation and of the world; it is verily "in the nick of time" that there appears a book of such possibilities for good as to stir the imagination. I realize that most every-day citizens are not book readers, but I believe that were it possible to place a million copies of this book in as many American homes the result would be apparent almost instantly and that more would be effected by such a stroke than could be done by any other single agency, conceivable at the present moment, to bring about the great consummation that is prayed for by humanity.

A Straight Deal or The Ancient Grudge is the work of Owen Wister. And that Owen Wister is an American of Americans, a man whose ardent spirit for things American evoked the admiration and warm support of Theodore Roosevelt, is a circumstance of moment, as it clinches the authority and effectveness of the work.

This is a powerful book because of its presentation of facts that have been largely

ignored heretofore by American historians, facts that are little known by the people and that carry prodigious significance in their bearing to the popular understanding of history. It is an enlightening book, for its unanswerable argument is not decked out in fancy phrases, but expressed in vivid, terse, swift and easy English. It appeals to the spirit of fair play. It must have the effect of lifting the clouds of ignorance and of drying up prejudice at its source. It makes for a just understanding of Great Britain by America, and effectually confounds the sinister villains and stupid fools who are bent on embroiling the two great nations.

We may well believe that the task of Owen Wister was not altogether pleasant, for, in constancy to his purpose, he has had to bring to light facts concerning the veracity of American history as taught in the schools that cannot make agreeable reading to Americans who discover that their knowledge on the subject has been wanting—and means probably more than ninety-nine per cent. of the whole population.

As an example, there is a chapter dealing with England's attitude to America during the Civil War, which may well prove a shock to those who have "nourished the grudge" on the mistaken belief that her sympathies were with the South. As the letters of Henry Ward Beecher disclose, there was no cold neutrality in England during that struggle, but rather "that those English sympathizers somehow in their hearts knew what we were fighting for more clearly than we had been able to see it ourselves." Who were the English sympathizers? Queen Victoria, "who not only stopped the Government and aristocratic England from declaring war on us, but prevented the French Emperor, Napoleon III, from recognizing the Southern Confederacy." Cobden and Bright, who "befriended us now, just as Pitt and Burke had spoken for us in our revolution." And the people—the cotton-spinners in particular, "who were united and vociferous in the expression of their willingness to suffer all hardships consequent upon a want of cotton, if thereby the liberty of the victims of Southern despotism might be promoted." It is timely to recall here the heroic fortitude of the half-million working population of Lancashire and Cheshire in bearing the privations imposed upon it by the Civil War. "Their sublime resignation, their self-forgetfulness, their observation of law, their whole-souled love of the cause of human freedom, their quick and clear perception of the merits of the question between North and South extorted the admiration of all classes."

To those brought up in the faith that "England has been always our only legitimate enemy," and whose delight it has been to twist the lion's tail on July 4th and other occasions, a reading of this book, and especially of Chapters V, VI, and VII, will prove unsettling—something like depriving a politician of an "issue" upon which he had depended.

" 'What did England do in the war, anyhow?' They go on asking it," says Mr. Wister. "The propagandists, the prompted puppets, the paid parrots of the press, go on saying these eight senseless words because they are easy to say, since the man who can answer them is generally not there: to every man who is a responsible master of facts we have—well, how many?—irresponsible shouters in this country." The answer, however, is here for all to read—possibly the most comprehensive, just and truthful tribute to Great Britain for her effort in the war that has been given from an American source.

There is a short chapter—it is enough—devoted to the Irish question. It makes mincemeat of the *Sinn Fein* fraud and nails many of the lies in common circulation concerning the history of Ireland and "English oppression." A reading of this chapter, aptly captioned "An International Imposture,!" by the Senators and Congressmen who have been truckling to "the Irish vote" is something "devoutly to be wished."

It would be difficult to over-rate the possibilities of this book. It discusses the three foundations of America's "ancient grudge" against England, to wit—the school text-books, various controversies from the Revolution to the Alaska boundary dispute, and certain differences in customs and manners. It knocks away the props and shows that England on the whole has persisted in a steady policy of friendship to this nation based on her sense of our kinship through liberty defined and assured by law.

To assist in bringing about the distribution of this splendid volume on a large scale is a rare opportunity for service in the cause of "Peace on earth, good will to man."

Owen Wister was born in Philadelphia, July 4, 1860, the son of Owen Jones Wister and Sarah Butler, and was graduated from Harvard, with the degree of A. B. in 1882, and received the degrees of A. M. and LL.B. from the same university in 1888. As noted by Captain Taylor, he is truly a product of American life and education, and is the fourth generation of his family in direct descent that has made a name in literature. Among his forbears were members of the famous Kemble family of actors, to which belonged Mrs. Siddons and her gifted nieces, Adelaide Kemble (Mrs. Sartoris, singer, and author of *A Week in a French Country House*) and Fanny Kemble, actress and writer, who was Mr. Wister's grandmother.

Mr. Wister was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1889, but even while practising devoted a considerable time to writing. In 1892, he abandoned the law, and has since given himself wholly to literature. Some of his published books are *The Dragon of Wantley*, 1892; *Red Men and White*, 1895; *Lin McLean*, 1897; *Ulysses S. Grant* (A Biography), 1899; *The Jimmyjohn Boss*, 1900; *The Virginian*, 1902; *Journey in Search of Christmas*, 1904; *Lady Baltimore*, 1906; *The Simple Spelling Bee*, 1907; *Mother*, 1907; *The Seven Ages of Washington*, 1907; *The Members of the Family*, 1911; *The Pentecost of Calamity*, 1915.

Mr. Wister's western stories, notably *The Virginian*, may be said to have established the vogue of the "cowboy" story, and little or nothing that has been written since has approached them in humor and keen insight into a life that is now but a memory. Absolute truth to fact and detail has characterized all of Mr. Wister's work. Previous to writing his western stories, he made fifteen separate journeys to the cow country in ten years. His books are equally strong in the charm of perfect wholesomeness and good taste, keen appreciation and sympathy. He has never permitted himself to be forced into rapid production, and even his earliest books exhibit a remarkable ripeness and finish that have been the envy of many writers.

Among this year's honors from Edinburgh University is the degree of D. D. to Rev. Lachlan MacLean Watt.

Under the Agricultural Instruction Act, Canada has appropriated $1,100,000 for 1920, to be applied as follows: Agricultural colleges and schools, $291,701; instruction and demonstration, $597,713; women's work, $31,510; elementary agricultural education, $154,076; veterinary colleges, $25,000.

The Kirky Brae

(In Cromarty Dialect)

The Kirky Brae is green,
  The Kirky Brae is bonnie,
I'd fain ging up the Kirky Brae
  An' doon the Pae so ston'y.
I'd sclim the dyke o' yon kirkyaird,
  And loiter in't a whiley,
To con the ston's that may be'd bring
  A tearie o' a smiley.

I'd find the Gaelic Chapel bare,
  An' quate as quate an' mirky—
The Gaelic fowk, wha've langsyne found
  Deep hames aside their Kirky,
Were won't to skale—ilk dacent man,
  Ilk mutched, be-shawled owld body—
Doon by the Denny or the Pae,
  Or else the Stroppie roadie.

In this kirkyaird lie wise-like fowk,
  An' sic as followed folly,
Some michty fowk, the humbl'st fowk,
  The soor fowk and the jolly.
The just an' the unjust lie here,
  An' sleep gey weel thegither,
As you an' I in some place must
  At some time or anither.

Here gran' sires lie by their gran' sires—
  The dust o' generations!
Some still hae kin near by, an' some's
  Been scattered throw the nations.
The ston's ower some the bairnies read,
  An' none else come to see them—
Fowk clean forgotten by their ain—
  Their *ain*—ah! God forgi'e them.

Mair mindfu', some, amang the graves,
  Kneel doon and heids uncover,
Maybe to seek forgiveness, or
  To mourn a deid true lover;
Maybe to dream o' days langsyne,
  Wi' love that winna wither,
Where rests an honoured sire aside
  A weel-remembered mither.

Here mind I o' my mither's erms
  Warm roond me when a loonie,
As at her knees I kneeled to say
  Good Wordies in my goonie—
Her cheeks were then o' rowan-red,
  Her saft e'en grey and bonnie,
Her hair was raven-black until
  The ca' came for her Johnnie.

Her thochts were for her bairns; she prayed
  They'd growe to live uprichtly;
An' when they gaed oot to the frame,
  Her prayers were for them nichtly—
Ah! were we half so good an' true
  Oor mothers thocht we micht be,
This warld would be a better warld—
  Oor he'rts wad beat mair lichtly.

The Kirky Brae is green,
  The Kirky Brae is bonnie—
There's mony a brae, but you dear brae
  Is fairer far than ony;
Its childhood memories are like
  Its floories wi'oot number;
And on its crest oor loved ones rest
  In soft eternal slumber.

—Delta, in *Northern Chronicle*, Inverness.

Esk's Storied Vale

In few places the footprints of many distinguished men of the past lie more deeply imprinted than in the charming vale of the North Esk. It is a veritable sonnet amongst literary pilgrimages, a charming elysium of leaf and stream. True, the once sparkling river is now turbid at parts. Equally true, the angler may linger by its banks no more. Yet it still retains in its soft, gentle ripple the mellowed music of the long ago which stirred and pervaded the life of the litterateur. The bosky banks, the woods with their spreading trees, and the wild flowers which flush the hidden paths—these retain their traditionary pureness. And in this sweet environment of sylvan loveliness we may stand in the mossiest shade and view with tender sentiment the Pentlands in the distance through boughs that overhang the waters.

Pathos of Immemorial Song

In just such a glamour of greenness and sweet solitary byways, the voices of the past come stealing to the memory with musical grace. Here greets you that tender and lonely melancholy of dewy places which the poet meditated. For here the muse often led the poetic brotherhood to wander in pensive pleasure. That was a glorious time for the noble Esk, when those who have made illustrious the pages of literature walked in the silence of its shaded cloisters. And sauntering there through the sunlight and shadows of far-off, forgotten spring-times and summer days, they left a pathos of immemorial song which will keep green through the whisper of the ages the fame of this sweet valley of fair renown.

Distinguished Celebrities

Down the pathway of the years we may look back and trace those happy meanderings of literary resplendency. Following in the track of footsteps gone before, a myriad of memories come to us 'mid the silence of this storied landscape. The now unfrequented pathways are full of visions too the dreamer—silent apparitions which arrest the fancy and leave a pleasant halo behind. And every foot of the historic old vale seems humanized by the shades of the old masters. Even the voice of the water itself comes to the ear like a far-off cadence, a dreamy undertone of everlasting song. Its rhythmic music has lured many to its sheltered retreats of beauty and loveliness, amongst others the stately Drummond, that pale, sad recluse, who "left his life a tranquil poem among his ancestral woods." And hither came the peripatetic Ben Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, to lend enchantment to the scene.

Another traveler of note was Robert Burns during his Edinburgh days, who traveled from the Capital in company with Nasmyth, the portrait painter, and was so well entertained at Roslin Inn that he wrote the following complimentary verse to mine host:

"My blessings on ye, honest wife,
I ne'er was here before;
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife—
Heart could not wish for more.
Heav'n keep you clear o' sturt (trouble) and strife.
Till fair ayont fourscore,
And while I toddle on thro' life
I'll ne'er gae by your door."

Boswell and Others

The gossipy Boswell tells us in his *Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson,* that the celebrated Englishman and he drank tea here in 1773, while Campbell, who makes Roslin Glen the scene of one of his poems—

O Gilderoy! O Gilderoy!
How sore, how sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart—"

must often have wandered by Esk's delightful vale, as did each in his own time, many of the literati of Edinburgh to fix their pleasant homes, or sun themselves in the bosom of this haunt of a thousand charms. A fragrance of sentiment lingers in the shadows yet, and the valley of the river still rustles softly with the echoes of these early and gentle lines. Thus does the stately page of reminiscence float through this dreamfulest of waterways. But we must find our way to the quaint little township of Musselburgh, where immediately we are on interesting ground.

Footsteps of Macbeth Moir

A pretty bit of country enough and with memories all its own, Musselburgh offers an ideal centre for the literary pilgrim. Does not the statue of David Macbeth Moir, that genial son of the muse, stand near the fine old-world Roman bridge? You visit his birthplace at the far end of the quaint old main street, where, save for the whirr of a passing tramcar, scarce a sound breaks the silence. Before us lie the haunts of his boyhood, "the green fields wherein to ramble, the fresh green banks of the river, the old, fantastic beech trees," and that historic spot where stood "the relics of the deal-seat, where many a witching tale and wondrous tradition has there been told; many a marvel of figures that revisited the glimpses of the moon; many a recital of heroic and chivalrous enterprise, accomplished ere warriors dwindled down to the mere pigmy strength of mortals."

A Literary Manse

You pass through the ancient burgh, with its picturesque old character, where he delighted to wander, into the beauties of its outlying scenery, noting as you go, the building in High Street which figures in *Humphrey Clinker* as the house where Smollet was received by Commissioner Cardonnell, and the district of Fisherro, where Monk Lewis resided. Slowly the country ascends to the sunny slopes of Inveresk, beloved by the jovial "Jupiter," Carlyle, and Galt, the novelist. In the Doctor's time the manse was a great literary salon, for here it was that Carlyle gathered the leading literati of the period around him. And what a coterie of kindred spirits, to be sure! Hither came Robertson, Hume, Campbell, Logan, Mackenzie, Smollet, Stuart, Beattie and Hill. Nor was Home a stranger to this Bohemian circle, for it was under the hospitable roof of Dr. Carlyle that a considerable portion of his *Tragedy of Douglas* was written. It was also in the old manse, among the Doctor's books, that the long lost copy of Collins' *Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlanders* was found. Literary landmarks are all about this delightful neighborhood, and from its sunny heights we look out on a magnificent panorama—Craigmillar and Arthur's Seat, with tis grey metropolis in the shadowy distance; Inchkeith, the Bass Rock, and the haar-ridden waters of the Forth; the soft, graceful curves of the gentle Ochils dimly silhouetted against the sky-line; and there between its inland woods, the sweet-flowing Esk, where in the evening the cushat sings, and whose charms the gifted Moir has celebrated in rich and melodious verse—

"Not lovelier to the bard's enamoured gaze,
Winded Italian Mincio o'er its bed.
By whispering reeds o'erhung, when calmly led
To meditate what rural life displays;
Trees statelier do not canopy with gloom
The brooks of Valambrosa."

Hawthornden and Drummond

Nowhere, perhaps, is Moir's sweet image of the Esk more accurate than beneath the house of Hawthornden. 'Mid a far-flung region of cultivated loneliness, it is but a summer walk by the banks of the stream to this haunt for poets made. Here greets you a veritable Arcadia of sweetness. Scattered in rich profusion and swaying gently in the summer breeze are the hyacinths, blue and deep, and other flowery gems which that "sweet personality" of yester-years loved with a tender sentiment.

"A hyacinth I wished me in her hand."

sang Drummond from the shadows and solitary groves beside his sylvan home, for his sonnets and other exquisite lines are but pæans to the beauty and charm of this historic woodland. Here in the dream-like quiet, where he lived his peaceful life in company with his stately old trees, we meet this grand old "Scottish Patriarch" whose happy surroundings of enchantment were his true poems. Through its sweet depth of greenery winds the river by whose side he took his solitary rambles. And all around the landscape is peculiarly redolent of a literary past. The very atmosphere is charged with reminiscences. The glen seems full of whispered music, and resting on a grassy knoll it is good to let those delectable thoughts which come to us in the stillness of solitude weave visions round the "faithful loves and friendship" of him whose memory still lives within us.

A Visitor from London

We go down the pathway of the centuries—those long-vanished years with so many recollections—to the days when there came awandering to this haunt of

faery a visitor from London, who was destined to lend more lustre to Drummond's flower-loved home than all the poetry of the sweet sonneteer. Lingering in the storied old glen, the recollection of this famous pilgrimage comes surging to the memory, for the story of Ben Johnson's visit is an oft-told tale. With the Esk gleaming quietly, and dreaming out its old song to the trees, and the grey and venerable old mansion-house forming a charming background, a pleasant picture must the two poets have made on that historic day as they sat in the shade of the aged and celebrated sycamore and conversed in the long summer twilights on the wits and other kindred spirits of the age. Even now we can picture them sitting in this paradisical retreat, the ceaseless murmur of their voices stealing softly over the flower-decked meadows. As they sat there, they would beguile the passing hours with the music of their lyres, singing to each other those long memorial poems which fill the shadows and hollows still; or in the more intimate verse of joyous conviviality, the delicate and graceful lines of—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Leave but a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine."

"O rare Ben Johnson!" what a halo thou hast cast over this region of story and romance? Would we had always the summer sunshine in which to brood on your pristine visit, and weave happy visions of your sojourn by Hawthornden. Nowhere is the stream so lovely as here. Little wonder that Drummond found solace in the song of the Esk, that he found his "dear woods" an admirable retreat for his pensive premonitions! It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more perfect seclusion for the wanderings and musings of a recluse. Scarce a sound breaks the stillness while we tarry. And at no great distance lies the charming little hamlet of Lasswade, within whose silent God's acre sleeps the gentle essayist, with the sound of his beloved river near by.

Memories of Scott

Round Lasswade recollections cluster thick. A charming little hamlet it is with its red-tiled roofs and artistic setting. Here of a summer morning the spots are many where it is pleasant to linger, and it is not difficult, indeed, to realize that we are in a place saturated with literary memories. 'Mid the quiet woodland aisles which adorn the banks of its wimpling stream, and along the long, grey highway which stretches to the capital, have wandered many whose names are gilded reminiscences in the pages of literary story. Not the least interesting association is that of Scott. At Lasswade was one of the great romancer's favorite homes. Its delightful surroundings appealed to Scott; for here were

"Melville's beechy groves
And Roslin's rocky glen;
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden."

The woods, the glorious vistas far into the rich and fertile valleys, the sweet, gliding Esk (then unpolluted hereabouts), sweeping gracefully over the pebbly bed, could not fail to have their influence. Little wonder, therefore, that this dreamy and romantic region was first to inspire that craft of authorship which was destined in later days to astonish the world. A more beautiful situation for the home of a poet could not be conceived, and it was within the cosy sanctuary of his little cottage that he commenced his great literary career. Here were composed those early ballads which he loved so well; here he edited *The Border Minstrelsy,* and commenced the famous *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Verily that was an active time in the life of the bard, yet in spite of this he still found time to receive visitors. Among these were Mat Lewis, and Heber, the collector of rare books; James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and that distinguished Scottish student and litterateur, John Leyden. To Lasswade, too, came Wordsworth, with his sister Dorothy, during his tour in Scotland in 1803.

The Gentle DeQuincey

A more recent memory connects itself with the village. It is a pleasant recollection to the literary pilgrim, for it circles round one of the most gentle souls in the whole world of letters. Some seventy odd years ago, the wayfarer on the highway leading from Edinburgh to Lasswade might have encountered a quaint figure, shabbily and negligently dressed. It would first attract by its delicate features, wandering, restless eyes, and the peculiar smallness of its body, a curious picture, indeed.

This was the Bohemian DeQuincey, that prince of English essayists, whose roamings in the quietude of Lasswade and along the banks of the Esk have lent a lustre to the neighborhood. Down the long, grey road it is a pleasant tramp to his cottage, now styled "DeQuincey Villa." Nestling picturesquely in a deep sunk hollow near the river, it looks out upon a beautifully rural countryside, now the Mecca of a thousand pilgrimages, and has changed but little in the flight of years. It is all there to-day, the back garden in which he was wont to shuffle round and round, and the old-fashioned interior in which his family of daughters lived

> "in the most absolute harmony I have ever witnessed. Such a sound as that of dissention in any shade or degree I have not once heard issuing from their lips. And it gladdens me beyond measure that all day long I hear from their little drawing-room intermitting rounds of gaiety and laughter, the most nataural and spontaneous. . . ."

One can readily picture the scene of DeQuincey's home life, especially when the newspaper was brought in, and he would read aloud, oft-times illuminating the subject with a "wealth of old stories, of past and present experiences, of humor, of suggestion, even of prophecy." His low, melodious voice, "the finest silver-toned," as Carlyle called it, must have had a wonderful and witching charm and sounded fascinatingly gentle in the peaceful calm of the little drawing-room as it gave forth its sweet and subtle ripple of entertaining anecdote. And with this pleasant fancy tingling in our minds, we take leave of our wanderings by Esk's legend-haunted banks. —*K. in Inverness Courier.*

The Lords' Great Salvation Worthy of Being Seen and Sought

BY REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D. D.

(For The Caledonian)

Wondrous have been the sights witnessed by Mother Earth since her birth. Was not that a wonderful one, when she beheld her foundations, never laid by mortal hands, sapped—when her Great Architect had burst her internal reservoirs and left her in a state of widowhood weeping for her children, all swept away by the desolating flood save the eight heaven-favored persons in the Ark? And what an amazing sight was that when her Lord condescended to visit her in majesty, in the midst of lightning flash and thunder peal in His Glory on the mount. And shall we not admit that the sight referred to in the above passage—called the "Salvation of the Lord"—was a marvelous one? When she saw the waters of the Red Sea, contrary to Nature's laws, stand upright, and the winds of heaven obey the mandate of their King—and thus Nature and Providence are brought into a state of a subserviency by God in working out this Salvation on behalf of His people. And yet never did earth gaze on a sight equal in wonder and significance to that one, of which this under consideration was but a type, when she beheld not the elements of Nature employed in accomplishing a greater Salvation on behalf of the human race, but Him who was God's own dear Son expiring on the Cross and exclaiming with agonizing groan, "It is finished."

The occasion on which Moses spoke these words, "Stand still and see the Salvation of the Lord," was, when in obedience to God's command he led the Israelites into a most perilous condition—one from which, humanly speaking, there was no mode of escape—now that the Red Sea stretched before them, and the Egyptian host behind, and the steep craggy rocks of Pihahiroth shut them in on the right, and the strong towering fortress of Migdel and Baalzephon bound them on the left. And yet how strong was the faith of Moses! He says, "Fear not, stand still." It is impossible for you to save yourselves either by trying to fight or flee; but wait patiently God's time, for since He has seen fit to bring you into such difficulties, He will deliver you therefrom. Only stand still, and He will show you His Salvation.

Are we not sometimes in circumstances where human power and wisdom prove utterly ineffectual in bringing to us deliverance? What a comfort divine to know there are the power omnipotent, and wisdom unerring, and love ever availing on the part of our compassionate Redeemer to bring to us Salvation?

The Scriptures speak of a spiritual and present, a common and eternal Salvation, which contains these three primary blessings—each beginning with the letter P—namely, Propitiation, Pardon, Purification; in other words, Redemption, Remission of Sin, and Regeneration. This shows us what is the nature of Gospel Salvation. This is the glorious

object He would have every sinner to see and possess—one provided for all, one needed by all, one freely offered to all—How simple are God's demands upon the sinner? It is not riches nor honor nor learning He requires, since these are things some could not give—but all can look and see: "look unto Me all ye ends of the earth, and be saved." It is the simple act of trust in Jesus and His redemptive work, a receiving of Him by faith, and resting on Him for eternal life.

There is one special reason why we ought to obey this command: "Stand still," in relation to our Salvation. Because God Himself has undertaken to work for us. Whatever man can do, he is bound to do; but he is not expected to attempt any hopeless task when God does not command him. For example, the lame man is not required to walk until the Divine Voice prescribes the duty and gives the power. It is not easy to say when the natural ends and the supernatural begins; but we know the natural is limited, whereas the supernatural is unlimited. Of this we have many illustrations in Scripture. Joshua could send up a prayer, which soars above the usual spheres of faith, but God causes sun and moon to stand still in their courses. See that mournful procession wending its way with all that is mortal of the widow's son of Nain to its lasting place; but towards it comes Jesus, that mighty One, with love in every look, omnipotence in every touch, and sympathy in every word, who bids the sorrowing mother "weep no more." Instinctively they that bore the dead "stood still." What else could they do? Since they could not help Jesus in this work: all they could do was to stand still and wonder.

What then is this great sight? God's Salvation. From *Isaiah* 12:3, we learn that it is God Himself: "Behold God is my Salvation." If we have seen and known Him eternally, happy are we; and our duty is to praise the Lord, and declare it to others who are ignorant of it. It will make the rich and the poor equally happy; and elevate the lofty intellect of man to higher views of Him, who is their Salvation.
Hamilton, Bermuda.

Henry Watterson's Tribute to Religion

Colonel Henry Watterson, in his "*Marse Henry*" (his autobiography, recently published by George H. Doran Company, New York), pays one of the most striking tributes to the Christian religion from notable men of the present day.

"I retained the spiritual essentials I learned then and there (referring to his childhood)," he writes. "I never had the young man's period of disbelief. There has never been a time when, if the Angel of Death had appeared upon the scene I would not have knelt with adoration and welcome * * * Though I have read a great deal of modern inquiry I have found nothing to shake my childlike faith in the simple rescript of Christ and Him crucified * * * Never in the history of the world was Jesus of Nazareth so interesting and predominant * * * Can you discover another in word and deed, in luminous far-reaching power of speech an example to walk by the side of this the Anointed One of your race and of my belief? * * * I would not inveigh against either the church or its ministry; I would not stigmatize temporal preaching; I would have ministers of religion as free to discuss the things of this world as the statesmen and the journalists; but with this difference: that the objective point with them shall be the regeneration of man through the grace of God and not the winning of office or the exploitation of parties and newspapers * * * The pulpit remains the moral hope of the universe and the spiritual light of mankind. It must be nonpartisan. It must be nonprofessional. It must be manly and independent. But it also must be world-wise —not artificial—sympathetic, broad-minded and many-sided, equally ready to smite wrong in high places and to kneel by the bedside of the lowly and the poor. I have so found most of the clergymen I have known, the exceptions too few to remember."

Amang Yer Verra Ain

BY HUGH W. BARNES

(For The Caledonian)

While life's coil is unwindin'
Ye'll fin' naetie mair bindin'
Than love o' hame, wha's steady flame
Burns in yer bluid an bane.
Tho' leevin' in a mansion,
The hert fin's mair expansion,
Let's itsel' loose in some wee hoose.
At hame amang yer' ain.

Mem'ry brings it tae yer e'en.
Tho' an ocean rows between,
The thrill that gangs wi' auld Scotch sangs.
Ye feel altho' alane;
Nae e'e but yours discernin!
The scenes that brings the yearnin',
Tae breathe ance mair the caller air
Amang yer' verra ain.

When fate that sicht denies me,
Ther's anither satisfies me.
Tae join the throng whaur speech an' song
In Doric accents reign.
The pawky phrases freely split,
The piper's blast an' swingin' kilt.
Sets hert an' hair a stirrin' there
Amang my verra ain.

A Robin ye' can single,
That may wi sparrows mingle,
An' whyles a Scot yer' apt tae note,
Wi' foreigners may train,
But when it comes tae mating.
Hae' love reciprocating;
It turns oot best tae mak yer' nest
Amang yer' verra ain.

Atoning for the sameness,
Ther's harmony an' hameness.
In herts attuned tae every soond
That's heard at the hearthstane.
But let in a discordant note.
Life loses half the music o't,
Baith birds an' men sing better when
Amang their verra ain.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Boston Letter

At the regular monthly meetings of the various Scots societies, as well as other British societies, the entertainment feature has become quite an attraction, resulting in larger attendance and greater interest in the objects for which these societies were organized. The dull routine of business, which too often consists of unnecessary lengthened talk, not germane to the question, is now quickly dispatched, and the balance of the evening taken up by an address by some prominent speaker on current affairs, or by vocal and instrumental selections by people of talent. A step forward in the proper direction this, and much appreciated.

CALEDONIAN CLUB

The Boston Caledonian Club held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, May 4, at Deacon Hall, Washington street. The membership drive continues to show gratifying results. Four members received their life certificates, John F. Grant, Thomas Donald, John Caskie and W. H. Burns. After the business meeting, Colonel Alfred F. Foote, of the Eighth Massachusetts, now Commissioner of Public Safety of the State, gave a talk on "Sunlight and Shadows of the Twenty-sixth Division." This was preceded by a few songs and community singing. Colonel Foote had a distinguished record in France and proved an eloquent and interesting talker. His talk was greatly enjoyed by a large turnout of the members. *The Caledonian News*, devoted to the interests of the Caledonian Club of Boston, and which is mailed to each member prior to the regular monthly meeting, has become quite popular and helps in no small measure, to keep alive the interests of the club.

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION

The Highland Dress Association held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, May 11th, at W. Parkman Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Six members were initiated into the society. The post-lenten dance given on April 30th, at Parker Memorial Hall, was largely attended, and netted a tidy sum, which will be apportioned between the association, the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the Pipe and Drum Band. On July 17th, an outing will be held at Lexington, Mass., at which competitions will take place for piping, dancing and Highland Dress, for juveniles and adults. The association voted to attend the memorial services at Concord, Mass., under the auspices of the British Military and Naval Veterans' Association, on Sunday, May 23. At the close of business the Ladies' Auxiliary joined the members of the association and listened to addresses by President A. S. Starratt and Dr. Nichols of the American British Federation, on closer relationship, and co-operation of the various British societies, and the need for a home worthy of the race. Both gentlemen were listened to with great interest and received hearty applause.

BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY VETERANS

The British Naval and Military Veterans' Association held its annual ball on Friday, May 7th, at Parker Memorial Hall. The decorations were very chaste, and delightfully pleasing to the large gathering that assembled as the guests of this worthy and highly respected association. Preceding the dance, the posting of the colors was executed by 150 veterans led by the Fife and Bugle Band, Colonel Bentley and his staff taking the salute. Afterwards, Pipers George B. Smith and Donald Morrison played selections on the pipes to the enjoyment of the company. The grand march was led by Colonel and Mrs. Bentley. The picture presented by the various uniforms and the ladies in their beautiful gowns, was supremely attractive. The various clan tartans,—and they were well represented—the colonial dress of the Lexington Minute Men, the various uniforms of the association members, all combined to form a color scheme of wonderful attractiveness. Quartermaster Captain George A. Mitchell was master of ceremonies, and to him great credit is due for a most enjoyable evening.

AMERICAN BRITISH FEDERATION

American British Federation held its regular monthly meeting in Bates Hall, Y. M. C. A., Huntington avenue, on Thursday, May 20th. The chief speaker of the evening was Mr. Feri Felix Weiss, special agent of the Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice during the war—the man who arrested Dr. Muck, the man who pursued German spies on the Dean murder case,—the man who trailed the Hindu revolu-

tionists; the man who faced death at the hands of Italian and Spanish anarchists; the man who raided the I. W. W. who mingled with Russian Bolsheviks, and was shot at in the May Day riots. Worth hearing! Certainly, a man who had gone through so much was worth hearing, and he can talk, and talk most interestingly, as was evidenced by the close attention paid by a large gathering of members. He talked on emigration, but did not wholly confine his remarks to that subject. He revealed some things that startled and astonished his hearers.

Dr. Veitch spoke on "The Other Side of the Story," which was a recital of the impressions made on him during his visit to Britain. Selections on the pipes were given by three pipers of the Highland Dress Association Pipe and Drum Band, songs by Master Charles Preble, and impersonations of Harry Lauder by Miss Ladie Campbell.

W Lawson Reid.
71 Simpson Avenue, Representative.
W. Somerville, Mass.

Holyoke, Mass.

More than one hundred Smith College alumnae gathered at Hotel Nonotuck, Holyoke, May 29, for their annual luncheon. Mrs. Edith Scott Magna presided and the luncheon was attended by President and Mrs. William A. Neilson and President-Emeritus L. Clark Seelye and several members of the Smith faculty. The speaking was largely confined to the fund. Professor Gardiner and Professor Kimball each gave a splendid talk and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Morrow, president of the alumnae association, gave an urgent talk on the fund. The reading of two telegrams from Colonel Walter Scott, of New York city, was an important feature of the program. The first telegram follows: "The nation should honor itself by subscribing to Smith College, for business reasons in addition to many others, because the education of women is our bulwark for to-morrow, resulting as it does in the broader education of our men, who must awaken from the state of 'don't care.' Those men and women must be taught to think first and then act. The education of both means better partners and thus better men and women for to-morrow, citizens who will carry on the fine democracy taught by Smith the college that gives to rich and poor a rare opporunity independent of the higher cost of living. So I say again subscribe until you feel it for it is only by sacrifice that we reap the harvest."

This telegram was followed by another from Colonel Scott, in which he stated that in addition to his previous subscription he would give $20 for every $100 subscribed at yesterday's luncheon up to $25,000.

After the report of Mrs. Hinkley, chairman of the local committee in charge of the drive, the chairmen of the different districts made pledges amounting to $28,292, which more than assured the club of Colonel Scott's generous offer. In every way the luncheon was a complete success.

A Day With Nature

BY ROYAL TANIST WALTER SCOTT

"Close to nature," is the key to relaxation for the city man of affairs. He thinks of it during all the busy days and nights in the great city that asks so much of its citizens. Often in the office, the home, or on the street as he passes the solid brick buildings, sees the thousands of automobiles, and views the ceaseless rush of humanity, he is carried in fancy far away to the country—to the log cabin or tent in the woods, or to the side of a flowing stream, or yet to the edge of a quiet lake. He beholds the beginning of sring in faint tint of green and young buds. He hears the sweet song of the bird, and the music of the water as it rushes over the rocks. Again he is in the canoe and hears with keen delight the click of the reel. He looks upon the salmon, the bass, the pickerel, and the trout, that live again also in their spring after a winter under the ice. He sits before the campfire and sees the old coffee pot, and the broiler. He smells the perfume of the coffee and biscuits, the johnny-cake, the crisp bacon and the well-broiled trout; and as he follows the movements of the guide he wonders if there is any new use that his knife, with its many tools in one, could possibly be put to. He has visions of the squirrel, the moose bird, and the crow, waiting and watching for the feast to end so that they may have the crumbs that are left.

Then night falls. Peace and quite enfold him. He smokes his pipe and listens to tales of other seasons, or to the story of the one big fish *almost* netted that day, which the guide believes was the best one. At last a drowsiness steals over him, and he seeks the bunk with its warm blankets. Soon he drifts into dreamland, to the accompaniment of the gentle patter of raindrops on the roof, or the whispering of the night wind among the trees.

And so he comes to the end of a perfect day with nature.

Overseas Club

The Overseas Club gave a dinner in celebration of the 101st Anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria at the Hotel Commodore, New York, May 24th.

Gloster Armstrong, British Consul-General, was toastmaster, and gave the cue to the representatives of the other Allies who spoke, when he asserted that Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and the United States had cemented their bonds of friendship during the struggle against a common enemy. Responses to toasts were made by Robert Wilberforce, on behalf of Great Britain; Colonel John A. Cooper, Dominion of Canada; Gaston Liebert, French Consul-General, France; Dr. M. F. Johnson, United States; Consul-General Romola Tritoni, Italy, and Lieutenant-Colonel V. M. Fitz Hugh, British Army and Navy. The dinner was largely attended and the addresses reflected a high note of patriotism and inter-national good-will.

New York Caledonian Club

The regular quarterly meeting of the club was held Tuesday evening, May 4th, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. James Houghton, James S. Walker, Joseph Carson, John Crawford and William Waldron were elected to membership and five propositions were received.

The prizes for the annual point curling match held last February, were presented to the fortunate winners. Owing to pressure of business, Thomas McNab, Jr., was obliged to tender his resignation as Fourth Chieftain. The club accepted same with an expression of regret. John H. Whiteford, who had been a valued member of the Property Committee for some years, was elected to fill the vacancy. Chieftain Whiteford is a native of Paisley and is certain that there is no better place north of the Tweed or east of Sandy Hook. Consideration of proposed amendments to the by-laws kept the club in session until half past eleven. A proposed increase in dues for members of less than thirty years' standing and another proposal to make members over that free from payment of dues were voted down, the old members in particular voting almost solidly against both. Chief Donaldson announced that Clansman Daniel MacLean who was elected a member at the May meeting in 1890, attained veteran membership that evening and congratulated him in the name of all present.

A special meeting of the club was held Tuesday evening, April 27, to receive and act on an offer for the clubhouse and lot at 846 Seventh avenue. After a great deal of discussion a motion made by Ex-Chief James C. McEachen that the trustees be empowered to dispose of the property subject to certain restrictions was carried by a vote of 65 for to 29 against—seven votes more than the necessary two-thirds. Honorary Clansman Walter Scott always interested in the club's work, attended the meeting to get first hand knowledge of how the question would be handled. By special invitation he took the floor and in a masterly address, gave the members the benefit of his knowledge of money matters acquired by many years of close work in business life, and made it clear to many present how they should vote on the subject under discussion.

A WEE SCOTCH NICHT IN THE OLD NINTH WARD

On Saturday evening, April 24th, a delegation of New York Caledonians headed by Chief James R. Donaldson went down to West Fourteenth street to visit their old friends and Ninth Ward neighbors of the Tough Club and to assist in a "Scotch Night" arranged in honor of President William Lawrence, a native of Glasgow, but long a resident of Greenwich Village. A finnan haddie supper preceded the entertainment and the Caledonians—every one a specialist on that particular member of the finny tribe—pronounced the Tough Club dish the best ever. After the tables were cleared, President Lawrence sang Scottish songs as they were intended to be by their authors. Bob Reilly, as one of the trio rendering, "The Lackawanna Spooners," would have made a dyspeptic laugh until his sides ached. Bill Hay, also of the downtown organization, sang other oldtime songs, being more or less assisted by rather too willing clubmates. ExChieftain Gillies with a couple of recitations, added much to the pleasure of the evening. An expected piper and dancer failed to appear, but Ex-Chieftain Tasker guaranteed that no such slip up would occur at the Tough's next Scotch Night. Other members of the Caledonian delegation were Ex-Chiefs Foulis and Caldwell, Ex-Chieftain Gilbert A. Burns, Clansman Francis Dykes and Captain James Tasker of the S. S. *Grace Dollar*.

THE LADIES MEET

The monthly meeting of the ladies of the New York Caledonians held in the club parlors on Monday evening, May 10, brought out a large number of the members, each one taking an active interest in the proceedings. A report on the recent entertainment showed the largest financial return of any gathering held by the ladies for the sole benefit of their treasury. The greatest interest was shown when a letter from San Francisco ladies was read, announcing their formation of a society in connection with the Caledonian Club of that city and by a unanimous vote the president, Mrs. John Stark, was instructed to convey the best wishes of the New York ladies for the success of the new organization, which beyond a doubt will help to liven up matters on the Pacific Coast. On Saturday, the 15th, the annual May party, under the auspices of the ladies, was held in Central Park. Threatening weather made the attendance less than in former years, but the party was by no means a small one. Shortly after 11:30 o'clock, the little queen, Miss Jessie McNab, daughter of Ex-Chieftain and Mrs. Thomas McNab, Jr., looking extremely pretty in her royal robes, was escorted to her place beneath the canopy by the king, Master James R. Donaldson, Jr., and the march to the park taken up with Piper James Elder, Jr., leading. There was very little ceremony after the scene of the day's outing was reached, and the children put in a day thoroughly enjoyed. Refreshments of a kind popular with bairns—and many of the auld folk as well—were served in liberal quantities. Shortly after five o'clock, the return march to the club was taken up, where escorted by Chief Donaldson and many of the club members who had travelled to the park to enjoy the outing themselves—they arrived in good shape and disbanded sorry the day was over, but already looking forward to the next one.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Newark, N. J.

The New York Caledonian Club and Clan Forbes, No. 52, O. S. C., will hold their annual games at Olympic Park, Newark, July 5th. Visiting delegations from other cities will attend and a large crowd and the usual good time is expected.

Detroit Letter

St. Andrews Society of Detroit is booming. The Black and the White are competing, and a supper will be given to the winners by the losers in June. So far the Blacks are ahead. "New members" are what they are after and what they are getting. Every second Monday in each month they have a smoker or concert, and President Fowler and his trusty henchman, Dan McLeod, are ever there with something new.

Our veteran singer, R. S. Rankin, who has just completed his 80th birthday, along with Chief Henry of St. Andrews Highlanders, left for a visit to auld Scotland, May 15th. Mr. Rankin is a native of Paisley, where he will sing anither sang. He has been singing in the States and Canada for over half a century Chief Henry goes to Galloway, the first visit hame in thirty years to see his auld mither.

The Burns Club has almost decided on a site for the statue. One of our foremost architects has designed the pedestal, Mr. Grylls, of Smith, Hinchman & Grylls, and it is certainly a work of art.

J. Cameron McLean, one of Scotia's leading baritones, certainly the best we have heard in Detroit for some time, has now made Detroit his home town and sings in one of the largest Presbyterian Churches in the Middle West, besides teaching voice culture.

We have been giving too much credit to the men of the Burns Club for raising funds for our beloved Bard's statue. The credit and praise ought to go to the ladies of the Jean Armour Club, for what with rummage sales, tea parties and dinner clashes, they kept the steam ever up and are doing so yet.

Now for the summer games. Committees of Clan Campbell, St. Andrews and others are getting ready to break all records. Bruce Cameron is rallying his Highland dancers and has sent a challenge to competitors in Canada and over the States to send their best to Detroit, for the prizes will be the highest ever given.

JAMES B. BROOMFIELD.
1794 Vinewood Avenue.
Detroit, Michigan.

Colonel Walter Scott has returned safely from his spring fishing trip in the Maine Woods, blessed with the added measure of good health and spirits that these well-merited spring and fall outings bring. So far he has been discreetly silent as to the number and size of fish caught. Personally, we are much interested to get his report upon the effect of this extremely "dry" season upon the ancient and delightful sport of angling. Our experience has been that even the fish seem to resent the lack of an essential and subtle quality, either in the bait used or the manner in which they are approached. However, Maine fish can scarcely be said to be unprejudiced, as they have had a long period of preparation, "acclimatization" as it were, and may not have been so greatly affected by the sudden drought as have been the trout in New Jersey, New York and other States.

Philadelphia Letter

Many have been the social gatherings and dances 'mongst the scottish organizations of the douce Quaker "Burg" Philadelphia during the past month. The Caledonian Club not only maintains its popularity, but bids fair to enlist more attention now than for many years; admission of new members is no more a rarity, but a regular thing looked for at every stated meeting of the club. The 60th anniversary took place on April 22, and many sisters of the Ladies' Auxiliary were present, their presence adding to the animated character of the gathering. Chief Fisher in his opening remarks, thanking and eulogizing the fair sex for the great assistance rendered by the ladies at all the varied functions of the club. Songs, interspersed with speeches by some of the veteran clansmen were rendered and refreshments served. Ex-Chief A. R. Gunn in the sixtieth year of his membership, spoke of the happy times and the many friendships he had formed these many years by attending the meetings and concluded by reading an original poem, which declared his fervied love for dear old Scotia and her associations.

To an appeal from the Lord Provist of Glasgow for overseas co-operation in raising £100,000 for the purpose of establishing means to train disabled sailors and soldiers in trades and handywork whereby these poor unfortunates might earn a decent livelihood, the different societies responded commendably, notably the Caledonian Club and Scots Thistle Society; the latter not only appropriated from its funds, but the members emulated the citizens of Glasgow with the popular shilling subscription, opened a list with numerous "Quarters," whilst some donated up to two dollars.

The Lady Camerons gave a pantomime performance on 23rd ult at Clayton's Academy, the title being "Snow-white," and was enacted by children in a manner which reflected great credit on the manager and trainer, Mr. Lindsay. The solos, chorus and dances were most entertaining, one little fellow, Master MacLeod, danced a Sailor's Hornpipe superior to anything seen in that line of dancing for a long time. At the conclusion of the pantomime, dancing occupied the floor until the the wee sma' 'oors.

Same evening, the MacGregor Clan of Frankford, with the Lady MacGregors, held their first combined concert and ball in Textile Hall, Kensington, which was a great success. The attendance surpassed all expectations. Chief O'Neil and Chief Daughter Mrs. White deserve great credit inaugurating something new to Philadelphia, viz: starting the concert promptly at 8:15 p. m., and dancing beginning with the stroke of ten on the clock. The soloists, representing the pick of local talent, were greatly appreciated by the large audience that demonstrated their joy and approval by insistant recalls. Mrs. M. Kennedy, Miss Agnes Hannah, James Kennedy and John Richmond with Mrs. J. Z. Copes as accompanist, were extremely gen-

erous in responding to the applause from the audience and clansmen. Robert Faichney delighted everybody with his drolleries and Scottish comic songs with the ever present lassie as a theme. Miss Marella Miller, who made her first appearance in this country, was one of the best juvenile Highland dancers seen in this city for a long time. The popular Donald MacLennan was piper for the wee lassie. The MacGregors seem to be on the pinnacle of success this year, having recently been notified that they are the winners of the three flags offered by Royal Tanist Walter Scott for the Clan O. S. C. having the largest per centage of new members for the six months ending March 31, 1920, a very enviable honor and highly creditable to this comparatively obscure clan.

Mrs. Hugh Munro, president of the Caledonian Club Ladies' Auxiliary, is accompanying her husband on a visit to the Pacific Coast. Post cards from Los Angles received by some of the ladies indicate that they are having a most enjoyable jaunt in the glorious climate of California. G. C. D. Sister Jane D. Wildman and G. Secretary Sister Clara Roy are here on a fraternal visit to the Daughters of Scotia established in this city. On 12th ult., the Lady MacGregors received the initial visit and an extremely cordial reception they received. A most interesting evening was spent swapping speeches and holding forth the good work of the order. Miss Annie Leslie, the Grand Treasurer, was also present and will also be Grand Guide and hostess to the visitors during their stay, which will cover a week, as the Lady Campbells, Lady Gordons and the Lady Camerons are in the itinerary.

On Friday, the 15th inst., the Ladies' Auxilliary Caledonian Club held their annual concert and May Hop, Girard Assembly Hall being the mecca of the Scottish folks, old and young. The concert always being brief, but enjoyable withal, specially provided for the older folks ere the younger element gets started with the light fantastic toe, to the unresisting music of a Scottish orchestra. Miss Margaret Carmichael played a Scotch solo on the piano for a starter, and in the absence of Mrs. Munro, the president, Miss Anna Carmichael, vice president, welcomed the patrons to a night of Scottish delight. Mr. Joseph Barrock, baritone; Miss Mackinsey and Miss Irene Sherlock, duettists; Mr. John Richmond, tenor and Miss Ingham, soprano, delighted the audience with a straight streak of exceedingly fine vocal selections, and Miss Helen Young and Master William Gilmore, two clever juvenile dancers upheld the deft and unique character of Highland dancing. Piper Willie Bird, played the national instrument in his usual efficient manner. The concert terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," by the audience, led by the talent. When the floor was cleared, a very pretty grand march, arranged and conducted by Ex-Chief Alexander Tulloch, took place. Ex-Chief George Murdoch, Ex-Chief Plenderleith and Clansman Robert MacG. Muir, officiated as assistant floor managers and deserve great credit for their uniform courtesy, and efforts to please everybody, meanwhile maintaining strict decorum. The Caledonian ladies have every reason to feel proud of the success attending these annual gatherings.

The winter events are now about over for the season. Spring, though ever so reluctant to assert herself, is assuredly here to pave the way for coming summer. When picnics and Caledonian games and field sports will be next in order to attract the attention of the irrespressible Scot. ST. MUNGO.

Canadian Society of New York

The Canadian Society of New York held its regular monthly dinner May 5th, at the Hotel Biltmore, New York, and was well attended.

Owing to the absence of President F. W. Shibley, J. Spencer Smith, first vice president, presided.

Sir Edmund Walker, C. V. O., L. L. D., D. C. L., was the principal speaker of the evening. Sir Edmund is well known in his connection with banking interests, and his speech dwelt upon the Far East, which he had recently been visiting in the interests of bank facilities generally.

Toyokiche Iyenaga, Ph. D., the noted Japanese educator from Chicago University, in a most interesting speech, explained the Japanese objects and position in Siberia. He showed Japan had been left alone to cope with the terrible Bolshevik danger, and that they proposed to stay there until this threatening danger had been suppressed.

Venerable Archdeacon H. J. Cody, D.D., LL.D., of Toronto, brought a message of the new Canadian arisen from the war.

New Haven, Conn.

At a regular meeting of Clan MacLeod, No. 31, Colonel Walter Scott was accorded a unanimous and standing vote of thanks for his generosity in endowing a bed for the use of the order and the D. O. S. at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

"I can assure you," writes the secretary, James Mustarde, to Colonel Scott, "that the members of Clan McLeod appreciate not only this gift, but also the numerous others that you have given from time to time, as well as the great interest you have always taken in the success of the Order of Scottish Clans"

Stevenson Society

We are in receipt of a most interesting report for the year 1919 of the Stevenson Society, Saranac Lake, New York. The history and purpose of this worthy organization, which should appeal to every Scot and every lover of the writings and memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, were outlined at length in the March CALEDONIAN. Those interested should communicate with the secretary, Mr. Livingston Chapman, Stevenson Society, Saranac Lake, N. Y., or THE CALEDONIAN will be pleased to supply information on request.

British Schools and Universities

Empire Day was celebrated by a large, genial and enthusiastic gathering at a dinner of the British Schools and Universities Club in the Brevoort Hotel. Rev. John Williams, president of the club, was in the chair. No perfunctory form, but rather unusual outbursts of approval greeted the toasts: "The President," "The King," and "The Prince." The chairman's brief speech on the significance of Empire Day, was a real gem of sentiment and eloquence and was greeted with rounds of applause. Major Montgomery Schuyler, who was attached to the American Embassy at Petrograd during four administrations, spoke about conditions in Russia. Replete with facts and information gained at first hand the Major's address created a profound impression, while his vain of caustic wit frequently occasioned much laughter. The other speaker was Mr. P. C. Wilson, correspondent of the London Daily Mail, whose subject was "Ireland." This address also was of the most illuminating character and disclosed a mind alive with sympathy and understanding founded upon a far-reaching knowledge of every phase of the Irish question. Mr. Wilson scored a hit when he declared that the real harm De Valera was doing in America was not to the English people or government, but rather to the Irish, whom he was misrepresenting and slandering.

The musical part of the affair was as usual, of an uncommonly high order, the talented singers being encored repeatedly. It was announced that at an early date the club would occupy the rooms which it recently leased in the Waldorf-Astoria.

Scranton, Pa.

At a meeting of the joint committees of the Scranton and Pittston (Pa.) Caledonian Clubs, held in Scranton, Pa., Monday evening, May 17, 1920, it was decided to hold the annual Caledonian games at Valleyview Park, Inkerman, Pa., on Saturday, July 3rd, under the direction of Scranton, Pa., and Pittston, Pa., Caledonian Clubs. An interesting program is being arranged and a most enjoyable outing is assured to those in attendance. Further particulars may be had upon application to Ex-Chief A. E. S. Montgomery, Scranton Caledonian Club, secretary of Games Committees.

Flora Macdonald College

Flora Macdonald College has recently received from Mr. John Gribbel, Philadelphia, a fac-simile copy of the *Glenriddel Manuscripts of Robert Burns*—the only copy of this valuable historical and literary treasure to reach North Carolina. The work comprises two volumes, each bound in calf, with the Glenriddel arms appearing and an impression of the Buego engraving of Burns. The volume of letters is entirly in Burns' autograph—the poems are partly in his and partly in that of an amaneunsis. Years ago the manuscripts disappeared from Scotland and were finally located in 1913 by Mr. Gribbel in the city of Philadelphia and purchased by him at a price said to be in excess of $100,000. Before returning the original manuscripts, as a gift to the people of Scotland, a few more than one hundred fac-simile copies were reproduced and all negatives and plates destroyed. This gift together with other valuable volumes from overseas will be placed in the Scottish library of Flora Macdonald College.

Rhode Island Letter

Clan Fraser of Pawtucket attended divine service at Park Place Congregational Church on the first Sabbath in May, where special arrangements had been made by the pastor, the Rev. Henry B. Kirkland, who prefaced his address by stating the only connection he could claim to Scotland was in the first part of his name, which signified something with which Scotsmen as a rule were familiar. He described his address as "Scotsmen from a Yankee point of view," as he claimed to be a full-blooded American. At the same time had he not been an American he thought the next best thing he would have desired had he had a choice in the matter, would have been to be a Scotsman. While strenuously refraining from fulsome flattery he mentioned several good points on their behalf and also took the opportunity to point out various weakness which he suggested might be modified. The history of America he argued, showed the part Scotsmen played in and after the Revolution, and it was with a deep sense of gratitude he acknowledged the same. The attendance of the clansmen at this service was much smaller than usual, and was the occasion of a lively discussion at the following clan moot.

That Britons in America desire to retain the power of the church to influence the people's mind and thoughts towards liberty of conscience was amply proved by the services held in Providence and Pawtucket on Sunday, May 25th, when services were held in both places under the head of Empire Day observances, which were in the nature of celebrations of the birth of Queen Victoria. So popular and so long had this day been celebrated in Great Britain and Ireland that King Edward on ascending the throne arranged that it should be maintained, and now, so fast are we moving, that here in America it is being utilized to further cement the good feeling between the two great English speaking nations.

In Providence it was made a State affair, as all the British organizations of Rhode Island were represented in Grace Church where a most impressive service was held. The church was decorated by flags of all the allied nations with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jacks in the fore ground. While these two latter were brought in, the "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King," were sung. The address was given by the Rev. W. F. L. Fitgerald, M. A., rector of

St. Paul's Church, Kingston, Ont., who said Americans and Britons were lovers of the same ideals and were destined to lead in the general reconstruction of the material world at the same time they possessed a great power and had a great opportunity to be leaders in things spiritual. Both sprang mainly from a common origin and were linked together historically therefore by standing side by side could preserve the brotherhood of mankind throughout the world.

In Pawtucket the services were held in the Thomson Methodist Episcopal Church, and were conducted by the Rev. T. J. Stewart (an honorary member of Clan Fraser), whose theme was "Blood is Thicker Than Water," in which he asserted that America and Great Britain were two nations upon whom hung the peace, prosperity and progress of the world, and that every agency that could promote a fuller understanding and a closer fellowship between them should be encouraged. Referring to the ill-advised attempt to draw America into dictating terms to Great Britain in regard to Ireland, Mr. Stewart said America had a similar problem in the negro question and would probably resent any interference with their attitude in that matter. The foundations of civilization in America were received from Britain and were based on the open Bible, the free pulpit and religious liberty. Such priceless treasures must be safeguarded if we desire our children to rise up and call us blessed.

JOHN BALDWIN,
28 Carpenter Street, Representative.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Reinterment of John J. McCullagh

The John McCullagh Memorial Association, of which Commissioner Richard E. Enright is honorary president, and Walter Scott is president, gathered Saturday morning, May 8, in Woodlawn Cemetery when the bodies of the first chief of police of Greater New York and his wife were re-buried in a plot which was purchased by the association after his death.

John J. McCullagh was born in Ireland of Ulster-Scottish parents; his wife was a native of Scotland. In 1899, with the approval of President William McKinley, he was sent to the city of Havana, then occupied by American troops, to organize a police force, and the system he inaugurated there has been continued, with little change, to the present day. Even the system of policing the city of New York, which was introduced by him, still prevails with very few changes.

In January, 1917, Mr. McCullagh was buried at the side of his wife in a modest little cemetery in New Jersey, but an association of his friends decided that he should be buried in the city which he loved and served so well, and that a monument should be placed in the lot which will soon be erected.

The committee with a large company of relatives and friends of the late chief, and the police band, paraded from the Jerome avenue gate of Woodlawn Cemetery to the plot where the exercises were held.

Selection by the buglers; invocation by the Rev. Robert Bruce Clark; singing by the police quartet, address by President Walter Scott; remarks by General Leonard Wood; oration by Hon. Job E. Hedges; singing by police quartet; salute by a detail from the rifle regiment of the Police Department; taps by the buglers; benediction by Chaplain John A. Wade.

Colonel Walter Scott said:

"To-day we prove true that far-famed song of the world's poet—Robert Burns—'Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot and Never Brought to Mind,' for by this gathering we are demonstrating, not only to our generation, but to those who will come after us, that those who love us and whom we love are still with us, even though they have gone to the Great Beyond. And so we are proud to-day to bear testimony to the truth of the saying that to live in the hearts of one's friends is not to die.

"To-day we cherish the memory of John McCullagh, who was a loving husband, a good friend, and an adopted citizen standing for a hundred per cent. Americanism. As a member of the finest Police Department in the world he was, with reference to integrity and efficiency, second to none.

"As you well know, John McCullagh was born in Ireland in 1845. He came to this country when quite young, receiving his education in our public schools. He was appointed a patrolman in 1870, became a roundsman in 1873, a sergeant in 1876, a captain in 1883, and was made chief of the force in August, 1897, reaching the age limit in May, 1898, when he was retired.

"His record in the Police Department is a monument to his integrity and manhood that will last far longer than any words of eulogy that could possibly be spoken here.

"You are also familiar with the services rendered by him to the States as one of its election officers, and with his appointment by President McKinley for the organization of a police force in the city of Havana.

"To all who knew him he was ever young—full of the zeal of patriotism and great faith in manhood in general. His optimism knew no bounds, and to see his cheery face, listen to his fine humor, and hear his musical, contagious laugh, was a tonic that made two smiles where there had been only one, or perhaps none. He was also the most democratic of men.

"And so we remember him up to the time he was called away, which was in January, 1917. As many of you know, he was laid away in the State of New Jersey by the side of his life-partner in a very modest grave, but the seed of good deeds sown in the hearts of his friends during his life-time, especially in those of his comrades on the New York Police Force, from the present Commissioner to all under him, took such firm root, and gathered such strength from time to time

that now his friends, both inside and outside the department have brought his body, and that of his wife, to this beautiful spot in the city he loved and served so well, here to remain in our keeping until the last trump shall sound.

"And we hope that within a short time a fitting monument to his memory will be erected here so that in the years to come the passerby may know what we, who loved John McCullagh, thought of him,—a representative citizen, and one of the finest of that great army which night and day guards this wonderful city of ours.

"I would that someone abler and more eloquent could have had the opportunity of saying these few words of tribute to our friend, so that more might have been said, yet I want you to know that the little I have spoken is from the heart. And I cannot close without paying a compliment of the highest order to Commissioner Enright, who has shown us that a real flesh and blood man presides at the head of the most efficient police force in all the world; for to him, more than to anyone else, belongs the honor of creating the John McCullagh Association.

"There is also one other man I must thank a close second to the Commissioner—our all-around citizen, Mr. R. A. C. Smith, who has been a great power in all that has been done, or will be. And so I might continue, mentioning many others, but time will not permit; so I must, as your president, thank one and all who have helped, which I do at this time.

"And now, my dear friend, Chief McCullagh, and your life-partner, we will leave you here, knowing that you have erected in the hearts of your friends a shrine that will ever be cherished. We hope and pray that you know what we are doing and saying here to-day—that you know many thousands of your comrades of the New York Police Department are marching this afternoon in your honor, at the same time honoring themselves, their organization, and the greatest city in the world, by this testimonial to your memory."

General Leonard Wood immediately after the address of the president, spoke beautifully regarding the friendship that existed between ex-Chief McCullagh and himself. He stated that he knew him both here and in Havana, and that he never knew a better citizen or better friend. He said he was glad to be there to bear testimony to the worth of John McCullagh as a man.

The oration by Hon Job E. Hedges was a masterpiece. Mr. Hedges said, in part, that he knew John McCullagh so well that he sometimes called him "Chief" and sometimes "McCullagh," but oftener "John," and the reason that this gathering had taken place was because, as had been said, McCullagh is not dead, but still lives—that the reason he had friends was because he made friends, and that he not only made friends, but created sentiment instead of applause. He said further that the benediction of the falling rain, and the presence of relatives, friends and policemen, were all in keeping with the occasion and the life of his friend, John McCullagh.

When taps was sounded at the grave, it was repeated by a bugler stationed a long distance away, these sounds resembling lingering echoes, the effect of which was most solemn, touching the hearts of those present more than anything else. There were many flowers.

The officers of the John McCullagh Memorial Association are: Hon. Richard E. Enright, honorary president; Colonel Walter Scott, president, has as its vice presidents such men as General Leonard Wood, Hon. Francis M. Hugo, Secretary of State; George W. Perkins, Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Hon. Job E. Hedges, Hon. R. A. C. Smith is the treasurer, and the secretary is E. Tanenbaum. The Police Endowment Association, the Lieutenants' Bnevolent Association and the Sergeants' Benevolent Association are also members.

The police parade of 1920, postponed to May 15, on account of rain, was held in John McCullagh's honor. About 6,000 men were in line.

A Card of Thanks

To the many friends of Mr. MacDougall who have expressed their appreciation of his work and character and their kind sympathy for us in our sore bereavement, we wish to extend our sincere thanks.

(Mrs.) Ruth Strong MacDougall,
Esther Blake MacDougall.

Some Further Tributes

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Friend:

Mr. MacDougall built for himself a monument more enduring than granite or marble in The Caledonian. A man of the highest ideals, an indefatigable worker and a Scotsman to the core, pure in spirit, we owe to his memory a debt that we can never repay. Untiring in his zeal for the noblest aims of his countrymen and the advancement of every grand and noble purpose in life, he left the world better for his having lived in it and an example to emulate.

I remain yours,
A. R. Gunn.

Glasgow, Scotland.

Dear Mr. Stoddard:

I can scarcely tell you how shocked I was to hear about Mr. MacDougall, as I had just received a letter from him the previous day—such is the uncertainty of life.

Although I never met Mr. MacDougall, I felt toward him as a friend, as he had corresponded often with my father, when he was alive and contributed to your paper, and at the time of my father's death, and ever since, I have appreciated his sympathy and appreciation. Yours sincerely,

Grace D. Wilson.

University of Southern California,
Los Angeles.

MY DEAR SIR:

The news of the sudden death of Rev. Donald MacDougall filled me with deep regret; for he was doing excellent work, and making a real success of THE CALEDONIAN. I knew him only by correspondence, not having had the privilege of a personal acquaintance; but the warm tributes that have come from those who counted him a friend and had gripped him by the hand, are just what I could have expected. I also mourn him afar off.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES MAIN DIXON.

New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

I regret very much to learn of the death of Mr. MacDougall. His sincerity, integrity and sterling worth were apparent to all of his many friends.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM ARCHIBALD.

New York City.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

Mr. MacDocgall impressed me deeply the first time he came to see me. He was a man of God and did God's work in a manly way. The world is poorer because of his death.

Sincerely,
(CAPT.) MILO MCALPIN.

New York City.

MY DEAR MRS. MACDOUGALL:

It is with a sense of personal loss that I write to tell you of my sympathy for you in your bereavement. I only met your husband once in the office, but his spirit was so kindly, his courage at the dark period of the war was so inspiring to me, that I was uplifted and strengthened. His impress on THE CALEDONIAN made its pages glow with faith and devotion towards God, and patriotism to the two countries he loved (his native and adopted). May God bless you, and all who were near and dear to him.

Very sincerely yours,
HARRIET E. FAIRCHILD.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

The New York State Historical Association, assisted by the St. Andrew's Society of Glens Falls and vicinity, at 2:30 p. m., on Memorial Day, May 31, 1920, in the Union Cemetery between Hudson Falls and Fort Edward, removed the remains of Major Duncan Campbell, of the old Black Watch regiment, who was mortally wounded at Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758, from the Gilchrist lot to the Jane McCrea enclosure. The cermonies were very simple, consisting of a march—under the escort of the veterans of the Civil, Spanish-American and World Wars—from one grave to the other, a burial service and, in conclusion, a volley fired over the new grave by a squad from the Sons of Veterans. Major Campbell was the Duncan Campbell of Inverawe whose death was foretold by a ghost, as related in a well known Scotch legend and unmortalised in Robert Louis Stevenson's poem "Ticonderoga."

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Walter Scott Prizes For 1920

For many years it has been the custom of Royal Tanist Walter Scott to donate medals to Scottish Clans, Caledonian Clubs, and other Scottish organizations, for Highland dancing, Highland dress and piping, but last year he changed from medals to cash prizes. Mr. Scott again informs us, owing to the intimation of many of the athletes and dancers who always attend the games that on account of the high cost of living, especially the increased railway fares, hotel charges, etc., they would prefer cash prizes, that while he had anticipated having a special Victory Medal for this year, he has finally decided in the interests of the many to offer cash prizes at the usual games to which he has been contributing for many years. In the majority of cases, with the consent of the committees, Mr. Scott will confine his prizes to piping, dancing and dress.

Perth Amboy, N. J.

At a regular meeting of the Caledonian Club of Perth Amboy, N. J., held Saturday evening, April 10, 1920, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This club has learned with deep regret of the sudden death of Rev. Donald MacDougall, B. D., which occurrd on March 31st; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in the death of our departed brother the Scottish people and societies have lost a firm friend and supporter, his family a devoted husband and father and the world a Christian gentleman and scholar. His work in the establishment and the maintenance of THE CALEDONIAN, his long and faithful service as a minister and preacher of the Gospel, and his love for the land of his birth, will never be forgotten.

RESOLVED, That we extend our sincere sympathy to the afflicted family in their deep bereavement, and trust they will comfort themselves with the blessed memory of the departed one that is left to them.

(Signed) JOE MACFADYEN, Chief,
ALEX. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Newport News, Va.

The Clan MacDonald, No. 168, O. S. C., moved from their old moot room on April 14, to the Moose Hall, corner of 34th street and Huntington avenue. After the regular business meeting was over, the moot was thrown open to the Daughters of Scotia, Daughters of the Imperial Order of the British Empire and friends.

Brother W. W. Geggie, chief of the clan, having to leave to attend another meeting, the chair was occupied by the chaplain, J. S. Robertson, who was supported by the Rev. E. T. Wellford, D. D., and Mrs. Wellford of the First Presbyterian Church. After the chairman had made a few remarks in reference to the changing of the place of meeting, he called on Mrs. Sheriff, who sang "A Hundred Pipers An' A' An' A'," which was so well received that she had to respond to an encore. Miss Allerton also favored with two songs.

Brother Guy Jackson, with his white locks, who appears to be in his happiest moods when playing to a "Scotch Reel," favored the company with a selection on his accordion. J. S. Robertson gave a humorous recitation, after which Dr. Wellford delivered an eloquent address entitled, "Scottish Influence on American Life," which was listened to with intense interest and enjoyed by all who heard it. At the conclusion of the address, refreshments were served by the daughters, followd by dancing to the music of the clan's orchestra.

The "Pipe Band," which is now able to give a good account of itself, rendered several good old "Highland tunes" during the assembling of the company, which transported the minds and thoughts to the "Hills and Glens of Bonnie Scotland."

The Flora MacDonald Lodge, No. 21, Daughters of Scotia, have always taken a warm interest in the Pipe Band, and have given several handsome donations to the band fund. During the evening they again gave practical evidence of their generosity by handing over through their Chief Daughter, Mrs. MacCrae, the sum of thirty dollars, and Brother James Scott gave the sum of five dollars.

On April 23rd, the clans had a "Dinna Forget' dance in the Community Hall, 34th street, which was largely attended. Among those present were Mayor and Mrs. Moss, who joined in the dance and was as nimble on his feet as the youngest man on the floor W. E. Rouse, D. Smith, "Clerk of Courts," and other officials of the city were visitors to witness how the Scotch folks can enjoy themselves when they get together to spend a social evening. One of the visitors remarked, "You people can enjoy yourselves." And he was right.

"Community Day" was celebrated on Wednesday, May 12th, when the proceedings of the day started with a parade. The Clan MacDonald Pipe Band got the place of honor, and led the parade with the skirl of the pipes and the beat of the drum The swing and twirl of the drum stocks (which was a new innovation in the town) attracted the attention of the spectators on the route of march. Athletic sports took place on the Casino grounds and the Shipyard Brass Band of fifty pieces, and the Pipe Band alternately supplied the music. The weather was all that could be desired, and everybody had the true community spirit beaming on their face.

"JOHNESS."

D. OF S. IN NEWPORT NEWS

Flora MacDonald, No. 21, D. of S., held a delightful social session Wednesday, May 4, at the Moose Home, in honor of the visiting Grand Officers, Mrs. Jane Wildman, Grand Chief Daughter, and Mrs. Clara Roy, Grand Secretary. A very talented musical program was rendered by William Geggie, Chief Clansman, Mrs. S. Sheriff and others. Special features were the Highland dancing and the

Highland Pipe Band that stirred the hearts of all the Scotch there. After the program, delightful refreshments were served by the members and dancing continued till the wee sma' oor's ayont the Twa'l.—MRS. JENNY F. SCOTT.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON.
118 35th Street, Representative.
Newport News, Va.

The William H. Davis Memorial Free Industrial School For Crippled Children, New York City

The above school and the Lulu Thorley Home for Crippled and Delicate Children, which are under the same directorate, held their annual meeting in the Assembly Rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria, Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, April 29, 1920, all of the officers being present.

President Walter Scott opened the meeting, congratulating the officers and members who have worked so earnestly for the success of the school and home, particularly the superintendent, Mrs. M. Eleanor Bullard, the past year being the most successful one ever experienced by this organization.

Reports of the officers showed that the special fund for the Lulu Thorley Home improvements had reached $7,000, which had all been expended on improvements; also that the permanent fund of the society at this date last year amounted to $114,028.22, while this year it has reached $133,950; and that after all expenses had been paid to date there was a balance in the general fund of nearly $4,000.

Gifts of the officers and members during the evening amounted to nearly $2,000.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the officers, also to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorley, the donors of the summer home, and resolutions were passed during the evening regarding the great loss the school and home recently sustained in the passing away of Mr. Edward Davis Jones.

Letters from prominent people who could not attend the meeting were read.

The membership committee reported through the chairman, Miss Amelia D. Campbell, that membership is steadily growing, particularly the life membership, 73 having been added during the past year. Life membership costs $100 and the principal is added to the permanent fund.

All the officers were re-elected for another yea,

At the close of the meeting, President Scott entertained all present at a light supper.

The founder of these splendid institutions was Mrs. Arthur Elliott Fish. The principal officers follow: President, Walter Scott; first vice president, Mrs. Charles Thorley; second vice-president, Mrs. Frank Jefferson Blodgett; third vice president, Mrs. Nicholas M. Pond; treasurer, Mrs. Edward Davis Jones; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mullin Wayne; recording secretary, Miss Amelia Day Campbell; auditor, F. Ellwood Briggs; superintendent, Mrs. M. Eleanor Bulland,

MID-SUMMER CALEDONIAN

(Combining July and August Issues)

Published July 15, 1920

JUDGE W. C. BENET

The concluding installment of Judge Benet's masterly and absorbing article, "The Sinn-Fein Circus" (*See Page 109*).

CHARLES PETTIGREW

The first part of a new, interesting travel-story, "The Story of Los Angeles."

CLAN MACRAE

Fifty-seventh in the series, "The History of the Scottish Clans." (*See 4th Page Cover, for list*).

OUR GLASGOW LETTER

BY GRACE D. WILSON

THE SCOT IN LONDON

BY JOHN DOUGLAS, F. S. A., SCOT

OTHER FEATURES

Stories, Poems, Current Events, Pungent Book Reviews by Captain William Taylor, and others.

All the News of Scottish and Other British Societies in the United States, Canada, etc.

Chicago, Ill

CANADIAN CLUB

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Canadian Club was held on Tuesday evening, May 11, at the club quarters, 104 West Monroe street. The meeting was attended by the largest number of members yet assembled. William Robertson, the president, presided in his usual able manner. The report of Treasurer Wallace Reid places the financial standing of the club on a firm basis. Secretary D. H. Grant read his report for the past year, in which he gave a general outline of the membership campaign conducted during the past year, and also of the building up of the club generally. Mr. Grant called attention to the activities of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the club, stating it had been of valuable assistance in boosting the club membership.

The secretary's report shows the phenominal growth of the club from but 34 members one year ago to the present membership of 537.

The following officers were elected by a unanimous vote for the period ending October 11, 1921: President, William Robertson; first vice president, Major J. A. Boak; second vice president, Alexander Hendry; secretary, D. H. Grant; treasurer, Wallace Reid; auditor, C. R. Norman. Directors to serve for a period of three years: Charles L. Mahony, Thomas H. Egelton, F. F. Tapsfield.

Memorial Day in New York

A delegation of twenty-five officers and men of the New York Scottish, including several pipers, met at Woodlawn on Sunday morning at 10:30, and visited the graves of our late Comrades Ross and Chisholm, after which they sat down to a lunch provided for by their commanding officer, Colonel Walter Scott, which was enjoyed by all present. Several able speakers were present who commented on the unique sight they had witnessed for the first time in this country, namely of seeing a kilted body of men pay respect to the dead, belonging to their ranks, with full military honors. Q. M. S. J. McGowan in a few fitting remarks proposed a standing vote of thanks to Colonel Walter Scott for providing the excellent lunch.

The party left on the two p. m. train for Kensico Cemetery, where they visited the graves of the late Comrades MacLeod, Murdoch Bain and Pipe Sergeant William Cameron, and after the pipers, under Pipe Major Hoey, played **"Choiryhollies Welcome," the** favorite tune of the late Pipe Sergeant Cameron and "Taps" had been sounded over the grave by Trumpeter Donegani, the party proceeded to New York.

On Monday morning, the New York Scottish assembled at band headquarters at West 54th street and under Colonel Walter Scott marched up Broadway to 75th street, to escort the five veterans of Cameron Post, No. 79, G. A. R., who are the last of the Civil War veterans who wore the kilt into battle in that great war, alive to-day. Only two were able to march and were on either side of Colonel Scott in the line of march along Riverside Drive. After the parade was over, Colonel Scott entertained the Pipe Band and two companies to lunch.

In the afternoon a delegation of thirty proceeded to Evergreen Cemetery to pay a tribute to the late Sergeant Neil MacKay, who passed away last winter, and who was loved by everyone, not only of the New York Scottish, but by others who knew him. After the "Lovat Lement" had been played over the grave by the band and "Taps" sounded, Adj Macadie requested the Pipe Band to play a Lament to the memory of our late Comrade Gorge Campbell, who fell at Hangard Woods, France, August 8th, 1918, while serving with the 15th Canadians.

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John Williamson, former president of the Illinois St. Andrew Society, and vice president of the Peoples' Gas Light and Coke Company, now occupies a suite of offices at 1821 Peoples' Gas Building. Since resigning as a chief executive of the company, Mr. Williamson has returned to his old profession—that of a consulting engineer.

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(*Continued from May Caledonian*)

So the child dreamed, and was happy in dreaming. Sometimes she grew afraid of her project; she had not had much experience in deception; and the mere concealment of Mairi's coming was a hard thing to bear. But surely her husband would take this trick in good part. It was only, after all, a joke. To put a little barbaric splendor of decoration into the quiet little smoking-room; to have a scent of peat-smoke in the air; and to have a timid, sweet-voiced, pretty Highland girl suddenly make her appearance, with an odor of the sea about her, as it were, and a look of fresh breezes in the color of her cheeks—what mortal man could find fault with this innocent jest? Sheila's moments of doubts were succeeded by long hours of joyous confidence, in which a happy light shone on her face.

If Ingram could have but taken part in this plan of hers! The only regret that was mingled with her anticipations of a happier future concerned this faithful friend of hers, who seemed to have been cut off from them forever.

She was soon to meet him, however. Lavender was resolved that he would not appear to have retired from the field, merely because Ingram had entered it. He would go to this dinner on the Tuesday evening, and Sheila would accompany him. First, he asked her. Much as she would have preferred not visiting these particular people, she cheerfully acquiesced. Then he went to Mrs. Lorraine, and said he had persuaded Sheila to dine with them; and the young American lady and her mamma were good enough to say how glad they were she had come to this decision.

"Mr. Ingram will be there on Tuesday evening," said Lavender to his wife.

"I was not aware he knew them," said Sheila.

"He has made their acquaintance for his own purposes, doubtless, said Lavender. "I suppose he will appear in a frock-coat, with a bright blue tie, and he will say 'Sir?' to the butler when he does not understand him."

"I thought you said Mr. Ingram belonged to a very good family," observed Sheila, quietly.

"That is so. But each man is responsible for his own manners; and as all the society Ingram sees consists of a cat and some wooden pipes, in a couple of dingy rooms in Sloane Street, you can't expect him not to make an ass of himself."

"I have never seen him make himself ridiculous: I do not think it possible," said Sheila, with a certain precision of speech which Lavender had got to know meant much. "Perhaps you will tell me what I am to do when I meet him at Mrs. Kavanagh's house."

"Of course, you must meet him as you would any one else you know. If you don't wish to speak to him, you need not do so. Saying 'Good evening' costs nothing."

"If he takes me into dinner?" she asked, calmly.

"Then you must talk to him as you would to any stranger," he said, impatiently.

As they drove round to Mrs. Kavanagh's house on the Tuesday evening, she thought, with much bitterness of heart, of the possibility of her having to meet Mr. Ingram in the fashion her husband had suggested. Would it not be better, if he did take her in to dinner, to throw herself entirely on his mercy, and ask him not to talk to her at all? She would address herself, when there was a chance, to her neighbor on the other side: if she remained silent altogether, no great harm would be done.

When she went into the drawing-room, her first glance round was for him, and he was the first person whom she saw. For, instead of withdrawing into a corner, Mr. Ingram was coolly standing on the hearthrug, with both hands in his trousers pockets, while he was engaged in giving the American Judge a great deal of authoritative information about America. The Judge was a tall, fair, stout, good-natured man, fond of joking and a good dinner; and he was content at this moment to sit quietly in an easy-chair, with a pleasant smile on his face, and be lectured about his own country by this sallow little man, whom he took to be a Professor of Modern History at some university or other.

Ingram, as soon as he found that Sheila was in the room, relieved her from any doubt as to his intentions. He merely came forward, shook hands with her, said, "How do you do, Mrs. Lavender?" and went back to the Judge. She might have been an acquaintance of yesterday, or a friend of twenty years' standing: no one could tell by his manner.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Lorraine were exceedingly and almost obstrusively kind to her; but she scarcely heard what they said to her. It was so strange and so sad to her that her old friend should be standing near her, and she so far removed from him that she dared not go and speak to him. When they went in to dinner, she saw that Mr. Ingram's seat was on Mrs. Lorraine's right hand; and although she could hear him speak, as he was almost right oposite to her, it seemed to her that his voice sounded as if it were far away. The man who had taken her in was a tall, brown-whiskered, and faultlessly dressed person who was silent; so that she was allowed to sit and listen to the conversation between Mrs. Lorraine and Ingram. They appeared to be on excellent terms. You would have fancied they had known each other for years.

Ingram was in one of his happiest moods, and was seeking to prove to Mrs. Lorraine that this present dinner-party ought to be an especially pleasant one. Everybody was

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going away somewhere and, of course, she must know that the expectation of travelling was much more delightful than the reality of it. What could surpass the sense of freedom, of power, of hope enjoyed by the happy folks who sat down to an open atlas, and began to sketch out routes for their coming holidays?

So all the people, Sheila learned that night, were going away from London and soon she and her husband would join in the general stampede of the very last dwellers in town. But Mairi? What was to become of her after that little plot had been played out! Sheila could not leave Mairi to see London by herself nor could she fairly postpone Mairi's visit and Mairi was coming up in another couple of days.

On the morning on which the visitor from the far Hebrides was to make her appearance in London, Sheila felt conscious of a great hypocrisy in bidding good by to her husband. On some excuse or other, she had had breakfast ordered early; and he found himself ready at half past nine to go out for the day.

"Frank," she said, "will you come in to lunch at two?"

"Why?" he asked; he did not often have luncheon at home.

"I will go into the park with you in the afternoon, if you like," she said: all the scene had been diligently rehearsed, on one side, before.

"All right," he said. "Have something with olives in it. Two sharp."

Thereupon he went out; and Sheila, with a wild commotion at her heart, saw him walk away through the Square. She was afraid Mairi might have arrived before he left. And, indeed, he had not gone above a few minutes when a four-wheeler drove up, and an elderly man got out and waited for the timid-faced girl inside to alight. With a rush like that of a startled deer, Shila was down the stairs, along the hall and on the pavement; and it was, "O Mairi! and have you come at last. And are you very well? And how are all the peole in Borva? And, Mr. M'Alpine, how are you, and will you come into the house?"

"And wass you pretty well, Miss Sheila?" said Mairi, looking timidly and hastily up, and forgetting altogether that Sheila had another name now. "It will be a great thing for me to go back to sa Lewis, and tell them I wass seeing you, and you wass looking so well.

"Now come with me, like a good girl," said Sheila, "and get yourself ready for breakfast. Do you know, Mairi, it does my heart good to hear you talk again! I don't think I shall be able to let you go back to the Lewis."

"But you hef changed ferry much in your way of speaking, Miss—Mrs. Lavender," said Mairi, with an effort. "You will speak just like sa English now."

"The English don't say so," replied Sheila, with a smile, leading the way up-stairs.

Mr. M'Alpine had his business to attend to; but, being a sensible man, he took advantage of the profuse breakfast placed before him. Mairi was a little too frightened, and nervous, and happy to eat much; but Mr M'Alpine was an old traveller, not to be put out by the mere meeting of two girls. At the end of breakfast, in a thoroughly good humor with himself and the world, he went on his way towards a certain inn in High Holborn.

"Ay, and where does the Queen live, Miss Sheila?" said Mairi. She had been looking at the furniture in Sheila's house, and wondering if the Queen lived in a place still more beautiful than this.

"A long way from here."

"And it iss no wonder," said Mairi, "she will neffer hef been in sa Lewis. But it is many a one will say to me, before I hef left the Lewis, that I wass not to come home unless you wass coming too, and I wass to bring you back with me, Miss Sheila. And where is Bras, Miss Sheila?"

"You will see him by and by. He is out in the garden now." She said "gyarden" without knowing it.

"And will be understood the Gaelic yet?"

"Oh yes," Sheila said; "and he is sure to remember you."

There was no mistake about that. When Mairi went into the back-garden, the demonstrations of delight on the part of the great deerhound were as pronounced as his dignity and gravity would allow.

"You have never asked after my husband, Mairi," said Sheila, thinking she would confuse the girl.

(To be Continued)

Clan Gunn

(Continued from page 122)

Historical Enquiry Respecting the Performance of the Harp in the Highlands, and other musical works, who flourished at the end of the eighteenth century; William Gunn, Episcopal clergyman in England and antiquarian writer, who, early in the nineteenth century, published extracts from the Vatican MSS., an account of the Vatican tapestries, and a tenth-century MS. of the *Historia Britonum*; Daniel Gunn (1774-1848), the congregational minister, celebrated for his unemotional preaching and his schools at Christchurch, Hampshire; and Robert Campbell Gunn, the naturalist (1808-1881), who, when superintendent of convict prisons in Tasmania, sent home many interesting specimens of previously unknown plants and animals.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

NEW YORK
AUGUST 1920

The Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE)
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL. 1901-1920

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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

MIDSUMMER NUMBER

(*Combining July and August*)

Current Events

Domestic

John Gribbel, of Philadelphia, the donor of the Glenriddel MSS., arrived at Liverpool on July 1, and will visit London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, the Ayrshire Burns country, and Dumfries. The presentation to Mr. Gribbel of the album, which is at present deposited with the Royal Bank of Scotland, will be made in Glasgow as the most convenient centre.

A feature of the Rotary Club's convention in Atlantic City, beginning on June 20, was the Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, of New York, which is greeted with enthusiasm wherever it appears. Edinburgh, Scotland, has been selected for the International Convention of 1921, and Angus Fraser, the talented director of the Lovat Band, and several of his pipers have already had an invitation to accompany the American delegation.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, and his staff were guests of Sir Thomas Lipton at the opening race between *Resolute* and *Shamrock IV*, July 15. Lady Geddes sailed on the *Mauretania*, July 1, and will return in October with her five children.

Four 400-pound blocks of granite, hewn near the landing place of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, have been sent to England as corner markers of a new Salvation Army citadel in Plymouth, England, the port from which the *Mayflower* sailed 300 years ago. They are the gift of the New England forces of the Salvation Army.

Three hundred Boy Scouts from thirty-two States, sailed for England, July 6, under the command of Colonel L. R. Gignilliat on the transport *Pocahontas* to take part in the international celebration of their order, which is to be held this month in Olympia, London, under the direction of General Sir Robert Baden Powell, who founded the Boy Scout movement twenty years ago.

On June 24, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rolland Peacock in North Highland avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., their daughter, Miss Irene Margaret Peacock, became the bride of Mr. Joseph Larocque Anderson, son of Mr. Henry B. Anderson, of New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Thomas Kerr, pastor of the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Robert Christie of the Western Theological Seminary.

America's Independence Day was celebrated at the British Embassy, Washington, by the presentation to General John J. Pershing of a magnificent sword, jeweled, chased and engraved, in commemoration not only of his own achievements at the head of the American forces in Europe during the war, but of the services of the men who trained, marched and fought with him. The sword was a gift from the Corporation and the City of London, and the presentation was made by the British Ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes.

Hon. Elihu Root made the presentation speech in behalf of the American people, at the dedication and unveiling, July 28, of the Saint Gaudens statue of Abraham Lincoln in the Canning Inclosure of the House of Commons, London.

The New York *Evening Telegram*, in connection with the recent dispute between De Valera and Walsh on one hand and Cohalan and Devoy on the other, appropriately recalls the old lines:

> There you may see the noble Irish nation,
> The finest peasantry that ever trod,
> Fighting like devils for conciliation,
> And hating each other for the love of God.

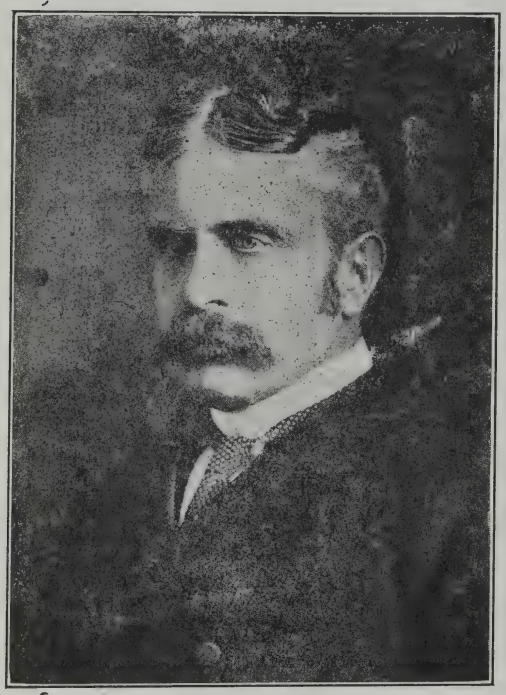
Rev. Dr. William Henry Roberts, for nearly thirty-five years Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, died in Philadelphia, June 26. He was born in Holyhead, Wales, January 31, 1844.

John Jardine, a well known New York architect and a former Vice President of the St. Andrew's Society, died by his own hand at Morristown, N. J., June 23. Mr. Jardine was born in Scotland eighty-two years ago.

Canadian

Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Attorney General of the Province, was sworn in as Premier of Quebec, July 9, succeeding Sir Lomer Gouin, who resigned on July 8.

Saskatchewan claims the honor of the first woman Secretary of Agriculture in Canada. Miss Isabel Cumming received this appointment on July 5.



SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN

The Province of New Brunswick, in a referendum, July 10, voted to retain the present "bone dry" prohibition law passed during the war and against introducing wine and beer licenses.

George F. Skinner, of St. John, N. B., has been selected as Rhodes scholar for New Brunswick.

The King Edward Hotel, Toronto, has awarded a contract for a 500-room extension, to cost $2,500,000. When completed, the hotel will be the largest in Canada.

Sir Auckland Geddes will press the button opening the Canadian National Exhibition, at Toronto, August 30. Many interesting features are promised, and the motor and electrical development displays will be unusually elaborate. A two-day auto racing meet is planned. Displays by life-saving crews, a captive balloon and airplane exhibitions by the Bishop-Barker airmen are also on the program.

The resignation of Sir Robert Borden as Prime Minster of Canada, was accepted by the Governor-General, July 7, and went into effect July 10. He was succeeded by Hon. Arthur Meighen, Minister of the Interior, who was recommended by Sir Robert as his successor.

Sir Robert has not been in good health for some months, and his resignation has been rumored several times. While not unexpected, his withdrawal from public life will be deeply regretted in the United States, as well as throughout the Empire. With his retirement passes the coalition, which has served so notably since the early days of the World War.

Of the new Prime Minister, Hon. Arthur Meighen, it was Sir Wilfrid Laurier who said some seven years ago, "he is the brightest mind in the Conservative Party." The new Cabinet, announced July 13, retains all the members except three of the Borden Cabinet.

The new Cabinet officers are R. W. Wigmore, Minister of Customs and Internal Revenue; F. B. McCurdy, Minister of Public Works, and E. K. Spinney, Minister Without Portfolio. The complete Cabinet comprises: Prime Minister and Minister for External Affairs—Arthur Meighen; President of the Council and Minister of Immigration and Colonization—J. A. Calder; Minister of Trade and Commerce—Sir George Foster; Minister of the Interior and Government Leader in the Senate—Sir James Lougheed; Minister of Finance—Sir Henry Drayton; Minister of Militia—Hugh Guthrie; Secretary of State—A. L. Sifton; Minister of Railways and Canals—Dr. Reid; Minister of Labor—Senator Gideon Robertson; Minister of Marine and Fisheries and Minister of Naval Service—C. C. Ballantyne; Minister of Public Works—F. B. McCurdy; Minister of Justice—C. J. Doherty; Postmaster General—Senator Pierre Blondin; Minister of Agriculture—Dr. F. F. Tolmie; Minister of Customs and Inland Revenue—R. W. Wigmore; Minister Without Portfolio—Sir Edward Kemp; Minister Without Portfolio—E. K. Spinney. The position of Solicitor General remains to be filled.

The young Earl of Minto, son of the former Governor-General of Canada, is one of the most active farmers in Alberta. He owns 4,000 acres of land, six miles from the town of Nanton, near Calgary, not far from the ranch acquired by the Prince of Wales during his Canadian visit a year ago.

The Gouin (La Loutre) Dam, on the upper waters of the St. Maurice River, Quebec, has a storage capacity of 160,000,000,000 cubic feet and a water area of 300 square miles, forming the second largest storage reservoir in the world. It is exceeded in size only by that of Gatun Lake, on the Panama Canal. The storage at Gouin will permit a regulated permanent flow of more than 12,000 cubic feet a second at Shawinigan, rendering available 1,000,000 horse-power.

British

"What the American people ought to know, but apparently do not know," says Viscount Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States, in the London *Times*, "is that the great majority of the English people desire to give Ireland the fullest measure of freedom within the Empire. But it is in the divisions within Ireland, not in the lack of any good will on England's part, that there lies practically the only obstacle which still delays that peaceful settlement which the British democracy sincerely desires."

The purchase of the house, No. 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, in which Robert Louis Stevenson was born, has just been completed by Mr. J. Mullo Weir, S. S. C., the honorary secretary, on behalf of the Robert Louis Stevenson Club. It is intended, when possession of the house is obtained, to fit it out as a museum and library of Stevensoniana. The appeal now being issued by the club for funds to enable its objects to be carried out has already met with an encouraging response. Lord Glenconner has consented to become honorary president of the club, succeeding the late Lord Guthrie.

Sir Herbert Samuel, British High Commissioner for Palestine, arrived in Jerusalem July 3 and received a rousing reception. He has taken up his residence in the palace which former Emperor William of Germany built on the Mount of Olives some years ago.

The University of Edinburgh, July 8, conferred the honorary degree of doctor of laws on Professor George Neil Stewart of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Prince of Wales was unhurt when his train was wrecked near Bridgetown, West Australia, July 5. The Prince's parlor car and one adjoining, which were last in the train, were derailed, dragged for 200 yards and then overturned. The Prince emerged smiling from one of the windows of the car and began joking and good naturedly chaffing the West Australian Premier and other officials accompanying him. He was cheered by the crowd that witnessed his dramatic escape from the wreck. Some members of the Prince's staff received bruises of a slight nature.

In accordance with an act of Parliament already passed, since July 15 women have been liable to serve on juries under the same conditions as men. Husband and wife are not to be permitted to serve on the same occasion.

H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught succeeds the Right Hon. Viscount Buxton as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Union of South Africa. The King has also approved the appointment of the Right Hon. Lord Forster to be Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia in succession to the Right Hon. Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson, who will shortly retire from that office.



LORD FISHER

John Arbuthnot Fisher, Admiral of the Fleet, First Baron of Kilverstone and former First Lord of the Admiralty, died in London, July 10. He was born on the island of Ceylon, January 25, 1841, the son of Captain William Fisher of the 78th Highlanders. Admiral Fisher was one of the strongest and most progressive figures in the British Navy *(An interesting biography appeared in The Caledonian of January, 1915)*.

Impressive funeral services were held in Westminster Abbey, July 13. Eight admirals, including Viscount Jellicoe, were the pallbearers, and the service was attended by many notables, including the American Ambassador and American naval officers. The interment was at Kilverstone Hall, Norfolk.

Women engaged in nursing and other work under the direction of the nation's defensive forces are now eligible for the Victoria Cross, hitherto conferred only on men. A royal warrant regulating awards of this decoration and including this provision was issued June 18.

On behalf of the secretary to the trustees of the Burns Cottage at Alloway, two Burns manuscripts have been bought at Sotheby's. The first, containing Burns manuscript of the three complete poems, "Wilt thou be my dearie?" "Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?" and "Husband, husband, cease your strife," was bought for £255. The second manuscript, bought for £132, is a letter from Burns to James Johnson, the publisher of the "Scots Musical Museum," and the friend who largely encouraged Burns to do such valiant work for Scottish song.

A famous Scot has passed away in the person of Dr. Morrison, for long Peking correspondent of the London *Times* and Political Adviser to the Chinese Government since 1892. He died at Sidmouth, but was born in Geelong, Australia, of Scottish parents, his father being Principal of Geelong College. Dr. Morrison was educated at Melbourne University, and it was at the end of 1882 that he made his famous crossing of Australia on foot from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne. His record for the journey was 2.043 miles in 123 days. He walked alone and carried no arms.

Steps are being taken for the erection of a church at Aldershot, England, to commemorate the valor of the Scottish soldiers in the World War.

Rev. A. A. Cooper, pastor of the United Free High Church Congregation of Inverness, has resigned on account of ill health.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Sir Patrick Rose-Innes, K. C., to be a Judge of the County Court at Nottingham in place of Judge Acton, who has been appointed to the High Court. Judge Rose-Innes is an Aberdeenshire man, educated at Aberdeen University, and called to the Bar in 1878. He contested Elgin Burghs in the Unionist interest in 1905.

The statistics for Scotland prepared by the Ministry of Labor, show that 5,925 work people registered themselves at Employment Exchanges as desirous of obtaining work, indicating a decrease of 299. 27,527 persons were in search of work, compared with 28,011 and 27,939 in the two preceding weeks. Out of this fall of 484, 395 are men.

Thousands of acres of timber and moorlands in Inverness-shire and Ross-shire have suffered seriously from fires due to the long spell of warm, dry weather in June. Moy Hall was threatened at one time and large fires have occurred in the Black Isle, Grantown and Nethy-Bridge districts and at Dunmaglass and Glentanar forest.

Much interest is expressed in the project, which has the support of the Mackintosh of Mackintosh and others, of raising silver fox and other fur-bearing animals in the North of Scotland. Experts have expressed the opinion that the climate and surroundings are ideal for the establishment of this new industry in Scotland.

In his annual report on the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, Mr. A. O. Curle, F.S.A. (Scot.), Director, says: "A notable event of the year has been the completion by Dr. B. N. Peach of the unified exhibit of specimens collected by and formerly belonging to Hugh Miller, and used by him in the writing and illustration of his books. The actual specimens from which the illustrations in 'The Testimony of the Rocks,' 'The Old Red Sandstone,' etc., were drawn are here shown alongside the book illustrations, and an effort has been made to arrange the specimens as they seem to have appealed to the geologist and author. It is hoped soon to publish a special 'Guide' to this collection, which is of great scientific and historical interest."

While cutting peat at Quintfall, Lyth, Caithness, on the estate of Sir John R. G. Sinclair, Bart, workmen exhumed the skeleton of a man fully clothed in a tunic, breeches, and stockings, while what would appear to be a pair of light slippers or brogues were laid across the body. The clothes were in a wonderful state of preservation, and the whole was covered with a plaid or blanket. All was of a khaki color, which, no doubt, was due to the surrounding moss, and was at a depth of about 2½ feet from the surface. In the pockets were found a number of copper coins about the size of a half-penny, bearing on one side the figures of William and Mary, and on the other the Scottish thistle, and the dates ranging from 1677 to 1679.

Among the titles which have been conferred on Prince Albert by the King, is that of Earl of Inverness. The revival of the title has met with proud approval of the ancient burgh, and cordial messages have been exchanged between the Town Council and the King and Prince Albert. A Viscountcy of Inverness was conferred with the Dukedom of Gordon in 1684, and that title existed until 1836. A son of the Earl of Kinnoull was in 1718 created Earl of Inverness by James III., the Old Pretender, but he died without issue in 1740. In 1759, the designation is believed again to have been used for a Jacobite creation when Alexander, a younger son of the fourth Lord Elibank, was created an Earl, and the Earldom is believed to have been again Inverness. In 1801, Prince Augustus Frederick, a son of King George III., was created Duke of Sussex and Earl of Inverness. He was the Royal Prince who about the year 1831 married ecclesiastically (but not in conformity with the provision of the Royal Marriages Act of 1772) the Lady Cecilia Buggin, a daughter of the Earl of Arran, but the widow of Sir George Buggin. In 1840 the lady was created Duchess of Inverness, and she died without issue at Kensington Palace in 1873.

On July 6, the occasion being the laying of the foundation stone of the new chemistry department of the University of Edinburgh by the King, the Queen was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws (LL. D.) of that university.

The Scot in London

The Royal Caledonian Schools reached its centenary of incorporation in 1915, but, owing to the war, was unable to celebrate the event in a manner worthy of the occasion. No festivals were held during the war so that special significance was attached to this year's gathering. It was a representative assembly, worthy of the best traditions of the Scottish Community in London, and to show their gratitude in a practical way, those present contributed £6,000 to the funds of the institution.

This generous result has belied the ancient oriental parable which recorded that once upon a time God summoned all the virtues from earth to a reunion in Heaven. There were glad greetings and much rejoicing among the white winged guests. Mercy and Truth met together; Righteousness and Peace kissed each other; Honor and Chastity took sweet counsel together; Faith and Hope walked in company, but the loving Father smiling upon the goodly assembly saw two of the fairest of his children, who spake not the one to the other, but passed each other as utter strangers. He called them to him, and made inquiry, when, lo! it transpired that they had never met in the lower world, and the Almighty Father had to introduce Gratitude to Benevolence.

In proposing the toast of "Prosperity to the Royal Caledonian Schools," the chairman, Viscount Finlay, P. C., G. C. M. G., referred to Scotland's share in the Great War, where Lowlanders and Highlanders vied with each other in being foremost in the contest, and said it was a "sacred duty to provide for the children of those who have given their lives for their country." "We are met," said his Lordship, "to help the children of Scotsmen who have not fared altogether well in the battle of life." He went on to plead for a liberal response on behalf of the institution, "which from small beginnings has done a great work, which is doing a great work, increasing in magnitude and importance, and which may lead to results which in the history of the country will be worth noting and remembering." There are ninety-nine boys, and fifty-six girls in the schools at present, and the financial result of the festival is of the highest material advantage as it enables the work to go forward without anxiety.

The Camanachd Club of London has resolved to begin practice again. It was impossible to have play during the war, as every member of the club joined the fighting forces. It is claimed that shinty is the most ancient of games, and fancy carries our minds back to the ancient Celts who with sticks cut from the nearest oak tree and smooth stones from the "burn", made musical rattle with the virgin timbers. Shinty is no longer, however, the rough-and-tumble sport of yore: there are rules which are rigidly observed, and it is a manly exercise which cultivates physique assurance and judgment. In the Highlands of Scotland, shinty begets something of the old Clan rivalry, where the men of the Straths and Glens meet each other with sticks wielded in an orderly fashion, instead of the older and more dangerous head-splitting claymores, but in London the contests are like other well organized games, where players do their utmost to exercise their skill while they develop their bodies. The London Camanachd Club is to make an effort to secure a suitable ground for weekly play, and it is suggested that a pitch might be obtained on Wimbledon Common. It was on this classic playground that for nearly fifty years the veteran player Mr. J. M. Watson organized matches twice a year, and there is something entrancing in the idea that the historic associations should be kept up. Mr. Watson is now no more, but, if spirits do haunt the spots they loved, his memory will be a reality if the old spot can be made available for play for the years that are to come. The president of the club is Colonel Sir John S. Young, C. V. O., who is an enthusiast for healthy exercises.

It seems appropriate that the meeting to resusitate the old Scottish game of Shinty should be held in the Hall of the Kirk of the Crown of Scotland. The church has many Scottish associations, and was originally built in 1718. A new edifice was erected on the old site which was opened by Mr. Arthur J. Belfour, M. P., P. C., on 12th May, 1909, and the Rev. Joseph Moffett, B. A., is the minister. The church is a centre for healthful manly life, as the minister himself has always been a keen athlete. It is one of the oldest Scottish possessions in London, and marks the second stage of the coming of the Scot, first to the Throne, and then to the British Parliament. Originally the congregation met in Peter's Court, where its beginnings are wrapt in obscurity, but it is accepted as a fact that the original members were people attached to the Scots' Ambassador's house in Whitehall, which stood where Scotland Yard now marks the site. There were good Whigs attached to the congregation at times for the books of the Session record a day of humiliation kept "for the late rebellion against His Majesty's Government in 1716." The names of many of the broken clans nevertheless figure among the destitute to whose necessities the Session ministered. It was the church of Dr. John Cumming, and, under his ministry, there was no more famous place of worship.

The London Robert Burns Club has had a splendid career, and ranks high in the annals

of Scottish associations in London. Its reputation has been mainly upheld by its excellent past president, Mr. William Will, who kept a high ideal before him during his term of office. Mr. Will is managing director of the *Graphic* series of illustrated papers, and takes a keen interest in everything Scottish. His aim has always been to get away from merely convivial gatherings and concentrate the minds of the admirers of Burns on the poet's works, and he has succeeded in bringing to the club the cream of literatures. The meetings are always on a high level, and many papers given at the gatherings of the club have found their way into publications where they have been hailed as classics. The new president is Mr. L. G. Sloan, J. P., the "Ideal" pen king, who is an outstanding figure in the London Scottish Community.

Up in the North! up in the North!
There lies the land of true valour and worth.
Wild sweeps the wind over mountain and glen,
But troth is trusted and men are men!
And hearts beat freer the further you go,
Up in the North with its hills of snow,
Ho for the North! yo ho! ! !

This I quote from memory from the song of Ulric, and in a measure it explains the intense feelings which grip the hearts of Scottish exiles when a visit to the old country looms on the horizon of possibility. One might here indulge in a grumble over increased fares and hotel expenses, and a hundred and one other things which are sent to buffet mankind, and womankind too, when the question of the summer holidays comes to be considered. But we forbear, as already the main lines which lead to Scotland are carrying overcrowded enormous trains, and for a time prudence and economy must stand aside with bated breath. Everyone has his or her own Mecca, and to each the native village or town or strath is the fairest part of Creation. The writer has already found his way to his native City of Edinburgh, and has been feasting on things that are old, but are ever new. A visit to Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh and to many other haunts of interest are the routine life for the time being, and having met some Canadian and American visitors by the way, it has been a pleasant duty to compare notes.

A large number of visitors to Edinburgh miss one of the best treasures—the little St. Magdalen's Chapel at the Grassmarket end of Cowgate. It is rare in historic interest, as within its walls the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland met in 1560. The quaint spire and cannon-shaped gargoyles can be seen from George IV Bridge, but the visitor must needs descend to the Cowgate to see one of the most interesting landmarks of Edinburgh. John Knox deliberated with his co-Presbyters within the present walls, and his colleague, John Craig, preached in Latin from its rostrum, and in 1578, Andrew Melville presided over the General Assembly, which sanctioned the second book of discipline. It is now the headquarters of the Livingstone Memorial Mission and Dispensary. The chapel was founded in 1503, in the reign of James IV, and according to Maitland, "it was erected on the site of a ruinous hospital called *Maison Dieu* by Michael Macquheen, who being affected by a grevious distemper and oppressed with age, appropriated the sum of £700 Scots money towards erecting a charitable foundation." Macquheen's widow, Janet Rynd, completed the design of her husband, by adding £2,000 to his bequest. By deed of settlement the foundation and charity were granted in 1547 to the Corporation of Hammermen.

The chapel suffered greatly under the depredations of the Earl of Hereford in 1544, but it was not beyond repair. In 1632, a silver bell cast in Flanders was hung in the spire, bearing an inscription in Latin which as translated reads: "God bless the Hammermen of Magdalen Chapel." In the main window are four panes of pre-Reformation stained glass, the only surviving specimens in Scotland. This window originally faced a nobleman's garden, and being difficult of access, escaped the fury of the misdirected energy of the iconoclastic mob. Visitors from overseas should not fail to see this almost perfect link with the past.

JOHN DOUGLAS, F. S. A., Scot.
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Our Glasgow Letter

The Island of Lewis is going to prove more of a problem to its purchaser than was bargained for, and we hear that at the moment the noble Lord feels inclined to shake the dust of Lewis from his feet and leave the natives to fight among themselves. However, he has no intention of giving in to them. He says he will argue, he will reason, but he will stand by his convictions. But whether the fault lies with the Government—which we suspect—or with the new Laird, the fact remains there is a grievance. Apparently in 1914 the Government promised that all men who joined the colors on this island would be presented, on their return, with a croft of their own, the presumption being that the Government meant to purchase this land. However, the Government did not apparently keep its promise to these men, and they found, on their return, that the island was the property of Lord Leverhulme, and that they were not entitled to any land at all. In other words, the Government had let them down. Lord Leverhulme's enterprise is undoubtedly for the good of the island and the islanders, financially and oth-

erwise, but there is still this section who demand independence, and after all a promise is a promise. Things have progressed so far that the disturbers of the peace are now awaiting trial, and Lord Leverhulme has meantime suspended all work in the district until things are on a satisfactory basis. This is putting the willing and industrious section of the island into a panic. It is still to be seen how it will end, but we are inclined to back Lord Leverhulme's commonsense and reputation for fair play to bring things ultimately to a satisfactory conclusion.

Dundee is beginning to feel the full force of the ever increasing burdens of the new Education Act. Their education rate is to be increased by at least 1/6d. consequent on large deficits in the accounts, and the disappointing of the Education Authority's expectations that half the expenditure wou'd be met by grants from the department. The following table gives an interesting idea of the rise in rates since the new Education Act was passed, in comparison with the pre-war financial year, namely 1914-15.

1914-1915 ..... 1/6.6.
1919-1920 ..... 2/11d.
1920-1921 ..... 4/5d.

The Education Authority had expected 50% of the expenditure from the department, but a letter from that quarter brought disillusionment. Much discussion at the meeting did not improve the state of affairs, but it was decided to confer with the teachers, whose increases of salary are such an additional drain and necessitate increasing the school rate.

Glasgow, apparently, owing to going much further with regard to increases, will be most heavily hit in the way of higher school rates, and Edinburgh will also suffer, and it is only a question of time—when the seriousness of the situation has had time to sink in—that the ratepayers will rise in indignation and demand the readjustment or the repeal of this ridiculous, expensive and unworkable bill.

At the annual meeting of the Church of Scotland Association for the Augmentation of the Smaller Livings of the Clergy, the chairman said they desired to get a stipend of £300 as quickly as possible in every parish. This is indeed a step in the right direction, as, during the war, and since the war, all through this period of high living, no section has suffered more or complained less than the ministers in these small parishes. It is high time, if they will not look after their own interests, that somone should take up the cudgels on their behalf, and we hope the effort will not end in hot air and hot arguments, but in some practical and sound decision.

The little town of Paisley seems always to be in the limelight for something or other. Of course Paisley is a veritable hive of industry, and so it is not to be wondered at that a new industry has also come to try its fortune. It is the manufacturing of ship furnishings, and is being engaged in by a large West of Scotland firm, who have purchased the premises of a timber merchant, and are setting up new works. As the new works will employ about three hundred men and boys, its advent is being looked forward to in the town.

The death of Mr. John S. Dunn, timber merchant in Glasgow, will be specially regretted in yachting circles, where he was well known as the owner of the thirty footer *Psyche* and the wonderful prize winner *Thetis*, which latter yacht won ninety-five prizes out of one hundred and twenty-eight starts in the course of five years. The *Thetis* is a familiar little craft on the Clyde, near Rothesay, during the summer months, and adds greatly to the beauty of the coast.

The exceptionally high prices realized at a displenishing sale at Auchneil Farm, Stranraer, are interesting. A pedigree Clydesdale mare fetched £1,250, while other prices for mares were: £620, £550 and £350. A two year old entire by "Dunure Footprint" made £450. A filly foal £210, while geldings made up to £138.

There is a perfect spate of golf tournaments taking place at the famous Gleneagles Course at present. The Caledonian Railway Company have "boomed" this place to some purpose. The professionals who have recently tackled the course—with varying degrees of success—speak well of it, and so its future is assured. The palatial hotel will not, we suspect, have any vacant rooms this season, and there will be some great plays with the "sticks." The honors of the first big tournament fell to Braid, the veteran Scottish golfer, who, however, stood his ground against many younger opponents, and played magnificently.

It would seem—judging by the facts brought out at a recent meeting of the Inverness Educational Authority—that the Gaelic language is doomed in this country of ours. The headmasters of the Inverness Public Schools were asked to consider the question of teaching Gaelic in their respective schools. However, it was explained that only about half a dozen children knew any Gaelic in one school, while in another there was not a single Gaelic pupil. At the High School, only seven knew the language, and this among 8,000 pupils in Inverness. Ex-Bailie Gray said he did not think it was worth teaching the Gaelic in the Capital of the Highlands, and, apart from sentiment, there were not sufficient pupils to form a class. We think it is a pity that Highland children should not be taught their mother tongue as it were, but we are afraid the fault lies at the door of Centralization, and as the Gaelic is not a necessary asset in the business world, the parents who do not press the question of teaching it can hardly be blamed.

GRACE D. WILSON.
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The Story of Los Angeles

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART I

(For The Caledonian)

Mr. Pettigrew needs no introduction to the readers of THE CALEDONIAN. Born in 1844, in New Lanark, Scotland, in the beautiful valley of the Clyde, he came to America in 1867, and after working for a few years at his trade of machinist, was for twenty-six years with the Illinois Steel Company, the largest plant of its kind west of Pittsburgh, resigning in 1896 as general manager. He was afterward superintendent of steel mills at Indianapolis, Ind., and Sparrows Point, Md. Since 1904, Mr. Pettigrew has devoted his time largely to study and travel, and the pages of THE CALEDONIAN have been enriched by many interesting articles from his pen. Possessing a genial nature, a matured philosophy of life, and unusual powers of observation and description, Mr. Pettigrew always has "something to say," and says it well. With this article, he writes: "Although it is true that tons upon tons of printed matter have been sent out from Los Angeles, the chief city of Southern California, setting forth and describing its attractions and advantages, it has occured to me that none of it may have reached many of the readers of THE CALEDONIAN and that therefore a short story of this wonderful new city will be informative and acceptable to them." We are certain it will be.

A casual visitor to Southern California cannot fail to be impressed with and to marvel at the abounding evidence of the fertility of its soil, the beauties of its landscapes, the wonderful agricultural and horticultural developments, its all-the-year-round climate, and the growth of its many beautiful cities.

Let us go back briefly to the beginning of the Spanish Government's effort, through its organization in Mexico, to colonize the Californias—Lower and Upper—so that we may see just when and why Los Angeles came into being as a pueblo, and how it has grown to be the metropolitan city of the region known as Southern California.*

It was about the year 1530 that Fernando Cortez, the great Spanish Captain-General and explorer, sailing from Mexico, and crossing the Gulf of California, landed on the eastern shore of the peninsular of Lower California, at a place we now call the Bay of La Paz.

The work of exploration and colonization made very slow progress. Many voyages were made across the gulf from Mexico, that made no progress whatever.

At last, in 1697, one hundred and seventy years after the first discovery and landing were made, the work of colonization was delegated to the Church, the intention being to Christianize the Indians, not to exploit them.

Those devoted sons of the Church, the Jesuits, were chosen to carry out the benign work, Padre Salvatierra being appointed leader of the company of priests who made the first settlement at San Bruno, on the bay of the same name, October 15, 1697. They were accompanied by a military escort large enough to protect them from the savage natives.

For seventy years, the Jesuits carried on, under many difficulties, their missionary work. Much exploring and charting was done under their direction on both shores of the gulf and on the ocean side of the peninsula as well. They established twenty-three missions, fourteen of which became permanent settlements.

They formulated a system of mission life that continued to be followed as long as the mission system of settlement was carried on in both the Californias. The Indian men were taught agriculture, irrigation, cattle-raising, leather-working, carpentry, milling, building, blacksmithing, the care of horses—in fact, all the handicrafts that the Spaniards knew.

Their women were taught to cook, sew and weave, and were protected during

*The new U. S. Census figures for 1920, announced on June 10, show Los Angeles to have passed San Francisco in population. It is now the largest city west of St. Louis, as well as the metropolis of the Pacific coast. Los Angeles' population is 575,410; and that of San Francisco, 508,480.

girl-hood, and decently married to men of their own race or to Spaniards. Thus an industrial community was established around each mission centre, that redeemed the land from utter worthlessness, and taught the Indians a new and better mode of living.

For some years prior to 1764, Charles III had been on the throne of Spain. Between him and the Jesuit order arose a misunderstanding that came to a crisis in that year. Charles issued an edict suppressing them, and three years later, in 1767, he expelled them from his kingdom and all its colonies. This, of course, required that the Jesuits give up the work in which they were engaged in Lower California. It was, however, at once taken up by the Franciscan Order, one of whose number, Fra Junipero Serra, became leader in the work. He at once delegated the work in Lower California to the priests of the Dominican Order, and in connection with Casper de Portola, who had recently been made Governor of the two Californias, and Jose de Galvez, who was Visitador-General. The real representative of the King of Spain in his Mexican colony, he began to plan to push the mission system of colonization into Alta (Upper) California.

Two years passed before the last members of the expedition, organized for this work, after many hardships, arrived at San Diego, located on the bay of that name, a few miles north of the present Mexican line. Here Fra Junipero remained to prosecute his missionary work. Portola, at the head of a company of sixty-four men, made up of soldiers, mule-drivers, some Indians and two priests, kept on to the north to find the Bay of Monterey, visited and charted about the year 1602 by the Spanish explorer, Sebastian Viscanio. Unfortunately, there was an error of two degrees in his chart, and Portola on this trip failed to find it. He was gone six months—and here it may be pertinent to remark that the round trip from San Diego to Monterey can now be made in the greatest of comfort in three days.

On his outward journey north from San Diego, Portola, on the nineteenth day, crossed a river that now we call the Los Angeles River, and on its further side he found an Indian village, named Yang-na, located at a point 126 miles north from San Diego. This was on the second day of August, that, in the Church calendar, was the feast day of the Virgin Mary, or, as the Spaniards had it, Our Lady of the Angels, and following a Spanish custom, Portola wrote on his map as the name of this village, Neustra Senora de Los Angeles—Our Lady Queen of the Angels —which, after the Americans came into possession, was cut down to Los Angeles.

September 8, 1771, Fra Junipero founded his fourth mission, naming it San Gabriel. It is located about seven miles from the site of this Indian village. In 1776, Filipe de Neve was made Governor of the Californias, with headquarters at Monterey, which at that time became the capital of Alta California. Eight missions up to that time had been established in Alta California, and de Neve recommended that three more be planted.

Neve was a man of large experience and great ability in affairs of state. He did much to improve Spain's system of colonial government, and very soon discovered the defects in the mission system. There was at this time much confusion owing to lack of team work; the representatives of the Church, the civil authority and the army continually working at cross purposes.

Neve proposed to found civil settlements, free from the control of the Church. Being authorized to do so by the King, he proceeded with the work, planning to make up a colony of twenty-four families, to be located at Los Angeles, the members of the colony to be of the artisan and farming class.

It was found to be very difficult to find these in Mexico, it being stipulated that they must be healthy, strong and of good character. The inducement to become members of the colony was that each settler was to have enough land to engage the personal labor of himself and family. This land he could own through life, but he could not mortgage or sell it. At his death it descended to his children on the same terms. In addition to the land, he was to receive an allowance of $116.50 per annum for the first two years; these sums to be paid in clothing or other necessary articles at cost prices. They were also to receive two horses, two mares, two cows and a calf, two sheep, two goats, a mule, a yoke of oxen, a plow-point, a spade, a hoe,

an axe, a sickle, a musket and a leathern shield. Breeding animals were to be provided for the community; and also a forge, an anvil, crowbars, carpenters' tools, and so forth. The cost of all these articles to be paid for at the end of five years, in stock and supplies, taken at the market price.

The pueblo that these settlers were to occupy was to consist of four square leagues, or thirty-six square miles—six miles on each of four sides, being the original boundary of Los Angeles.

Near the centre of the tract of land was the Plaza (public square), 275 by 180 feet, around which building lots were laid out and assigned to the settlers for their homes.

The land they were to cultivate lay adjacent to these, and beyond a large area of land reserved for common pasturage.

It took more than a year to find twelve families that met the requirements. They were gathered together at Loretto, Mexico, in March, 1781, and set out upon the journey northward with the necessary livestock and supplies, accompanied by some soldiers. It was August before they arrived at San Gabriel, the rendezvous, and one of the company having been smitten with smallpox, they had to be quarantined there. By the fourth of September, everything being prepared and ready for their formal entry into possession of the land, together with some soldiers, and led by Governor Neve, they proceeded to Los Angeles. They very soon traversed the seven miles to the new pueblo, and as they neared it, a procession was formed, the soldiers in the lead, headed by the Governor, bearing aloft the banner of Spain, and followed by the mission priests, with their Indian acolytes. Then came the settlers, consisting of eleven men, eleven women and twenty-two children—one family had dropped out since they left Mexico. At the head of their column a banner was carried, with a figure painted upon it representing the Virgin Mary.

The procession marched slowly and impressively around the Plaza, which had been staked out, closely watched by Indians from the near by village of Yang-na, who had come to witness the strange proceedings. When the Plaza had been circled the requisite number of times, a blessing was pronounced by the priests. Then the Governor addressed the settlers, and prayers and the benediction concluded the ceremonies.

Thus began the City of Los Angeles, as few cities north of the Mexican line have been begun; few or none of them having been founded by religious ceremonies—most of them have just happened.

A peculiarity in the laying out of the original Plaza and the streets surrounding it is that they are laid out on the bias. Almost without exception, the main streets in the cities of the United States run to the cardinal points of the compass. Here they run diagonal to them. The idea seems to have originated with Governor Neve, the object being to get rid of the shaded side of the house. Under this plan, the sunlight shines all around the house each day.

It is very doubtful if any of the men, women or children that made up the new colony at its founding were of pure Caucasian blood. A few were Indians, the others a mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro. Not a trace of any descendant of these original settlers can be found to-day. Of course, it was de Neve's intention that the little community should enjoy a form of self-government; but it was soon found that they were so ignorant, and so utterly unable and incapable of enjoying such a privilege, that a military officer had to be appointed to control and direct them. In less than six months it was found that three of the heads of families were utterly useless to the community, so that they and their families, sixteen in all, were expelled, and later one other family had to be dealt with in the same way.

In 1800, the population of the little pueblo, by natural increase and the addition of soldiers discharged from service, had grown to be 315. Ten years later it was 365, and had produced a surplus of 3,400 bushels of grain that was sent down to Mexico at the price of $1.60 a bushel. In the way of improvements, each family's allotment of land had been fenced, and a communal irrigation ditch had also been built from the river. Horses and cattle had largely increased, so that in the first year of the new century there were 12,500 of them, together with 1,700 sheep. It is interesting, too, to note the value of these at that time. An ox or cow was worth five dollars; a sheep, from one to two dollars;

a chicken, twenty-five cents; mules, $14 to $20, and a well broken horse, nine dollars. Thirty small adobe houses clustered around the Plaza, everything being in the most primitive condition. The roadways to the houses and the yards about them were in a most unsanitary condition. The only scavenger work was that done by birds, dogs and chickens.

In 1810 the population had grown to 365. The next decade was the era of Mexico's rebellion against Spain, which finally resulted in the Mexican Republic.

In the next decade, 1820-30, the population of Los Angeles nearly doubled, the increase being mainly due to the arrival of a shipload of foundling and orphaned children sent up from Mexico, and also to the fact that Mexico undertook to deport her criminals to Los Angeles, intending to make Alta California a penal colony. A vigorous protest from the colonists, however, changed this plan.

This had, of course, a very demoralizing effect, and resulted in making about half the population of the little pueblo thugs and loafers.

The change of government in Mexico resulted in making Alta California a territory of the new republic, instead of a royal province of Spain, and gave it a legislature in which the Los Angeles district had two representatives. The character of the citizenship is shown by the result of the elections held in 1826 and 1830. That of 1826 was ruled to be illegal. In that of 1830, the returns were thrown out on the ground that all of the candidates were vagabonds and drunkards, or worse.

It was on April 11, 1822, that the officials of Alta California took the oath of allegiance to Mexico, at Monterey. Twenty-five years thereafter, on July 7, 1847, Commodore Sloat of the U. S. Navy hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the fort there, and took possession of the territory for the U. S. Government. The twenty-five years of Mexican rule had been years of turmoil and strife; revolutions following each other in close succession. There had been eight regularly appointed Governors, and in addition, six irregularly or self-appointed ones.

Los Angeles became the storm center of these revolutions, most of the plotting for the overthrow of one governor and the placing of another being done there.

After hoisting the flag at Monterey, Commodore Sloat, working to the north, hoisted the flag on Yerba Buena (San Francisco), Sonoma, Sutter's Fort, Santa Cruz and San Jose; thereby completing the conquest of the northern part of the territory, which gave the United States Government no further trouble. The southern part of the territory, of which Los Angeles was the center, still remained to be subdued. Hither General Castro, who was in command of the Mexican forces, had withdrawn from Monterey when Sloat took possession there.

In January, 1846, Captain John C. Fremont of the U. S. Topographical Survey, with an exploring party of sixty-one men, had come across the Rockies into California, ostensibly on a surveying and exploring expedition. They came into the Sacramento Valley. Fremont in person, accompanied by Thomas O. Larkin, United States Consul to the Territory, went at once to Monterey to call on Governor Pico. He was absent at Los Angeles, General Castro being in charge of government affairs. Fremont explained that the object of his coming into the country was purely for scientific purposes. Castro gave a quasi-consent to his staying, but a few weeks later was much surprised to find that Fremont with his men were in camp within thirty miles of Monterey. He ordered them to leave. For answer, Fremont threw up earthworks around his camp, hoisted the Stars and Stripes and proposed to stay. Later, however, he withdrew into Oregon. But when Sloat took possession of Monterey, in July of that same year, it took Fremont a very little while to join him there. The facts were that Fremont's coming into the territory was part of a plan, as was Sloat's coming by sea to meet the aggressive attitude of the Mexican Government, that finally resulted in a declaration of war in the month of April. The news, however, did not reach Fremont until July.

About the middle of July, Commodore Stockton arrived at Monterey to relieve Commodore Sloat, who was in poor health and anxious to be relieved.

Stockton at once organized to proceed south to Los Angeles, to complete the conquest of the whole territory. He directed Fremont, who had been raised to the rank of Major, and whose party had grown very

much larger, and had been mustered into the regular army as "the battalion of California Volunteers," to proceed by sea to San Diego, and to march north from there to Los Angeles, to intercept the Mexican forces under Castro, who he expected would retreat from Los Angeles. Stockton himself sailed to San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. This plan worked out beautifully. Stockton and Fremont, with their forces, met August 13, at a point about three miles south of Los Angeles, and together marched into the pueblo, without any opposition. General Castro, however, escaped with his forces to Mexico, and Governor Pico into hiding.

This was apparently an easy victory, but it had its aftermath. Stockton and Fremont shortly after returned to Monterey, leaving Captain Gillespie, with a few soldiers, in charge of the pueblo. Almost at once, the plotters got to work, and presently there were open hostilities, with much trouble and bloodshed, that continued until January of the following year.

The exclusion laws that Spain rigidly enforced in all her overseas possessions were lightened somewhat in Alta California under the rule of the Mexican Republic, so that a few men of pure Caucasian blood had drifted in. Some of them were from ships wrecked along the coast; others were trappers in pursuit of their calling; some were Yankees, who came to trade; and still others adventurers, who came for what they might find. In the list of names of these men were those of two Scotsmen, James McKinley, who came in 1831, and Hugo Reid, who came in 1834. Reid married an Indian woman, at the San Gabriel Mission, and settled there. McKinley seems to have had lots of fun as a revolutionist, taking a leading part in several uprisings.

The first census under American possession was taken in 1850, and showed a population of 1,610 in the city and 3,530 in the county.

Previous to this census year, there was no organized school system and very little schooling. Occasionally a man, generally an ex-soldier, who was in a rather poor way capable of teaching school, was found, willing to do his best for the $15 a month that the pueblo was willing to pay. In addition, he had whatever small fees he could collect from the pupils. In the sixty years that had intervened between the founding of the city and the American possession there had altogether been only about ten years' total schooling of any sort.

Scotland

BY THOMAS DICKSON

Washington, D. C.

She's small among the nations,
  Her acres are but few,
But down the generations
  Her record's brave and true;
No other land, for freedom,
  Endured so much as she;
Her anthem is the *Te Deum*
  Of world-wide liberty.

Her mountain peaks are stormy,
  Mist-mantled are her glens,
Her forests are an army,
  And fastnesses her bens;
Sturdy and self reliant
  All tyranny to dare,
The despot and the traitor
  Can find no refuge there.

The thistle and the heather
  Her hardy emblems are,
Their forms entwined together
  No hurricane can mar,
They flaunt their plumes defiant
  From shelter far remote,
  They symbolize the Scot.
A stronghold reared by Nature

The blue field of her banner
  A silver cross displays,
No stain defiled its honor
  Through all the turbulent days,
Embodied now in Britain's jack,
  From pole to pole unfurled,
It marks the restless pioneer's track
  On to the larger world.

For man's emancipation,
  For liberty of thought,
For righteous relation
  'Tween man and man, she fought;
She tutored half creation
  In things that men now prize,
She's but a little nation,
  But mighty for her size.

Duncan Campbell and Jane McCrea

BY FREDERICK B. RICHARDS
Secretary of the New York State Historical Association
(For The Caledonian)

In the June issue of THE CALEDONIAN mention was made of the reinterment on Memorial Day, in the Union Cemetery, between Hudson Falls and Fort Edward, New York, of the remains of Major Duncan Campbell, of the old Black Watch regiment, the hero of Robert Louis Stevenson's poem "Ticonderoga." Through the kindness of Mr. Frederick B. Richards, the secretary, and the New York State Historical Association, we have been fortunate in securing the illustrations, and Mr. Richards, himself a loyal Scot, has contributed the accompanying article, which will be of great interest as further instance of the varied part Scottish men and women have played in the history of America.—EDITOR.

Those interested in history, and particularly those of Scottish descent, will remember the story of Campbell of Inverawe, Major in the regiment of Abercrombie's Army, variously known in 1758 as the Black Watch, the Forty-second, the Highland Regiment, or Lord John Murray's Highlanders, and a few months later as the Royal Highlanders. It is now known as the First Battalion, "The Black Watch," and few regiments in the British Army have a longer or prouder history or more honors to their credit than this oldest of the Highland regiments. It has always been in the thickest of the fighting in every war that Great Britain has had for the past nearly two hundred years, and in the last World's War added many glorious pages to its long history.

Since it was formed in 1739, many of its Majors have paid the price for martial glory in the service of King and Country, but none have been so famous in song and story as Duncan Campbell of Inverawe. The reason for this is that there is a ghost story attached to his illustrious career and untimely demise, and this ghost story is so well authenticated as to be dignified by recital in Francis Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, Appendix G,; has been told in verse by Robert Louis Stevenson in his poem, "Ticonderoga"; is in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's *Tales of the Highlands*, A. P. Stanley's *Inverawe and Ticonderoga*, etc., etc.

THE LEGEND OF INVERAWE

The following is taken from Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, and is the story told by Dean Stanley and endorsed by the family of the hero of the tale: The ancient castle of Inverawe stands by the banks of the Awe, in the midst of the wild and picturesque scenery of the Western Highlands. Late one evening, before the middle of the last century, as the laird, Duncan Campbell, sat alone in the old hall, there was a loud knocking at the gate, and, opening it, he saw a stranger, with torn clothing and kilt besmeared with blood, who in a breathless voice begged for asylum. He went on to say that he had killed a man in a fray, and that the pursuers were at his heels. Campbell promised to shelter him. "Swear on your dirk!" said the stranger, and Campbell swore. He then led him to a secret recess in the depths of the castle. Scarcely was he hidden when again there was a loud knocking at the gate, and two armed men appeared. "Your cousin, Donald, has been murdered, and we are looking for the murderer." Campbell, remembering his oath, professed to have no knowledge of the fugitive, and the men went on their way. The laird, in great agitation, lay down to rest in a large, dark room, where, at length he fell asleep. Waking suddenly in bewilderment and terror, he saw the ghost of the murdered Donald standing by his bedside and heard a hollow voice pronounce the words, "Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer." In the morning, Campbell went to the hiding place of the guilty man and told him that he could harbor him no longer. "You have sworn on your dirk!" he replied; and the laird of Inverawe, greatly perplexed and troubled, made a compromise between conflicting duties, promised not to betray his guest, led him to the neighboring mountain (Ben Cruachan) and hid him in a cave.

In the next night, as he lay tossing in feverish slumbers, the same stern voice awoke him, the ghost of his cousin Don-

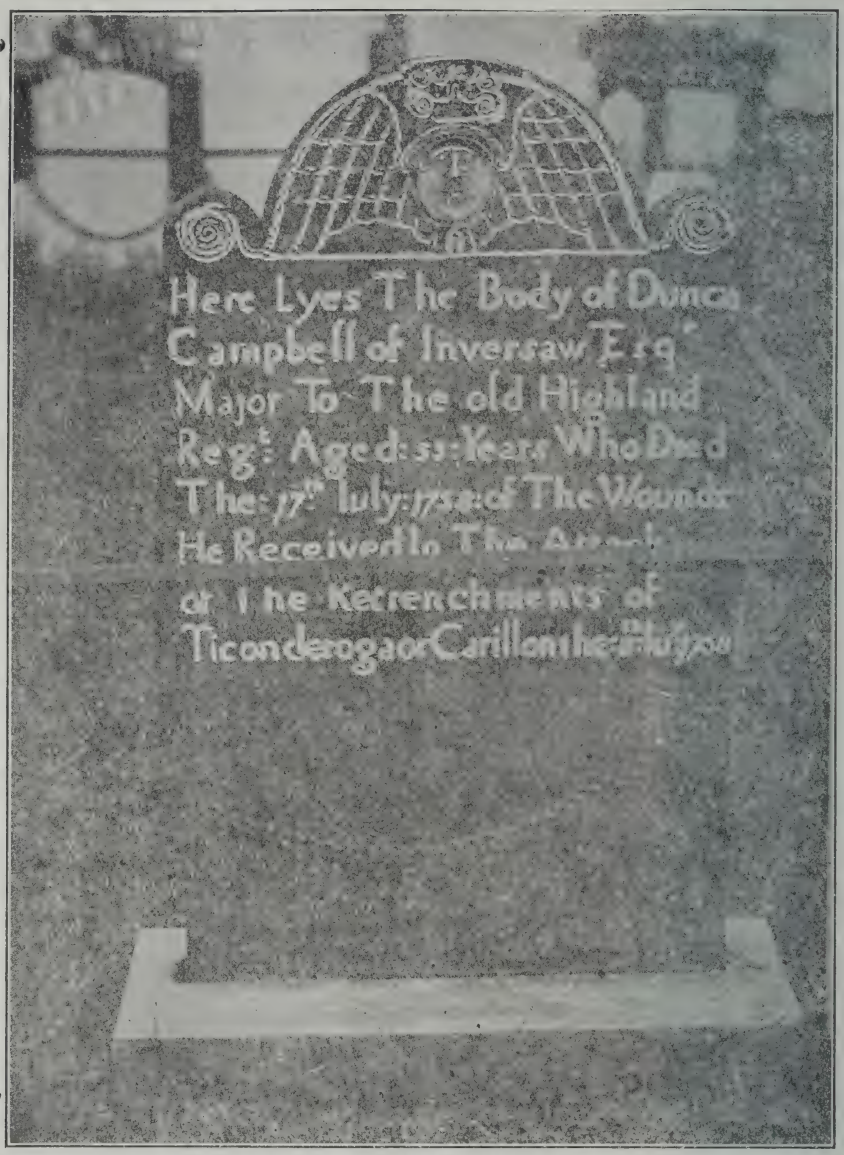


Photo by Chas. D. Case, Fort Edward

THE GRAVE OF MAJOR DUNCAN CAMPRELL

Headstone, of Red Granite, Now in the Jane McRae Enclosure, Union Cemetery, Between Hudson Falls (Formerly Sandy Hill) and Fort Edward.
(Inscription has been outlined in Chalk for this Photograph)

ald stood again at his bedside, and again he heard the same appalling words, "Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer!" At break of day he hastened, in strange agitation, to the cave, but it was empty; the stranger had gone. At night, as he strove in vain to sleep, the vision appeared once more, ghastly pale, but less stern of aspect than before. "Farewell, Inverawe!" it said. "Farewell till we meet at *Ticonderoga!*"

The strange name dwelt in Campbell's memory. He had joined the Black Watch, or Forty-second Regiment, then employed in keeping order in the turbulent Highlands. In time he became its Major; and,

a year or two after the war broke out, he went with it to America. Here, to his horror, he learned that it was ordered to the attack of Ticonderoga. His story was well known among his brother officers. They combined among themselves to disarm his fears; and when they reached the fatal spot they told him on the eve of the battle, "This is not Ticonderoga; we are not there yet; this is Fort Geroge." But in the morning he came to them with haggard looks. "I have seen him! You have deceived me. He came to my tent last night. This is Ticonderoga. I shall die to-day." And his prediction was fulfilled.

As a matter of fact, Campbell did not die that day, but in that terrible battle of July 8, 1758, when the incompetent Abercrombie, in his safe retreat at the sawmill, a mile to the rear, sacrificed two thousand of his troops in the vain attempt to capture the French breastworks. Here Major Campbell was wounded and died nine days later at Fort Edward. It would seem, in the light of modern surgery, as if his wound was not necessarily fatal. Abercrombie reports to Pitt from Lake George, August 19, 1758, "Major Duncan Campbell, of the 42nd, who was wounded in the arm at the battle on the 8th, was obliged to have it cut off and died soon thereafter." The fatal termination of a comparatively slight wound might be explained, however, by the following, translated from Garneau's *L'Histoire du Canada*: "Scarcely any of the wounded Highlanders ever recovered, and even those sent home as invalids. Their sores cankered, owing to the broken glass, ragged bits of metal, etc., used by the Canadians instead of shot." This same Frenchman was so impressed with the valor of the Black Watch that he writes: "The Highlanders covered themselves with glory; they formed the head of the troops confronting the Canadians; their light and picturesque costumes distinguished them from all the other soldiers amid the flame and smoke. This corps lost half of its men and twenty-five of its officers were killed or severely wounded." It was indeed a sad day for the old Black Watch," and few regiments of modern history can equal their casualty in that battle—647 killed and wounded out of the thousand engaged.

It is a fascinating dream for the tourist of to-day, to picture as he rolls along so comfortably in his automobile, the toiling thousands of Abercrombie's army of 1758—six thousand three hundred and twenty-seven regulars of the British Army, the 27th (the Inniskilling), the 42nd (the Highland Regiment), the 44th, the 46th, the 55th ("Lord Howe's"), two battalions of the 60th (the Royal Americans), and the 80th (Light Armed) Regiment of Foot; also of course, the Royal Artillery, and with these were nine thousand and thirty-four provincials, which regiments went by the names of their Colonels—Colonel DeLancey's New York, Colonel Babcock's Rhode Island, Colonel Fitche's Connecticut, Colonel Worcester's Connecticut, Colonel Bagley's Massachusetts, Colonel Partridge's Massachusetts, Colonel Preble's Massachusetts, Colonel Johnston's New Jersey, and Colonel Rodgers with his Rangers.

Abercrombie's Advance and Defeat

The trip from Fort Edward, past the Union Cemetery, through Hudson Falls and Glens Falls to Lake George can be done nowadays by automobile in less than an hour. It took Abercrombie nearly a month to move his army from the landing place on the Hudson River at Fort Edward to Lake George, where early in the morning of July 5th they embarked for the attack on Ticonderoga. There were nine hundred batteaux, a hundred and thirty-five whaleboats and a large number of heavy flatboats carrying the artillery. Parkman, in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, paints the scene as follows:

"The spectacle was superb; the brightness of the summer day; the romantic beauty of the scenery; the sheen and sparkle of those crystal waters; the countless islets, tufted with pine, birch and fir; the bordering mountains, with their green summits and sunny crags; the flash of oars and glitter of weapons; the banners, the varied uniforms, and the notes of bugle, trumpet, bagpipe and drum, answered and prolonged by a hundred woodland echoes. 'I never beheld so delightful a prospect,' wrote a wounded officer at Albany a fortnight after."

Three days later, this proud army, the largest which had assembled up to that time in America, came flying back, crushed and beaten by Montcalm and his little army of hardly a quarter its size. It is a sad story, but the next year practically the same army, under General Amherst,

pushed the French up into Canada, and but a short time after the dominion of France in North America was gone forever.

There is perhaps no relic of our early history which inspires more memories of wide spread interest than this old headstone of Major Duncan Campbell. To the French it tells of the last glorious victory of France in the New World; to the British, while it momentarily spells defeat, it is but the forerunner of the final triumph of the British arms and the capture of Canada; to the Yankee it brings back the story of the French and Indian War, and reminds us that many a general who afterwards won fame in the Revolutionary War got his first training and experience of warfare in this campaign. Of course, every Scot is interested in this memory of their oldest Highland regiment, and all the world loves a good ghost story.

In fact, too great an interest in the headstone is the reason for its removal, as the relic hunter has already begun his deadly work, and this old veteran which has withstood the rigors of this variable climate for nearly one hundred and sixty-two years is being chipped away.

Jane McCrea

The story of Jane McCrea's untimely end adds the one thing lacking in Duncan Campbell's tale, namely Love. Every student of American history is familiar with the story of Jane McCrea; but for the benefit of those who have not been particularly interested in the events of Revolutionary days, the narrative in its popular form runs as follows:

Jane was an orphan, and lived with her brother, John McCrea, near Fort Edward. As befits a heroine, she was said to be "uncommonly beautiful, graceful of manner, intelligent and a favorite of all who knew her." A near neighbor was David Jones, and he was said to be a handsome, manly young man, brave and generous. Naturally, they became lovers, and all would have gone as merrily as a wedding bell except for the war. John McCrea was an ardent patriot, and a Colonel in the Continental Army. David was an equally ardent Tory, and in 1777 joined Burgoyne's Army, where he was made a lieutenant. It is not stated that Jane took any decided stand between King and Continental Congress, but history would lead us to infer that with a singleness of purpose she had decided to throw her lot with David, come what may. As the story goes, Burgoyne's army got within a few miles of Fort Edward, and Jane, under the protection of a friendly band of Indians, was to be escorted through the lines to David, who was to take her to Burgoyne's headquarters, where the officers' wives accompanying the expedition were to arrange the wedding. All would have gone well but for the fact that on the way to camp she was seized as a prize by a band of savages whose blood was still on fire from a murdering and plundering raid and a still more recent encounter with an American outpost. The friendly Indians who were her support tried to rescue her, but their efforts served only to infuriate the rival chief, who tomahawked and scalped the unfortunate maiden. Some eminent historians attempt to rob this story of some of its romance, but all, even some of the English historians, unite in admitting that the death of Jane McCrea, July 27, 1777, had a large share in the defeat of the British a few months later at Saratoga.

Burgoyne had promised safety to all who remained neutral, and it was now seen that his promises were worthless, as he could not protect even the affianced bride of one of his officers from his savage allies. The news spread like wild-fire, and stimulated weak-kneed communities to send reinforcements. The whole of Northern New York and adjacent New England now came over to the side of the Americans, and the condition of half-hearted indifference was changed to an activity which resulted in disaster to the British at Saratoga, October 17, 1777. It is well, then, that we honor the memory of Jane McCrea.

Some years ago, to protect her tombstone from the relic hunter, the McCrea lot, which is just in front of the main gate of the cemetery, was surrounded by a high iron fence. On Memorial Day, 1920, under the auspices of the New York Historical Association and the St. Andrew's Society of Scots, the Duncan Campbell remains and tombstone were removed to the protection of this same iron fence. It is well that these two worthy Scots, who have contributed so much to American history, should sleep in the same enclosure.

THE DEATH OF
JANE MCCREA



F. C. YOHN, Artist

Courtesy of Glens Falls Insurance Company

The Bohemia of Thomson

By the native vigour of his mind,
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,
Whate'er in docile childhood or in youth
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
Was melted all away; so true was this
That sometimes his religion seemed to be
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods,
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Framed his belief, as grace divine inspired
Or human reason dictated with awe,
And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature.

Surely, the peculiar charm of Thomson was never better described than in these delightful lines of Wordsworth. For just as Shelley is the poet of the sky, and Byron the poet of the sea, the author of "The Seasons" is essentially the poet of the woodlands. In such archives of poetic fancy were all his musings. Sylvan haunts and bosky wildernesses cast a spell over him, and time and again we find sympathetic references throughout his works to these alcoves of earthly happiness. Ever wandering 'mid elysian retreats, he would spend many a long summer's day beneath some far-spreading oak, or lofty elm, watching the rooks with their "ceaseless caws amusive." Or, rod in hand, linger by the picturesque Jed, listening to the murmur of its gentle flow. His "Seasons" are full of such happy instances. Bowery shades and their quiet elysiums of leaf and stream were to him as "music to the soul." And whether amongst his favorite "ashes wild resounding o'er the steep," or inhaling "the breath of orchard big with bending fruit," it was always the solitude and beauty of Nature which awakened his imagination and added to his pleasure in life. Round his native hamlet, and in the vicinity of those sweet spots of his childhood and boyhood days were laid the foundations of his later poetic brilliancy. To Thomson these sweet havens of repose were:

As to the hunted hart the sallying spring
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves as he floats along the herbaged brink.

There are few more agreeable pilgrimages than to roam through the charming vale of crystal Jed, a classic region of literature and romance, and the Bohemia of one of Scotia's greatest bards.

Old-World Ednam

In the grey-green shimmer of Ednam's artistic loveliness we are in the earliest shrine of the poet. This quaint little hamlet by the "smooth--flowing stream" is one of the prettiest parishes on the Borders. Here one may sit in solitude for hours, and let thoughts come delicately as they are wont to come in quiet backwaters of retreat. Sitting reverently and still, the silence of the years comes back, bringing with it the old, old world of a vanished day and generation, with its memories of him who first saw the light in the manse by the river's side. The little stream still winds its merry way as it did in the days of long ago. But gone, alas! are the poet's birthplace and the fine old church where the poet's father ministered for eight years. Only the charm of memories sweet remain to link the village with the bard. And nowhere can we find a more fitting requiem to retain it in the memory than the lines of David Macbeth Moir:

A rural church; some scattered cottage roofs
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather stained:
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself,
And here and there a veritable tree
In foliaged beauty.

Another interest attaches to Ednam, in that West Mains was the birthplace, in 1793, of Henry Francis Lyte, the author of the beautiful hymns, "Sweet is the Solemn Voice That Calls," "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken" and "Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above." Who knows that when in later years this devout and gentle pilgrim was giving expression to these thoughts of sacred loveliness, he owed his inspiration to picturing in the mind's eye the pastoral sweetness of the quiet place of trees, where he first looked out upon the world.

Southdean

But the idyll of the Thomson country is Southdean, a delightful place of homely silence, where happy childhood keeps

dreams. Sweet in truth is the long grey road with its restful surroundings, which lead us to this haunt of poetic nurture. Here passed the early life of our bard, during which time he was a cheerful, happy boy, tracing the windings and playing on the banks of the Jed, visiting the shepherd and the ploughman in the fields, and viewing the whole country round with a delighted eye.

Southdean has changed but little since Thomson's youth. From the kirkton we may still wander along the pleasant old highway and across part of the ancient forest of Jedwood, through which the poet hied him to and from school. These fine old spots of association are still fragrant with the memory of the gifted youth. In the neighboring woods were all his gambols. How he loved to linger by the fine old ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh and fair Melrose! Or, rod in hand, spend a long summer's day by the banks of the Tweed, the Teviot, or sweet, crystal Jed. But to his own vivid description of the Walton pastime—

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger, leap,
There fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook.

A Fitting Nursery

'Mid the haunts and wanderings he knew and loved as a boy, it is possible to catch up the spirit of his poetry and allocate his various charming descriptions of rural scenes and rustic manners to their original place in the immediate landscape. Like Scott he sang romantically of his native land; of

Forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old.

Nature at large was his range, with the solitude of tropical forests and Scottish woodlands as a visionary repose for his imagination. His poem, "Winter," is especially rich in reminiscences of the enchanting little spot which witnessed the whole period of his infancy and early years, and the surrounding neighborhood, with its associations, is singularly well qualified to be the nursery of a poet. From the somewhat modern manse of to-day, a cheap-looking acquisition to the stately, picturesque structure of Thomson's time, the eye wanders over a far-flung vista. Close at hand is the picturesque Law of Southdean, with the River Jed sweeping gracefully on its way through bowers of loveliest green. Ruberslaw, with its memories of the poet, Leyden, raises its dark mass close behind, while looming pleasingly in the distance, and distinctly limned against the sky line, is the great barrier, Cheviot, with Carter Fell. Unquestionably "a scene for poet's song or painter's eye."

Wayside Wanderings

You come back to the every-day world silently, and 'tis a pleasant saunter to picturesque, old-world Marlefield, a charming retreat on the Kale Water. Here, during the summer school vacations, Thomson was often a visitor to its kind-hearted and genial owner, that generous and enthusiastic doyen of literature and art, Sir William Bennet. Bennet was widely known for his literary and artistic associations, and was never happier than when entertaining the most eminent men of his time at his festive board. The wits and humorists of the Scottish metropolis ever found a hospitable welcome, and many, indeed, must have been the occasions when the old rafters rang with the sounds of jovial entertainment. To Marlefield Thomson owes the theme of his finest juvenile poetic effort. The rich woodland scenery of the estate enraptured his boyish vision, and the old place, with its green tuft walks and dreamfulness of the past knows no finer tribute than these cherished lines of the youthful bard:

O what delight and pleasure 'tis to rove
Thro' all the walks and alleys of this grove,
Where spreading trees a chequered scene display,
Partly admitting and excluding day;
Where little birds employ their narrow throats.
To sing its praises in unlaboured notes.

The Clachan of Ancrum

Peeping through the trees on the opposite bank of the Tweed, as it glides its way through the quiet woodland aisles of the Ale valley, lies the clachan of Ancrum, yet another haunt of Thomson's boyhood years. Lulled by its vocal woods, he would

linger here in lonely musing, the whisperings of the trees and the gentle murmur of the river being the only sounds to break the solitude of the scene. Quiet and beautiful must it have been in the summer days of long ago, for even yet one may sit in the lap of old forest leaves and dream of those elder spirits whose names are legion. The seclusion of this sweet little haven, with its sequestrated nooks and shaded spots, fired the imagination of Thomson, and awakened in him that consciousness of poetical power which later was destined to blossom forth in the richest hues of poesy. Even when situated in the very heart of the lovely valley of the Thames, the memory of this favored resort was uppermost in his thoughts. Writing to his friend, Dr. Cranston, he says:

"I see you in the well-known clench, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick-embowering trees, while deep, divine Contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling, awful thought. There I walk in spirit, and deport in its beloved gloom."

L'Envoi

Oft-times in his later years did Thomson walk in spirit by his old home haunts. His heart was ever in his beloved Borders —by Tweedside, "whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed," or by "sylvan Jed," and the "rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw." His scenes and associations are dear to the heart of the literateur, and had he written no other poem than "Rule Britannia," the imperishable lines of this great patriotic effort, alone, must have enshrined him in the hearts of his countrymen. As it is, his "Seasons" are full of charming allusions to the country that gave him birth and witnessed the happiest period of his life. And in no more fitting place can we bring our pilgrimage to a close than in the silent and dreamy little township of Ancrum, where a "breath of the time that has been" seems to come to us in a sweet remembrance of days now vanished on the pathway of the years.—*K., in Inverness Courier.*

Clan MacRae

Clan Badge: Fir Club Moss *(Garbhag an t-sleibhe).*

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Macrae Tartan are: Macara, MacCrae, MacCraw, MacCrea, MacCreath, MacCrie, Macra, Macrach, Macrae, MacRath, Magrath, Rae.

The Arms of the Clan is: Silver, a blue fess between two mullets in chief and a lion rampant in base red. Crest: An arm in armor grasping a scimitar.

Motto: Fortitudine.

As with so many others of the Scottish clans, traditions differ as to the actual origin of the Clan MacRae.. The name MacRath, pronounced MacRa, or corruptly MacRae, the "son of good fortune," is said to have been the exclamation of a father regarding his son, who had performed some fortunate exploit. According to some, the clan was indigenous in the district of Kintail in Ross-shire, where the race is numerous to the present day. According to others, the ancestor of the MacRaes came over from Ireland in the thirteenth century with Colin Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Desmond, to whom the same tradition attributes the origin of Clan MacKenzie. MacRae, they say, fought under Fitzgerald at the Battle of Largs, in 1263, and while Fitzgerald was appointed Constable of Eilandonan Castle on Loch Duich, MacRae settled in the Aird of Lovat, from which his descendants afterwards migrated to Glenshiel in Kintail. The first MacRae to migrate is said to have been a certain Ian Carraich, who had slain a son of Lord Lovat. This tradition hardly agrees with another, equally popular. According to the latter, Mary, daughter of the last chief of the Bissets, was fostered in the family of MacRae of Cluns. Marrying the ancestor of the Frasers, she carried the estates of Lovat into her husband's family, and in token of the respect which she and her husband entertained for her foster-parents, a stone, it is said, was set up at the door of Lovat's castle declaring that no MacRae should lodge without while a Fraser resided within. As the Bissets were forfeited in the reign of Alexander II, this story, if true, would show that the

MacRaes were substantial people in the north a considerable time before the reputed Colin Fitzgerald and his henchmen fought at the Battle of Largs.

The MacRaes and the MacKenzies

Whatever the actual origin of the clan and name MacRae, however, it seems clear, that, from their earliest appearance in history, a close and most friendly relationship existed between the MacRaes and the Chiefs of the MacKenzie clan. When the ancestor of the Earls of Ross was still only Colin Og, son of Colin of the Aird, the MacRaes were probably his faithful adherents, and when Black Murdoch, son of Kenneth of Kintail, from whom all the MacKenzie chiefs were descended, received his charter from David II, in 1362, the MacRaes were no doubt part of his following. When the MacKenzie chief was arrested by James I, on his visit to Inverness in 1427, he is said to have been able to raise a force of 2,000 men. Of this host a considerable number must have been MacRaes, for it is said that, while MacKenzie owned Kintail, there were very few of his own name in the district, the majority being MacRaes. The latter were, in fact, known as MacKenzie's *Lein chrios*, "mail shirt" or bodyguard. Their privileged and honored place, nearest the Chief, continued even after his death, for at his funeral they took the first "lift" of his coffin as it left the castle on the way to burial. This last right was exercised even so late as the year 1862, when, after the death of the Hon. Mrs. Stewart-MacKenzie, daughter and representative of the last Lord Seaforth, her coffin was borne out of Brahan Castle by a contingent of MacRaes. From the first the MacRaes held their lands from the MacKenzie chiefs, who latterly were Earls of Seaforth, and they invariably fought under the MacKenzie standard, the Caber fey, in the field. They submitted to the jurisdiction of Seaforth's courts, and he was held answerable for them to the Government.

Constables of Eilandonan

As evidence of the high trust and esteem in which they were held by the Chiefs of Kintail, the MacRaes were again and again appointed Constables of MacKenzie's stronghold of Eilandonan. The office was not hereditary or continuous, for MacKenzie appears to have been anxious to retain personal control of the castle. A list of the successive constables, which has been given as follows, will best show the position.

Malcolm MacIan Charrich MacRae, *circa* 1509, descended from the Ian Carriach mentioned above.

Christopher MacRae, *circa* 1511.

John dubh Matheson of Fernaig, killed 1539.

Duncan MacRae, "Donnachadh MacGillechriosd," temporary Constable, 1539.

John Murchison, "Ian MacMhurchaidh Dhuibh," Priest of Kintail, 1539.

Christopher MacRae, 1580.

Murdoch Murchison, Vicar of Kintail, 1614.

Farquhar MacRae, 1618-1651, Vicar of Kintail, son of Christopher MacRae, and born at Eilandonan in 1580, when his father was Constable.

As followers of the MacKenzie Chiefs, the MacRaes performed many famous feats of war. Some of the most notable of these were achieved during the struggle with the MacDonalds, which followed the resignation of the Earldom of Ross by the last Lord of the Isles, in 1476. A sequel to that event was the feud between MacKenzie and Alexander MacDonald of Loch Alsh, nephew of the island lord. In an endeavor to recover the earldom and the lands transferred to MacKenzie by the King, MacDonald had invaded the country, burning and slaying. He was met and overthrown on the banks of the Conon by the son of the MacKenzie chief at the Battle of Blar na Pairc. In this battle one of the MacRaes, Duncan More, a man of immense strength, is said to have played a very conspicuous part, and contributed largely to the defeat of the MacDonalds. It was said of this warrior that, though engaged in many conflicts, and invariably victorious, he never escaped without a wound. Another MacRae warrior, known as Surachan, after slaying a notable personage in the MacDonald ranks, was seen by MacKenzie to seat himself calmly on the body of his fallen foe. On MacKenzie asking why he had ceased fighting while so much depended on his efforts, Surachan replied, "I have done my day's work. If every man does as much, the days is ours!" "Kill more," exclaimed

MacKenzie, "and I shall not count your work by the day!" Thereupon Surachan leaped to his feet and dealt out a terrible slaughter upon the enemy. In consequence the battle was commemorated in the famous tune, "Spaidsearach mhic Rha'," which to the present day, as its name imports, is the march of the clan..

A few years later, in 1509, when Hector Roy MacKenzie was trying to wrest the chiefship from his nephew, John of Killin, whom he accused of illegitimacy, Eilandonan was held for Hector by its Constable, Malcolm MacIan Charrich MacRae. The besiegers brought MacRae's cattle down to the shore and slaughtered them in his sight for food, but MacRae still refused to surrender, and held out till Hector made an arrangement with his nephew.

Another episode of the feud with the MacDonalds which followed the transference of ancient MacDonald lands to the Mackenzies took place in 1539. On this occasion Donald Gorm MacDonald of Sleat, learning that Eilandonan was slenderly garrisoned, laid siege to the island stronghold with fifty birlinns or galleys. John Dubh Matherson of Fernaig, the Constable of the castle, had been killed, and only two men were left, Duncan MacGilchrist MacRae and the watchman. The defenders were nearly exhausted, and MacRae was reduced to his last arrow, when he saw Donald Gorm going round the walls to decide on the best place to make his final assault. Drawing his bow, MacRae sent out his last arrow. It struck MacDonald in the foot. In the pulling of it out an artery was severed, and the bleeding could not be stopped. The wounded man was carried some distance away, to a reef still known as "Larach tigh Mhic Dhomhnuill," and there died. His followers afterwards burned the castle and its boats, but this could not make up for the loss of their leader.

Still another famous exploit was that performed by Duncan MacRae, grandson of Duncan MacGilchrist. In the chief's absence in Mull, MacDonald of Glengarry had raided Mackenzie's lands of Strath Carron, and was returning home with his galleys heavily loaded with plunder. Only a few men were left at Eilandonan, but Lady Kintail sent them out under the intrepid Duncan MacRae. It was a night in November, and the sea was calm, while there were occasional showers of snow, as MacRae waited under the shadow of the headland at Kyle-rhea. At last, on the rising tide a boat shot through the narrows. Recognizing it as MacDonald's scout, MacRae let it pass. A great galley next appeared, and, firing a cannon he had brought with him, MacRae dashed against it. Many of its oars were broken, and in a damaged state it ran upon the Cailleach Rock, where its entire crew of sixty, with MacDonald himself, were slain or drowned.

Montrose and the Earls of Mar

In the Civil War of Charles I, when Montrose raised the Royalist standard in the north, the MacRaes took the field under Seaforth, the MacKenzie chief, and many of them fell in the campaign. By way of counterpoise to these losses they are said to have added to their numbers in a somewhat curious way. While the MacRaes were known as Seaforth's "shirt of mail," the MacLennans, their neighbors in Kintail, were his standard-bearers. In this capacity, at the Battle of Auldearn, a large number of the MacLennans were cut to pieces. As a result, there were many MacLennan widows left in Kintail. No fewer than eighteen of these widows were married by MacRaes.

The MacRaes, again, were out with Seaforth in the Earl of Mar's rebellion in 1715. For that campaign, Seaforth raised two regiments. Of these, two companies were raised in Kintail and one in Loch Alsh, and according to tradition were mostly comprised of MacRaes. It is said that, on the night before they marched away, they danced to the music of the pipes on the leaden roof of Eilandonan. Alas! in the battle of Sheriffmuir, on 13th November, at which the Jacobite cause collapsed for the time, many of them were slain. Among those who fell, along with two of his brothers, was a certain Duncan MacRae, who was notable both as a poet of no little merit and as a man of extraordinary physical strength. His claymore, known as "the great Highlander's sword," was long preserved in the Tower of London, and on the farm of Auchnangart, in the MacRae country, is still to be seen a stone of immense size, which he is said to have carried a considerable distance and deposited where it now lies.

In the subsequent Jacobite attempt of 1719, when Cardinal Alberoni sent a fleet

of thirty ships with 6,000 troops and 12,000 stand of arms to Scotland, under the Duke of Ormond, and only two vessels with three hundred Spaniards reached these shores, the MacRaes were again concerned. But the affair collapsed after the skirmish at Strachells, known as the Battle of Glenshiel, in which Seaforth was wounded, and on 10th May, three British men-of-war, the *Worcester, Enterprise* and *Flamborough,* under Captain Boyle, sailed up Loch Alsh, stormed Eilandonan, and after the surrender of the Spanish garrison, blew up the stronghold.

To the same period belongs the story of one of the most famous members of the clan. James MacRae is said to have been the son of a humble washerwoman in the town of Ayr. Against his mother's entreaties and advice, he ran away to sea, and nothing was heard of him for forty years. Then he returned, a nabob of immense wealth, after having been Governor of Madras. Ascertaining that his mother had been cared for in her last days by a niece, he sought out the latter, and finding that the niece and her husband, one MacGuire, a country fiddler, had four attractive daughters, he undertook the education of these girls. When they became of marriageable age, he saw them all well married and dowered them well. Lizzie MacGuire, the eldest, was married to the Earl of Glencairn, and received from MacRae as a marriage portion the estate of Ochiltree. To the second he gave the estate of Alva, and her husband, an eminent lawyer, became Lord Alva. A third, who married the son of Dalrymple, the minister of Ayr, received the estate of Orangefield; and a fourth married a natural son of his own, to whom he gave the lands of Houston in Renfrewshire. It is worth remembering that it was Lizzie MacGuire's son, the Earl of Glencairn, who gave Robert Burns his chief lift when he went to Edinburgh to find his fortune, the poet having been recommended to his notice by his cousin, Dalrymple of Orangefield. So much had this member of the Clan MacRae to do with the raising to name and fame of the great national bard. Governor MacRae also, in 1734, presented to Glasgow its first statue, the equestrian monument to King William III, which still dominates the Trongate at Glasgow Cross. A monument was afterwards erected to the memory of MacRae himself in the parish of Prestwick, near Ayr.

The MacRaes in Literature, Etc.

From an early date the MacRaes have been noted not only for exploits of arms, which brought them the title of the "wild MacRaes," but also for excellence in the gentler art of letters. From the early part of the fifteenth century some member of the race appears always to have held the office of Vicar of Kintail. John MacRae, the first Vicar, is said to have studied with the monks of Beauly, and was much respected for his learning. The Rev. Farquhar MacRae, born in 1580, and last of the Constables of Eilandonan, was both an energetic churchman and a great Latin scholar. On his first visit to the island of Lewis he is said to have baptized all the inhabitants under forty years of age, no clergyman having resided on the island during that period. His second son, John MacRae, who became minister of Dingwall in 1640, and died in 1704, was author of a genealogical account of the clan formerly in possession of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John MacRae of Ardintoul, and now in the hands of Sir Colin MacRae, W. S., representative of the Inverinate family. Another of the clan, John MacRae, better known as MacUirtsi, was last of a race of bards who handed on a poetic tradition for several generations. A poem which he composed on a heavy loss of cattle which he suffered, is considered one of the classics of the Gaelic language. In our own time the late Rev. David MacRae was no less remarkable for his fighting qualities as an exponent of advanced opinions in theology, and for his upholding of the rights and honors of Scotland than for his contributions to English literature.

A few years ago, the actual position of the clan with respect to its chiefship formed the subject of an interesting case in the Court of the Lord Lyon. Sir Colin Campbell, W. S., as representative of the family of MacRae of Inverinate, made application in that court for a grant of arms with supporters as the chief of the clan. His application was opposed by Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel, John MacRae Gilstrap, whose elder brother, Mr. Stuart MacRae, is representative of the

(*Continued on page 192*)

Irish Treachery

Scathing Exposure by Brilliant French Author in New Book, "Ireland the Enemy of the Allies?"

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM TAYLOR
(For The Caledonian)

When, in the year 1915, an eminent American author said, "I want no better photograph of any individual than his opinion of the war," he crystallized the thoughts of the great mass of the American people, and established a sound criterion of moral judgment.

Among men and women, the question, "What do you think of the war?" became loaded with fateful possibilities. Upon the answer depended respect and friendship, and who can tell the friendships broken, the violent revulsion from the feeling of respect to that of contempt! That this test reached the heart of America, there can be little doubt. The spiritual neutrality of America probably never existed from that time, quite early in the war, of the atrocities at Liege and Louvain; most certainly, whatever traces remained had disappeared on May 7, 1915, when a German torpedo sank the *Lusitania*.

Since the signing of the armistice, however, there has been an apparent tendency, not only in America, but also in Great Britain, to forget that such a standard was set, and in the easy-going way, which is the characteristic way of both of the great branches of the English-speaking peoples, to "wipe the slate clean," as it were, and to let "bygones be bygones."

Perhaps the most striking example of this trend is to be observed on both sides of the water in connection with the agitation and discussion over the Irish question. In law, it is a first principle that the party seeking redress should come into court with clean hands; but we see here a choice collection of characterless men who, with difficulty assuming the airs of respectability and injured innocence, are trying to "put over" an immense bluff in the name of freedom and justice. Rarely are we reminded of the shameful part played in the war by the Sinn Feiners in this country, who, to all practical intents and purposes, were defeatists and pro-German from first to last, and rarely are we reminded of the treacherous attitude and actions of the Sinn Feiners in Ireland at times when the allied armies were "fighting with their backs to the wall."

In passing, it might be edifying to inquire whether this large and spacious attitude, this ultra broad-mindedness, so common to Americans and Britishers, is motived by a spirit of sweet charitableness or of contempt; is an evidence of strength or of apathy.

Be that as it may, we are recalled to actualities by the keen, penetrating Gallic mind of R. C. Escouflaire, who stamps a fraud a fraud, and sees knaves and traitors in people whom we still treat with good natured tolerance, if not with respect.

M. Escouflaire is a Frenchman, who, as he states, has for years taken the Irish anti British propaganda as genuine. When in consequence of the war he became personally acquainted with the British, he was unable to reconcile their behavior and their ideals with what he had heard about them through the Irish. He therefore made an independent study of the Irish question, entering upon it with a perfectly unprejudiced mind, and the result of his discoveries is that he feels himself able to pronounce the Irish question "an international imposture"—words which, curious to note, are used also by Owen Wister in his new book as the heading for the chapter dealing with the Irish question.

The title of M. Escouflaire's book is *Ireland An Enemy of the Allies?* Just why the interrogation point is used does not appear, for it is plain to even a casual reader that there is no question whatever in the mind of the author. His opening statement is: "The Irish question is an international imposture. Ireland in order to justify her *rebellion and treason*, makes

out that she is oppressed. Nowadays the oppression of Ireland by England is a myth, and a very feeble one at that." While he finishes his book with these words: "That chatterbox, Meyer, in a speech at Cologne, last April (1918), promised Germany's gratitude to Ireland for her hostility to England during the war, thus immobilizing an army, partly in Ireland, partly in England, in view of the Irish risings. The German professor spoke the truth, and we have neither to rejoice over the matter nor to thank Ireland; *she tried to stab us in the back and it would be intolerable if she were to profit thereby.*"

Our author strips the Irish question of its illusions and shams. In the thoroughgoing style of investigation, which is characteristic of French authors, he has dug deep into the history of Ireland and the Anglo-Irish connection. Out of the mouth of the late John Redmond he reveals the utter lack of good faith on the part of the Sinn Feiners. Out of the mouths of many Irish priests he proves treason; as for example, Father O'Flanagan, who said, in January, 1916, "Ireland should become an independent country in alliance with Germany." Out of the Sinn Fein announcements he proves intrigue with Germany, and, for good measure, quotes corroborative evidence from General von Hindenberg and Count von Hertling.

This is a well informed book which deserves to be widely read. It is the first book published in recent years, that we are aware of, which covers the Irish question from the viewpoint of a foreigner. It is to the credit of Great Britain and the shame of Ireland.

The Late Lord Guthrie

The news of Lord Guthrie's death was received with widespread regret throughout the Highlands, where he was so well known and so greatly beloved. In 1900, he was appointed Sheriff-Principal of Ross and Cromarty and Sutherland, having been selected by a Unionist Government, and in 1907, he was raised to the Bench through the resignation of Lord Kyllachy. During his Principalship in the North he took a warm and active interest in the life of the people, his lectures and speeches being literary treats which were thoroughly enjoyed. Always interested keenly in antiquities, he took a great interest in Tain. It was mainly due to him that the fine portrait of the late Bailie Wallace, by Fiddes Watt, was painted.

A TYPICAL SCOT

It is since he began to taste the comparative leisure of the Inner House that he has become better known to his countrymen as the man of varied gifts and interests he was (writes Sheriff Orr, K. C.) They have come to know him as a true and typical Scot of the very best kind. There was no interest of his native land that was not dear to him. He has been true to the old tradition which connects the profession of law with literature. He delighted in Scottish history, wrote about John Knox, and had a special knowledge of the Reformation period. He has done much to revive interest and acquaintance with ancient Scottish literature and history by the vigorous and active part he has played in the work and publications of the Scottish Text Society and kindred associations.

AN ASSIDUOUS WRITER

He wrote assiduously for magazines and papers—endless articles and reviews on all manner of subjects, and he was always an interesting writer as he was always an interesting speaker. And he loved the Scottish Church and Scottish Christianity, but not in any narrow or sectarian spirit. There was nothing in the controversies of her past that he did not know and understand, but his heart yearned for the healing of old sores, and he believed that the time had come for a reconstruction of Scottish Presbyterianism. He was one of those who early pleaded for the movement for union between the two great churches, and he rejoiced in every sign of progress in that direction. He touched life at many points and his touch was always helpful, illuminating, stimulating. He was a modern humanist, widely read and widely travelled. Antiquities, literature, art, geography, travel, there was nothing in any of these spheres foreign to him.

ASSOCIATIONS WITH R. L. S.

The possession of Swanston Cottage was not the late Lord Guthrie's only link with Robert Louis Stevenson. During the last years of her life, Miss Alison Cunningham, R. L. S.'s old nurse "Cummie" ("my second mother and first wife," as he called her in the dedication to "A Child's Garden") was

a frequent and welcome visitor to the Guthrie family at Swanston. There, on fine days, she walked in the garden, where every path recalled the boy she had nursed. Cummie had just one theme, and that was "Louis." Lord Guthrie resided a good deal in Swanston Cottage, in the vicinity of which he came into touch with the prototypes of some of Stevenson's famous characters.

Robert Louis Stevenson as Playmate

A PLEASANT MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD'S DAYS

I was a mere child when I first made the acquaintance of Robert Louis Stevenson, and in a sufficiently unusual and dramatic manner. His father and mine were friends of a lifetime, drawn together by some likeness of character and the same profession, and interested in one another by the dissimilarity that frequently cements a friendship. I had in my quiet, guarded childhood, passed in a lovely and all-sufficing old garden, smaller occasion and less liberty for adventure than the wild spirit of R. L. S. He was spoken of as "a curious boy," unlike others; and perhaps the mothers of my generation had an unacknowledged distrust of the thin, elfin lad with the brilliant eyes. In any case, we had not met save at those terrible entertainments called "children's parties," and had eyed one another with the reserved and clear-sighted silence that in thoughtful children is the substitute for older diplomacy.

THE FIRST MEETING

Our family had in the 'sixties settled for August and September at North Berwick, then a small, unfashionable seaside place, with an East Bay, and a very nebulous West, that had about half-a-dozen villas. The East Bay was to us then a real Elysium—rocks, sea, a safe beach called "the sands," on which we had any amount of unusual liberty; and, under the eyes of tenants of the line of villas, little danger could come to the boys and girls who played and dreamed there. The Black Rock was an Alp to be climbed, and I had, with another playfellow, a dear cousin now long dead, begun the ascent. The rock was very hot and dry, and polished in places by the many feet that had gripped in its few niches. Just at the top I found I had the wrong foot foremost, nothing to hold to, and a sensation of fear. My head barely reached the top, but my hat did. To my relief, a thin, brown hand with long fingers came over the edge of the rock, and a thin, brown face, with very keen, interested, grey-brown eyes, looked over. "Take my hand," said a boy's voice, and the fingers curved for the grip. I looked at the very thin, very long wrist that reached out of a pepper-and-salt shabby coat, and hesitated to trust to it, it looked so very unequal to any efficient help, then up to the eager grey eyes bent on me, and felt that I might trust to the owner's willingness. "All right," I said, and put a sandy paw in the thin one. "Hold tight and change your foot"; then, "One, two, three," and a good pull landed me on the top. "I am Louis Stevenson," the boy said. "I was lying up here in the sun, on the warm rock. Isn't it fine?" I still think of him as "Louis," French fashion, without an "s," as his surname obliterated the final consonant, and it was many years before I realized that it was the English Louis. Our elders, for some unknown reason, never spoke of him without the surname, a kind of unconscious tribute to his difference of temperament. It had a curios effect on my young mind. "Bob," "Fred," "Jim," "Harry," seemed a homely crowd, but "Louis Stevenson" stood out with a kind of uncanny glory to that strange thing a child's mind.

A TWIN FRIENDSHIP

We soon "made friends," and began on the top of the Black Rock a firm friendship that was never broken, although life set our paths wide apart in his early manhood, and death's dark river flows between us for a time. Louis was two and a quarter years older than myself; we were both Mercurians in coloring, hair, and eyes; both dreamers and readers. We loved adventure—and its shadow in fancy, for our area of liberty was not very great. But even now, in middle age that verges on the hateful "elderly," the East Bay of North Berwick holds for me the glamour and richness that was so great for us in that long-gone childhood. The mound that rises at the end, rippled all round by old sheep-tracks, was to us an ancient fort. Louis thought if we dug into it we might find bones of dead Vikings, or their equivalent in North Berwick. Children accept such ideas without cavil when the rainbow of fancy plays over them. Many a game we played on that little terraced hill, and many a time did we run down, to the imminent danger of our legs. Once, indeed, I fell and dislocated my left arm very badly, and suffered great pain. But the leeches that were put on to reduce the swelling were so black and mysterious, so interesting to talk over with Louis afterwards, the sling in which my painful arm reposed so important, that I felt the injury was a feather in my cap. For a time my share of digging sandpits was suspended, and I was a wounded warrior recovering for fresh feats of arms! Louis was sympathetic and kind, and had a wonderful way of making everything, even injuries, an adventure.

As I write I see, not the writer in Vailima, famous the world over, but the strange, thin, glowing face, the slender hand that came down to my aid on the Black Rock with the words that were perhaps the unconscious watchword of all his work—"Take my hand."

—"Lantern-Bearer" in *Chambers' Journal.*

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A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(Continued from June Caledonian)

But Mari was not confused. It was Sheila, not he, whom she was concerned about. Indeed, Mairi had caught up a little of that jealousy of Lavender which was rife among the Borva folks. They would speak no ill of Mr. Lavender. The young gentleman whom Miss Sheila had chosen had by that very fact a claim upon their respect. And yet, in their secret hearts, they bore a grudge against him. What right had he to come away up to the North and carry off the very pride of the island?

"I hope he is ferry well," said Mairi, dutifully: she could at least say that honestly.

"You will see him at two o'clock. He is coming in to luncheon; and he does not know you are here; and you are to be a great surprise to him, Mairi. And there is to be a greater surprise still; for we are going to make one of the rooms into the drawing-room at home; and you must open your boxes, and bring me down the heather and the peat, Mairi, and the two bottles; and then, you know, when the salmon is on the table, and Bras lying on the hearthrug, and the peat-smoke all through the room, then you will come in and shake hands with him, and he will think he is in Borva again."

Mairi was a little puzzled. She did not understand the intention of this strange thing. But she went and fetched the materials she had brought with her from Lewis, and Sheila and Mairi set to work.

At last the room was finished, and Sheila contemplated it with much satisfaction. The table was laid, and on the white cloth stood the bottles most familiar to Borza. The peat smoke still lingered in the air; she could not have wished anything to be better.

Then she went off to look after luncheon, and Mairi was permitted to go down and explore the mysteries of the kitchen. Suddenly, as Sheila was explaining to Mairi the use of some particular piece of mechanism, she heard a sound that made her heart jump. It was now but half past one: and yet that was surely her husband's foot in the hall. For a moment she was too bewildered to know what to do. She heard him go straight into the very room she had been decorating, the door of which she had left open. Then, as she went up-stairs, with her heart still beating fast, the first thing that met her eye was a tartan shawl belonging to Mairi that had been accidentally left in the passage.

"Sheila, what nonsense is this?" he said.

He was evidentally in a hurry; and yet she could not answer, her heart was throbbing too quickly.

"Look here," he said, "I wish you'd give up this grotto-making till to-morrow. Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. Lorraine, and Lord Arthur Wemyss are coming in to luncheon at two. I suppose you can get something decent for them. What is the matter? What is the meaning of all this?"

And then his eye rested on the tartan shawl, which he had not noticed before.

"Who is in the house?" he said; "have you asked some washerwoman to lunch?"

Sheila managed at last to say,—

"It is Mairi come from Stornoway. I was thinking you would be surprised to see her when you came in—"

"And these preparations are for her!"

Sheila said nothing: there was that in the tone of her husband's voice which was gradually bringing her to herself, and giving her quite sufficient firmness.

"And now that this girl has come up, I suppose you expect those people who are coming in half an hour to sit down at table with a kitchen-maid?"

"Mairi," said Sheila, standing quite erect, "is my cousin."

"Your cousin! Don't be ridiculous, Sheila. You know very well that Mairi is nothing more nor less than a scullery-maid; and I suppose you mean to take her out of the kitchen, and introduce her to people, and expect them to sit down at table with her. Is not that so?"

She did not answer, and he went on, impatiently, "Why was I not told that this girl was coming to stay at my house? Surely I have some right to know what guests you invite, that I may be able at least to ask my friends not to come near the place while they are in it."

"That I did not tell you before—yes, that was a pity," said Sheila, sadly and calmly. "But it will be no trouble to you. When Mrs. Lorraine comes up at two o'clock, there will be luncheon for her and for her friends. She will not have to sit down with any of my relations, or with me; for if they are not fit to meet her, neither am I; and it is not any great matter that I shall not meet her at two o'clock."

Sheila went down-stairs to the kitchen, where Mairi still stood awaiting her. She gave orders to one of the servants about having luncheon laid in the dining room at two, and then she bade Mairi follow her up-stairs.

"Mairi," she said, when they were alone, "I want you to put your things in your trunk at once—in five minutes if you can—I shall be waiting for you."

"Miss Sheila!" cried the girl, looking up to her friend's face with a sudden fright seizing her heart. "What is the matter with you? Oh, are you so ill!"

"There is nothing the matter, Mairi. I am going away."

She uttered the words placidly; but there was a pained look about the lips that could not be concealed; and her face, unknown to herself, had the whiteness of despair in it.

"Going away!" said Mairi, in bewilderment. "Where are you going, Miss Sheila?"

"I will tell you by and by. Get your trunk ready, Mairi. You are keeping me waiting.

Then she called for a servant, who was sent for a cab; and by the time the vehicle appeared, Mairi was ready to get into it, and her trunk was put on the top. Then, clad in the rough blue dress that she used to wear in Borva, and with no appearance of haste or fear in the calm and death-like face, Sheila came out from her husband's house, and found herself alone in the world. She got into the cab, and sat down by Mairi, and then took the girl's hand.

"I am sorry to take you away, Mairi," she said; but she was apparently not thinking of Mairi, nor of the house she was leaving, nor yet of the vehicle in which she was so strangely placed. When Mairi told her that the cabman wanted to know whither he was to drive, she merely answered, "Oh, yes, Mairi, we will go to the station"; and Mairi added, addressing the man, "It was the Euston Station." Then they drove away.

"Are you going home?" said the young girl, looking up with a strange foreboding and sinking of the heart to the pale face and distant eyes. "Are you going home, Miss Sheila?"

"Oh, yes, we are going home, Mairi," was the answer she got; but the tone in which it was uttered filled her mind with doubt and something like despair.

Chapter XIX

A NEW DAY BREAKS

Was this, then, the end of the fair and beautiful romance that had sprung up and blossomed so hopefully in the remote and bleak island, amid the silence of the hills and moors and the wild twilights of the north, and set round about, as it were, by the cold sea-winds and the sound of the Atlantic waves? And here was the end—a wretched girl, blinded and bewildered, flying from her husband's house and seeking refuge in the great world of London, careless whither she went.

Whose was the fault? Which of them had been mistaken up there in the North, laying the way open for a bitter disappointment? Or had either of them failed to carry out that unwritten contract entered into in the halcyon period of courtship, by which two young people promise to be and remain to each other all that they then appear?

Lavender, at least, had no right to complain. If the real Sheila turned out to be something different to the Sheila of his fancy, he had been abundantly warned that such would be the case. The imaginative Sheila, who was to appear as a wonderful Seaprincess in London drawing-rooms, had disappeared now; and the real Sheila, who did not care to go with him into that society which he loved or affected to love, he had not learned to know.

And had she been mistaken in her estimate of Frank Lavender's character? At the very moment of her leaving her husband's house, if she had been asked the question, she would have turned and proudly answered "No!" She had been disappointed—so grievously disappointed that her heart seemed to be breaking over it; but the manner in which Frank Lavender had fallen away from the promise he had given was due not to himself, but to the influence of the society around him. But when things were at their very worst—when his indifference, or worse, had actually driven from his house a young wife who had special claims on his forbearance and consideration—there were two people who still believed in Frank Lavender. They were Sheila Mackenzie and Edward Ingram; and a man's wife and his oldest friend generally know something about his real nature, its besetting temptations, its weakness, its strength, and its possibilities.

Of course Ingram was speedily made aware of all that had happened. Lavender went home at the appointed hour to luncheon, accompanied by his three acquaintances. He had met them accidentally in the morning; and as Mrs. Lorraine was most particular in her inquiries about Sheila, he thought he could not do better than ask her there and then, with her mother and Lord Arthur, to have luncheon at two.

Lavender met his three friends once more and walked up to the house with them, letting them in, indeed, with his own latch-key. Passing the dining-room, he saw that the table was laid there. This was well. Sheila had been reasonable.

They went up-stairs to the drawing-room. Sheila was not there. Lavender rang the bell, and bade the servant tell her mistress she was wanted.

"Mrs. Lavender has gone out, sir," said the servant.

"Oh, indeed," he said, taking the matter quite coolly. "When?"

"A quarter of an hour ago, sir. She went out with the—the young lady who came this morning."

"Very well. Let me know when luncheon is ready."

Lavender turned to his guests, feeling a little awkward, but apearing to treat the matter in a light and humorous way. He imagined that Sheila, resenting what he had said, had resolved to take Mairi away, and find her lodgings elsewhere. Perhaps that might be done in time to let Sheila come back to receive his guests.

She did not appear, and luncheon was announced.

"I suppose we may as well go down," said Lavender, with a shrug of his shoulders. "It is impossible to say when she may come back. She is such a good-hearted creature that she would never think of herself or her own affairs in looking after this girl from Lewis."

They went down-stairs, and took their places at the table.

(Continued on page 192)

Sir Harry Lauder, Graham Moffat and Other Treats Promised by Mr. William Morris

Coincident with his return from Europe, William Morris announces that he has arranged with Sir Alfred Butt for the engagement of Sir Harry Lauder, in the Palace Theatre, London, next February. This will be Sir Harry's first appearance in England since 1917. The Scotch comedian is now finishing his South African tour, and will rest in his Highland estate until he appears in London, following which Mr. Morris has arranged another world tour which will include a protracted visit to this country in 1921.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat, Miss Winnifred Moffat and most of the original company who have been appearing in "Don't Tell," the new Scottish comedy by Graham Moffat (the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings") will arrive in this country early in August and begin their season in Ottawa, Ontario, August 30th. After appearing in Canada four weeks, Mr. Morris will bring the new Scotch comedy to New York for its American premiere in a theatre to be announced later.

While in London, Mr. Morris also arranged with Joseph Hislop, the Scotch tenor who is to appear here this season with the Chicago Opera Company, for a series of concerts following the opera season, the first of which is scheduled for March, 1921.

Tom Burke, the Irish tenor, who will make his first American concert tour under the direction of Mr. Morris, has, according to the London press, just scored another vocal triumph in the three new Puccini one-act operas which were given their premieres in Covent Garden. Mr. Burke will arrive in New York about the middle of September and begin his tour of one hundred concerts with his debut at the New York Hippodrome on Sunday night, October 3rd, appearing in all of the important cities en route to the Pacific Coast, returning to London in time for the regular Royal Opera season at Covent Garden next spring.



MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM MOFFATT

Stewarton

BY M. ANDREW

Stewarton, famed for its "bunnets", is a town of considerable antiquity. Pont describes "Stewarte-toun Castell" as being a "strong olde donjoun, "the ancient inheritance of the predecessors of our Scottes Kings," hence the derivation of the name, Stewarton. In the thirteenth century the lordship of the lands of Stewarton became the inheritance of James, High Steward of Scotland, a predecessor of the Stewart line of Kings. The lordship remained in the family after their accession to the throne, and on two occasions was bestowed upon favorites of the court as marriage dowries. Robert III granted a charter to Archibald, Earl of Douglas, and afterwards resumed it, Later, the lordship reverted to the Crown, for it is noted that Mary, Queen of Scots, presented it as a bridal gift to Mary Livingstone, one of the "Four Maries" and John Semphill, to "knit thame togidder in launchful marriage."

The town at the present time has a thriving appearance, having grown considerably in the last century, for old records of a hundred years ago note the fact that the bank agent of the time also combined the duties of bellman.

The parish boasts of quite a few distinguished natives, amongst others being David Dale, father-in-law of Owen, the founder of Socialism. Dale was the son of poor parents, but by dint of diligence and industry become one of the foremost merchants in Scotland and died leaving great wealth. Literatteurs in the persons of Dr. Robert Watt, compiler of the "Bibliotheca Brittannica" and the Rev. John Brown, a noted theologian were also born in the parish, as was Gabriel Alexander, author of "My Grandfather's Farm."

About half a mile from Stewarton there is a fragment of an old castle, known locally

as Corsehill. The progenitor of the Cunninghams of Corsehill was Andrew, second son of the fourth Earl of Glencairn. Mention of Glencairn recalls the feud between that family and the Eglintons, and an incident which occurred at Stewarton gives some idea of the terrible reign of terror of those by-gone days. In the spring of the year 1589, Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglinton, set out to attend the Court at Stirling. There had been no outburst of the vendetta for several years, and the young Earl, unsuspecting of trouble, was not accompanied by his retinue, a few domestics making up the party. On his way he paid a visit to his kinsman, Montgomerie of Lainshaw, where he dined. Now, the gudewife of the Lainshaw was a Cunningham, and she immediately took steps to apprise her relatives of the visit. When the time came for the Earl's departure a white table napkin was displayed from the battlements, the signal agreed upon by the Cunninghams. Some forty of the feudalists concealed themselves near a bridge which spanned the Annick, at Stewarton, knowing full well that the Earl's party would cross. On their arrival the little band was surrounded, and although a stout resistance was offered the Earl was cruelly murdered. But still more terrible was the revenge of the Montgomeries. They gathered to the standard from far and near, and there ensued a scene of pillage and bloodshed unprecedented in the annals of the feud. Houses and castles were fired and the inmates put to the sword, and defenceless men were killed in the fields or on the highway simply because they were in the employ of the Cunninghams. Cunningham of Clonbeith was killed at Hamilton after being pursued for many months, and another victim of note was Cunningham of Montgrennan. The lairds of Corsehill and Robertland sought safety on the Continent, as did also the lady of Lainshaw, who displayed the signal, and many years elapsed before the Montgomeries were satisfied.

Denver, Colorado.

Letters to the Editor

Aiberdeen Awa

I'm a Grampian Hills bairn, but I've also seen the sun rise while in South and North Uist, in Tobermory, and in other Hielan places dearly beloved by your founder, Dr. Macdougall, so you will bear with me if I try to twist the editorial eye away from Oban for a minute, and cast it on the picturesque heights of Cairngorm and Lochnagar and the folk who live and breathe and enjoy themselves where our doughty forefathers walloped each other at the battle of Harlaw. What started me on you, Mr. Editor, was not Oban or Glesca, we like to hear about them well enough, but just that you were forgettin' some other important parishes on the north-east. The good words you have to say about that old sheep stealer that they hanged in Banff in your May issue, are all right, but there are lots of other glorious old villains and heroes of those pairts as worthy as Macpherson. And so at last I come to the point which is a breezy letter from Jamie Law, the poet—Auchindoir born and bred—although now browsing on the green banks of the Wissahickon and wooing the Muse between the Schuylkill and the Delaware.

DEAR GEORGE:

While I know this is your busy business season—and may it be your best—I am wondering if you are aware of the recent renaissance in Vernacular verse in the North of Scotland. It is now in full flower, and some excellent writers have come to the front. First of all, is Charles Murray a native of Alford, whose poem on "The Whistle" made him famous some years ago, and whose later work was recognized by Aberdeen University with the degree of LL. D. this year. Murray is in the government service in South Africa. Then we have had several ministers of the Gospel who published excellent and remarkably liberal (not free) verse, notably Abel and Calder; while among the fair sex, R. S. Macpherson, Miss Symon, Violet Jacobs, Miss Rae and some others are showing superior musings. My choice of all, however, is John Mitchell—a native of the Cabrach, and now proprietor of Hay's Royal Athenæum in Aberdeen. Have you seen his *Tibby Tamson o' the Buck"?* It's worth a trip to the Cabrach, and his latest of which I have only had two verses, "Jeannie Lowrie," is a delicious morsel. Then there is Dr. Rorie of the Cults, and some others—all far above the average of newspaper versifiers. Did you ever see Omar Khayyam in Scotch? I have just had a couple of stanzas forwarded to me, and it beats even Fitzgerald.

I have been collecting quite a little since the war and am also all the time (in my very limited leisure) writing myself both in regular English and in the Doric—without any particular desire, but to produce and accumulate—having now many volumes finished, mostly of too radical sentiments, I fear, ever to get a publisher, so I will have to find a patron or produce them myself.

We have had an awful winter on the top of the hill—the worst ever—but things are looking up again. All keep well. On the

8th of May died James Shand, of Lancaster, Pa., a fine successful man and the best friend I had in this country, although several others run him close. My blessings are many and constant, and I try to show my gratitude by helping as many as I can. Never felt in better health, but always looking forward to better times. Best wishes. Sincerely yours,

JAMES D. LAW.

Now, Mr. Editor, a lot of these names are new to most of us and I wish you would give us a few samples from them so that we may be able to enjoy them also. If there's anything among them as good as old John Skinner's "Tullochgorum," we'll all be willing to take our hats off to "Aiberdeen an time tilt." Of course Brechin and Kirrie and Edinburgh and the jail door of Jedburgh will have to stand aside for a bit. Their turn will come. Bide a wee.

GEORGE COOPER WATSON.

Lansdowne, Pa.

Scottish Songs

312 Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALEDONIAN:

I would feel recreant in a common duty were I not to express my hearty appreciation of the letter by Mr. Crawford, in the May CALEDONIAN. I too have listened to a great many of the so-called Scottish singers in America, and in just criticism let me say that the good are very good, but the poor are a source of irritation to sensitive ears.

To hear the beautiful songs of Scotland mutilated, garbled and *shouted* by mediocre singers is enough to make Robert Burns rise up in his grave-clothes. Are not entertainment committees to blame, to some extent at least, for these conditions? They are only human and sometimes selected because they are good fellows, but woefully lacking in musical taste. The result is that instead of selecting reputable singers for their concerts, experiments are tried with "unknowns and "has-beens," who are of moderate ability.

The man who pays the piper calls the tune, and the Scot is very loyal to his national song, therefore lets cease experimenting and lets hear *real* singing for the *real* money we, as listeners, pay.

It is no secret that a German masquerading in a Scotch kilt passed for being a Scotch tenor for a few seasons quite recently and got away with it too. Please do not think me too scathing in my censure, my desire being to hear better work done, because we do have in America some artists who deserve as much encouragement from the Scots as John McCormack obtains from the Irish.

In Cleveland last January, I heard a singer who seems to be an "ace" among his fellows, I refer to your Scotch baritone, Cameron McLean. With a voice of rare beauty, his lyric and dramatic values were held in fine adjustment. As Jessie McLachlan established a perfection in singing the songs of Scotland, so does this master of diction, phrase and tone, regale the Scotch hearts of the Middle West. If New York Scots have not heard him no doubt they have heard of him.

Thanking you for space in your valuable paper. Sincerely yours,

FRANK H. MICHAEL.

Scottish Americans

BY HUGH W. BARNES

(*For The Caledonian*)

We Scots Americans must strive, whatever be our station,
In civic life to still maintain our national reputation.
Our forbears for a thousand years have fought in freedom's cause,
Whose sword and voice was always raised against oppressive laws;
And we who crossed the seas to live, our loyalty should attest,
Upholding Uncle Sam, who gives us Freedom at its best.

Americanize the alien, who the Despot's chain has worn,
Who needs the coaching—but the Scot is to the manner born.
Bred in a similar atmosphere, no kinks to eradicate,
With the best American ideals bound to assimilate;
With faith in the Mayflower compact, ready with sword or pen
To uphold the constitution framed for "Free and Equal Men."

Show other aliens; while we love the land where we were nursed,
For us and our descendants we must "See America First."
The melting pot is ours to guard, even from our kith and kin
Who'd set the mixture boiling—no Scot should let them in.
He who would lend a willing ear our standard to disgrace
Is traitor to himself, but more, a traitor to his race.

"Sail on, Thou Ship of State," thy keel will never strike the mud,
A million mariners are thine of vigorous Scottish blood,
To keep thee on the charted course the Pilgrims laid for thee
And keep thy Flag without a stain, The Emblem of the Free.
No captain ever shipped a crew, more eager for the trip,
Nor no crew more unanimous in loyalty to the ship.

Somerville, Mass.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

New York Caledonian Club

Although it was the night after a holiday the members turned out in good numbers for the monthly meeting on the evening of July 6th. Andrew MacLeod, James Farquhar, George Anderson, John Black, Hugh Campbell, Dan Robertson, John T. Hood, Robert Dunlop, Carleton G. McLean and Peter Neilby were elected members and eight propositions were received. The Highland Guard Committee reported that the games at Newark, N. J., on the previous day had been greatly enjoyed by the large delegation of New Yorkers attending. An invitation to attend the golden jubilee games of the Providence Caledonian Society, August 4th, was accepted. Ex-Chieftain Alex Tasker was appointed to represent the club and to carry New York's congratulations to a sister society reaching the "More than half a century mark." Sandy reaches his fifty year membership in October, but if nothing unforseen happens, will be in Providence on the date mentioned attired as a Caledonian in the garb of Old Gaul. In response to invitations, three officers will attend the Boston and three the Philadelphia Caledonian games. Club Piper Mackenzie will accompany one of the delegations. A number of the members intend making one of the trips. Ex-Chief Foulis, who has not been near Bunker Hill since 1908, will try to be in the Boston party, hoping to meet old friends, Tom Hudson, Wullie Grieve, Watty Lamb and George Scott, all ex-Chiefs.

The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that Clansmen John Walker and Fred Magee had been seriously ill. Clansman Walker was still under the doctor's care, but was improving. Clansman Magee had recovered sufficiently to parade with the Newark delegation the previous date. Action was taken on many recommendations from the committee covering the Labor Day games at Celtic Park. The Lovatt Pipe and Drum Band and Forbes Brass Band were ordered engaged. It was the liveliest meeting of Chief Donaldson's administration, but he carried everything through without a hitch.

THE JUNE MEETING

The regular monthly meeting was held Tuesday evening, June 1st, Chief James R. Donaldson, presiding. The continued large attendance greatly encourages the club officers and speaks well for the interest taken by the new members in club affairs. Forbes Sellars, John G. Smith, George Urquhart, Charles MacCue, James Stewart and Samuel Neisson were admitted to membership and fifteen propositions were received. Promotion only seems to have caused Chieftain Whiteford to increase his efforts to bring in new members. Much to the regret of the members the resignation of Clansman Robert W. Watterson was received. He is leaving for California, where he intends making his home. The Scottish population in that State will undoubtedly benefit by New York's loss.

Clansman Robert Cameron tendered his resignation as a member of the property and also games committees, owing to removal from the district. Bob will be m'ssed among the regulars at the club house, but will receive a hearty welcome at his intended occasional week-end visits. George MacDonald was elected to the property and James Elder to the games committee to fill the vacancies. On the recommendation of the trustees, it was uninmously resolved that a memorial to the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers should be a club feature for all time, and Chief Donaldson, Ex-Chiefs Wallace, Reid, MacLean and Clansman David A. Mitchell were elected a committee to arrange for same.

SAD DEATH OF A DETROIT SCOT

Alexander C. Nixon, a well known Detroit Scot, died early in the morning of June 1st, as the result of an automobile accident the previous day. With three friends he was returning home when the accident occurred. His companions were only slightly injured, but Mr. Nixon's jugular vein was severed by the broken glass. Mr. Nixon, who was a native of Paisley, came to this country in the 80's, making New York his home for many years, and was long an active member of the New York Caledonian Club. Accepting an offer from the Algonquin Club, of Boston, he took up his residence in that city until a better position as superintendent of the Detroit Athletic Club caused him to move to that thriving Michigan city. He was still in the employ of that club when his untimely death occurred. The greatest sympathy is

felt for Mrs. Nixon and seven children, who were so suddenly griefstricken. Mrs. Nixon as Miss Maggie Warnock, youngest daughter of the late Ex-Chieftain James Warnock, who conducted a printing business at 254 Ninth avenue, New York, for many years, was well known in Scottish circles as one of the young folk when the headquarters for Caledonians were down in the old Horatio street club house. PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

MacMaster Reunion

The reunion of Clan MacMaster of America (organized 1911) will be held at Hotel Marlborough, Asbury Park, N. J., Thursday, August 5, 1920. All of the name (no matter how spelled), blood and family connection, are most cordially invited to attend, and, if possible spend the week-end. The clan gathers for registration, etc., at eleven a. m., and at two p. m., for a group photograph. In the evening, at seven o'clock, a dinner will be held followed by addresses, songs and short talks open to all. Successful reunions have been held previously at Gettysburg, Pa. (1911); Lake Conneaut, Pa. (1914); and Niagara Falls, N. Y. (1916). John S. McMaster, Esq., No. 1 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., is president of the association; the secretary, Miss Katherine MacMaster, 904 Ninth street, Orangeville, Balto. Co., Maryland.

New York Police Hospital

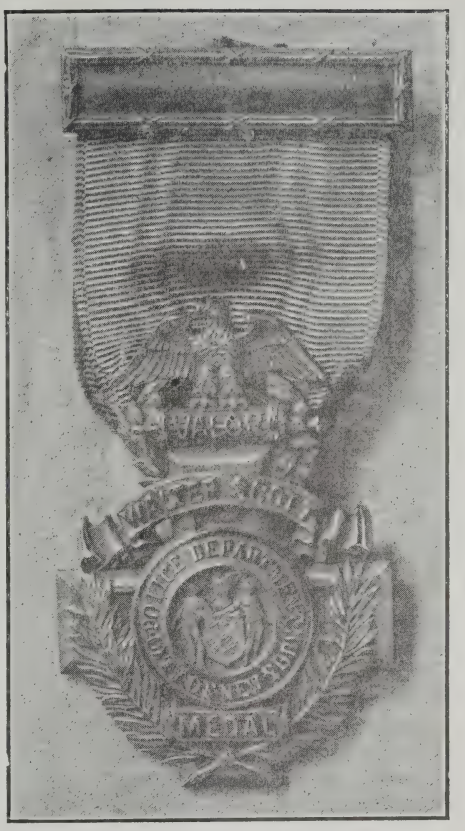
Colonel Walter Scott has been appointed a member of the committee which will collect funds for the proposed new Police Hospital in New York city. This is in line with the deep interest Colonel Scott has always taken in the New York Police Department, as shown by his activities in connection with the John McCullagh Memorial Association and in his presentation to the Police Department of the "Walter Scott Medal" for valor *(illustration)*.

The hospital will probably be located in Brooklyn, and will be for the use of the police, former members of the force, and their families. General Coleman Du Pont, Special Deputy Police Commissioner, is president of the new hospital.

It is proposed to provide 300 beds. The active force consists of 11,000 men and there are 4,000 on the retired list. Estimating an average police family at four persons, it would indicate a police population at about 60,000.

For the average city of that population there would be one or two hospitals of about 300 beds each. It is therefore proposed to build a hospital of 300 beds with all adequate and necessary equipment to meet the needs of the situation for the next ten or twenty-five years.

It is estimated that the site for the hospital will cost $800,000, the building and equipment $2,500,000. The balance of the $5,000,000 fund provided would form an endowment fund for the maintenance of the entire establishment, including salaries of staff and executive force.



"WALTER SCOTT MEDAL"

Presented to the New York Police Department by Colonel Walter Scott; first awarded, May, 1920, to Patrolman John J. Wimmer of the First Precinct. Awarded annually "for valor" in the performance of duty (Full description in May CALEDONIAN.)

The committee is composed of Elbert H. Gary, honorary chairman; General Coleman Du Pont, president; R. A. C. Smith, Colonel Jefferson Dumont, Thompson, Colonel Herman A. Metz, Charley Thorley, vice presidens; Louis G. Kaufman, treasurer; Henry W. Dearborn, secretary; Jane Thomson Bausman, executive secretary; General Coleman Du Pont, R. A. C. Smith, Colonel Jefferson Dumont Thompson, Vincent Astor, Barron G. Collier, Joseph P. Day, Victor J. Dowling, Richard E. Enright, William M. English, Samuel W. Fairchild, Walter E. Frew, Edmond A. Guggenheim, S. R. Guggenheim, Lansing C. Holden, Alfred J. Johnson, Alfred W. Kiddle, Dr. Robert Kunitzer, George W. Loft, Maynard Miller, Colonel Herman A. Meaz, Frank A. Munsey, James H. Post, Allan A. Ryan, Walter Scott, John M. Shaw, Harry F. Sinclair, Charles Horley, Albert H. Wiggin, Charles Hayden, William H. Todd, Louis G. Kaufman. Dr. John A. Harris, Colonel Michael Friedsam and Joseph W. Harriman, directors.

Philadelphia Letter

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley"! So thought the Scott Hall Association, on Saturday, June the 12th, the day set aside for games and pic-nic at Maple Grove. Oh! What a day of wind and rain, and no cessation. Formal notice of adjournment was hardly necessary; Common Sense wirelessed order of the day! Arrangement Committee subsequently negotiated and secured use of the Boys' Club grounds at Front and Erie avenues, for afternoon of Saturday 20th inst! Not often does an adjourned affair prove so successful as this turned out to be in attendance, it was most gratifying. A number of foot races were run off and lots of Highland dancing and piping took place. Quite a corps of juvenile dancers have cropped up of late under the tutelege of Miss Mary Dolan and her rival, Miss Elizabeth Mackinnon, both ladies adding interest with exhibition dances by themselves! The weather was ideal and the lassies that gave their aid at the refreshment stands had a busy, perspiring time of it, catering for the hungry and thirsty throng! "All's well, that ends well."

The Auld Scots Thistle Society now in its 124th year of usefulness, only met quarterly until three years ago a desire was expressed for monthly meetings. Since the change, attendance has been far from satisfactory, almost a reminder of the old Scots adage "to let weel eneuch alane." Last year no meetings were held during July and August, and this year same rule will prevail.

Alexander Cairns, ex-Chieftain Caledonian Club, died suddenly from heart-failure on the 21st. He also was affiliated with Clan Cameron, No. 64, O. S. C. His remains were viewed by many of his friends and Clansmen and night preceding the funeral, which took place on Wednesday, 23rd ult.

The annual games of our Caledonian Club, as will be seen by the advertisement in this magazine, will take place at Maple Grove, August 7th. Fox Chase trolley cars going north on Fifth street, run direct to the grounds.

Clan MacGregor, No. 213, O. S. C., of Frankford, which won the three silk flags donated by Colonel Walter Scott, Royal Tanist, for the largest per centage in gain of membership for six months, met evening of 30th ult., together with the Lady MacGregors and guests from the Camerons, Gordons, Campbells and Caledonian Club for the purpose of receiving the trophy through the medium of Royal Deputy Fordyce. A terrific thunderstorm set in which caused many to be late in putting in an appearance, but when the chief took the chair, the hall was filled to its capacity. Chief O'Neil in a very happy vein introduced the Royal Deputy, who waxed eloquent in presenting the three handsome silk flags, first the Stars and Stripes, when all arose and sung "The Sar Spangled Banner." Chief Shaw, of the Campbells, rendered "Scots' Wha Hae" in fine style. Secretary A. Nicol then read an account of the battle of Bannockburn from the June number of THE CALEDONIAN to fully interpret what the Scottish flag stood for, as the Deputy handed over the Royal Standard and Scottish flags. Second Chieftain Ferguson responded for the Caledonian Club complimenting and eulogizing the MacGregors for their strenuous and successful efforts to secure the coveted prize so generously donated by the Royal Tanist, Colonel Walter Scott, who went one better by sending a letter expressing his regrets at not being able to attend, and enclosing his check for a handsome sum to help purchase prizes for the MacGregor Clan games and field sports, which take place at Tacony Ball Field, on Saturday, September 11th, 1920. Past Chief George R. Stewart responded for the Past Chiefs Organization, speaking in his usual happy manner, praising the MacGregors and prescribing good sound advice, forbye giving a synopsis of the Past Chiefs' intentions to establish harmony and further the good of the order in Philadelphia and environments! Deputy Jessie B. Ferguson was called upon, responding, she, in a few appropriate remarks, expressed the sentiments of the Daughters of Scotia, and their delight and pride upon learning that the Scott flags were won by the Rob Roy MacGregor Clan, of Frankford. Community singing was indulged in by the audience. Bonnie Doon and Annie Laurie being sung most effectively. Mrs. Kennedy gave a tuneful pleasing rendition of Robin Adair, which was well received. Refreshments in abundance were served, the ice cream being extremely soothing on such a sultry night. Chief O'Neil was interesting and practical in closing the exercises and requested the three Clansmen he named to step forward and receive a small present in recognition of their special efforts to increase the membership; also a gift to Piper William Bird, of the Camerons, for his courtesy and readiness to assist the MacGregors on all occasions. Then he handed the secretary a small package containing gold coins to be given in prizes for those Clansmen bringing in the most new members during the ensuing six months. Auld Lang Syne, sung by the entire gathering, brought the memorable and enjoyable night to a close.

ST. MUNGO.

Lieutenant Joseph S. Ferguson

Memorial services for Lieutenant Joseph S. Ferguson, son of Joseph Ferguson, who was killed in the Argonne, were held recently at the Third Regiment Armory, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the post of the American Legion named for Lieutenant Ferguson. A copy of General Orders printed and issued by the War Department follows:

(G. O. 95)

The citation on page 12 of General Orders, No. 74, War Department, 1919, relating to First Lieutenant Joseph S. Ferguson, is rescinded and the following substituted therefor: Joseph S. Ferguson, First Lieutenant, Company H, 110th Regimental Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near



64th Annual Scottish

LABOR DAY GAMES

of

The New York Caledonian Club

Will be held at CELTIC PARK, Laurel Hill,
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

On Monday, September 6th, 1920

The Sports of the Day Will Commence With an Old-Fashioned SCOTCH REEL At 11:30 O'clock A. M.

Program will consist of

SCOTTISH EVENTS **AMATEUR ATHLETIC EVENTS**

SIX-A-SIDE FOOTBALL COMPETITION

MUSIC AND DANCING FOR EVERYBODY

Handsome Points Trophy and Cash Prizes Donated by Honorary Member Walter Scott

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OFFICERS

JAMES R. DONALDSON	Chief
ROBERT M. BERNARD	First Chieftain
SAMUEL S. MARSHALL	Second Chieftain
SAMUEL B. NIXON	Third Chieftain
JOHN H. WHITEFORD	Fourth Chieftain
JOHN COYLE	Fifth Chieftain
MURDOCH McKENZIE	Club Piper

GAMES COMMITTEE

CHIEF JAMES R. DONALDSON, Chairman
First Chieftain Robert M. Bernard, Vice Chairman
Second Chieftain Samuel S. Marshall, Treasurer
Third Chieftain Samuel B. Nixon, Secretary

Andrew Hope **David Scott** **James Young** **William Fyfe**
James S. Elder **William Phillips** **Alexander Rettie** **Thomas Aitken**

HOW TO GET THERE

VIA NEW YORK LINES—At 59th Street and Second Avenue (Queens Boro Bridge) take Thompson Avenue car to Packard Street, L. I. Subway at Grand Central Station to Bliss Street, L. I. 34th Street Ferry to L. I. City, then take Calvary Cemetery car to grounds.

VIA B. R. T. LINES—Take Grand Street, Flushing-Ridgewood, or Flushing Avenue car to Maspeth, then take Laurel Hill car direct to grounds, or Greenpoint Avenue car from Greenpoint Ferry to Calvary Cemetery, then take Laurel Hill car direct to grounds.

ADMISSION (Federal Tax Included) 75c. Children under 12 Free

GET YOUR TICKETS NOW !
Address all Communications to the Club House, 846 Seventh Avenue, New York City

When Writing to Advertisers, Please Mention THE CALEDONIAN.

Varennes, France, September 26th, 1918. Lieutenant Ferguson was engaged in "mopping up" the town, when he discovered a considerable force of the enemy coming from dugouts and taking up positions in the rear of the front line with machine guns and anti-tank guns, from which they fired upon the front line and almost immediately destroyed five tanks. Realizing at once the heavy casualities that might be caused to our troops and the impossibility of further advance by the front line with this enemy force in its rear, Lieutenant Ferguson *on his own initiative* assembled a portion of his men, skilfully conducted them to a point on the eastern edge of the town, thence toward the west, and captured the entire enemy forces, consisting of about twenty officers and over one hundred men, thus enabling the front line to continue its advance. For the following act of extraordinary heroism in action near Courmont, France, July 30th, 1918, Lieutenant Ferguson is awarded an oak leaf cluster to be worn with the distinguished service cross. As he was reforming his platoon in a sunken road after a withdrawal, he went forward under enemy machine gun and sniper fire and carried to shelter a severly wounded soldier.

By order of the Secretary of War,
PEYTON C. MARCH,
General Chief of Staff.

Amang Oor Ain Folk in Detroit

The St. Andrew's Highlanders had their annual moonlight the last week in May, followed by Clan Campbell's. Both were a success as to crowd and financially. St. Andrew's Society, under the leadership of President Dr. Fowler, has been having smokers and concerts with whiles a dancing party every month since January, that are proving very successful.

The Burns Club are still undecided as to a suitable site for our immortal bard's statue, but it is conclusive that it will stand within the grounds of Detroit's new library, out Woodward avenue, the great art centre of the Fourth City of the States, that can now boast of nearly one million inhabitants. The new library will be completed by September of this year.

Within this last month, four pioneer Scots, their combined ages numbering 344 years, passed to their long rest: Samuel Ferguson, 86; Archie Duncan, 84; John Robertson, 85, and Mrs. Common, 89. Mrs. Common was buried from the home she entered a blushing bride sixty-nine years ago. Mr. Ferguson, a native of Dumfrieshire, who was in the wholesale plumber supply, left eighty thousand dollars to Presbyterian missions. All left honored names and families that represent the best in Detroit.

Clan Campbell's lads and lassies, along with sister societies, headed by the Clan Campbell and International Pipe Bands, on Sunday, June 20, marched from St. Andrew's Hall to the Central Presbyterian Church in memory of the anniversary of Bannockburn, where they listened to an able and eloquent address by the Rev. Hugh Ian Jack. The pastor, who is an Ulsterman by birth, but of Aberdeen parents, pled with his hearers to remember their early Christian teachings for it was the prayers of the Scots more than military strategy that won for them their independence over England's best. There was a large gathering and all seemed moved by his eloquent tributes to Scotland's martyred dead from the days of Bruce of Knox until the thin weak lines of Tartan and khaki that returned conquerors from the desolate bloody fields of France in 1918—Scotland, the cradle of democracy.

The Rev. Mr. Jack celebrated lately his seventh anniversary as pastor of the Central Church—"the auld Scotch kirk." Many gathered in the church parlors to congratulate him and his family. A very fine program was given of song and story, followed by eatables. Mr. Jack has been very successful and has gained hosts of friends, both in church and in other walks of life, since coming from Peoria, Ill., seven years ago.

Mr. J. Cameron McLean, now hailed in Detroit as "our own Scotch baritone," sang "The Holy City" at Clan Campbell's gathering in splendid voice and great feeling.

Many of our Scots here are taking their vacations. A few have gone hame for a visit and some for a smell o' the sea.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.
1794 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Rhode Island Letter

My reference in the May CALEDONIAN to the growing importance of Providence, R. I., and its endeavor to become a port of embarkation, as only a return to its former front rank position, seems to have been called in question by some Bostonians. The evidence in its support is too strong to be doubted or cast aside. When Dr. Benjamin Franklin (who afterwards became the first United States Ambassador to Britain) was in London, in 1770, he was consulted by the Treasury officials with regard to the complaint of business men that goods were landed in Providence a fortnight before the invoices of such goods were received at Boston, although dispatched at the same time. Franklin doubted the truth of the statement, seeing that London, the port from which the goods were dispatched, was further from Providence than Falmouth, from which the mails were sent, was from Boston. In his estimation, the difference should be the other way. In his dilemma he consulted an old friend, Captain Folger, a Nantucket whaler, who chanced to be in London at the time. The whaler explained that the difference arose from the circumstance that the Rhode Island captains were acquainted with the gulf stream, whereas the captains of the mail packets were not. It was more pleasant certainly for the latter to keep in the warmer atmosphere, but they seemingly were not aware

Th' Day o' A' Days Amang th' Scots

61st ANNUAL GAMES OF THE

Philadelphia Caledonian Club

Maple Grove, Fox Chase

Saturday, August 7, 1920 (at noon)

All the Usual Scottish Events
Field Sports (under A. A. U. rules)
Championship Football Match

Members of Sister Clubs and Societies Cordially Invited.

Parade will start from "Light House," No. Mascher Street and Lehigh Avenue, at 10:00 A. M. SHARP, led by the Caledonian Pipe Band. Competitors must appear in Street Parade in Costume.

Fox Chase Trolley Cars, No. 50, on Fifth Street, direct to the Grove. Tickets of Admission (Including War Tax) 55 cents. Procure from Chief Thomas B. Fisher, 1533 South Wilton Street; 3rd Chieftain Alexander Tulloch, 5719 Malcolm Street; 4th Chieftain John Young, 3018 North Sydenham Street.

(For Further Information, See Page 190)

that the current of the gulf-stream cost them sixty to seventy miles a day. On the other hand, the captains making for Providence were whalers, and following their usual custom avoided the stream (as a whale never enters warm water) and so without actually intending it they escaped the opposition of the undercurrent, thus enabling them to accomplish a much longer distance in a shorter period. Captain Folger drew a rough chart of the gulf-stream which Franklin had printed for the benefit of the mail packet captains. This was later verified by Lieutenant Maury of the United States service, and a high compliment paid them for their accuracy as to details at such an early date.

This account may not appear in the Boston histories. I do not know if it is in the Rhode Island histories. I learned it while at school in Edinburgh, Scotland, many years ago, as one of a number of interesting facts that may be small in themselves, but which lead to issues of great importance later. Try to imagine the number and the length of the discussions that have since ensued about that same gulf-stream since Benjamin Franklin made its existence known to the world, and which, even then was common knowledge to the Providence sailors. All I add to this is, go ahead Camerons with your intentions. May you succeed in your endeavor to bring the Royal Clan to Providence.

The Frasers in Pawtucket are displaying great activity. At the last moot in June, thirteen candidates were initiated, and to celebrate the event ice cream and cake were distributed. Visitors were present from Newport, and received a great welcome.

Providence came a short time ago to play the Frasers at bowls, and went away again sadder, if not wiser men. Clan Leslie, of Westerly, R. I., also taught Clan Cameron, of New London, Conn., a lesson recently, with their carpet balls. Clan Leslie should now challenge the Frasers who reckon to be the crack team of Rhode Island. JOHN BALDWIN.
28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Yonkers, N. Y.

The annual picnic and games of the Caledonian Club of Yonkers, N. Y., were the means of bringing together a large, happy party at Nepera Park, Saturday, June 26. Chief McEany and his officers worked successfully to make it enjoyable. A delegation from the New York Caledonian Club received particular attention and greatly appreciated it. A party from the ladies of the New York Caledonians were overjoyed when one of their number, Miss Annie Gordon, won the young ladies' race. The Yonkers club continues to prosper. Sometime ago they rented permanent quarters. Owing to a great increase in membership they will flit August 1st to a larger building, where visitors will be welcome all the time.

Ladies of the New York Caledonians

Despite the warm weather the ladies continued their activities during June. On the evening of Monday, the 7th, they tendered a reception in the club hall to the artists who appeared in the recent minstrel show. Songs of Scotland and the most recent popular ones of the U. S. A. were delightfully rendered by guests and hostesses alike. Dancing, without which a young peoples' social would be a bore, was a feature indulged in by all. The supper served by the ladies was attended unanimously—not one giving a single dyspeptic sign. At midnight the party broke up, each one wondering if it was fated to be the last social under the auspices of the ladies in the building which has been the club home since October 31, 1898.

Two happy excursions from Manhattan were made in July by the ladies. On Saturday, the 10th, a party of them travelled forty miles up the New York Central Railroad and spent a delightful day with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie A. Low at their beautiful home in Peekskill, N. Y. Nothing was left undone for the comfort of the guests. Dinner was served on the lawn and as lawns for such purposes are rather scarce in New York, the visitors greatly appreciated the change. An opportunity to see the famous Peekskill Volunteer Fire Department was also afforded them, but that was outside of the program arranged by their hosts. Night and train time came entirely too quick. Both Mr. and Mrs. Low are natives of Aberdeen, and as far as it is possible for them to do so, take an active interest in New York Caledonian social gatherings. On the following Saturday the annual seaside outing was held at Kreuger's Hotel, Rockaway Beach. The attendance was the largest in years, the weather the best possible, refreshments in strict accord with the eighteenth amendment and not a grouch in the party. Chief and Mrs. Donaldson came over from their summer home. Chieftain Whiteford was another officer present. John carried his kodak and found that his brother members had not the slightest objections to posing for pictures. Prizes had been provided and races for all were arranged. The winners were: Girls—Alexandrina McCraw, Ethel McDougall, Dorothy McDougall, Agnes Scott. Boys—Donald McCraw, Bruce McDougall, Robert Ingraham. Wallace McDougall, William Carrick. Daniel Sinclair, Douglas Baird. Single ladies' race—Margaret Stark, Annie Gordon, Norise Scanlan. Men's race—James Scott, Lay Williams. Married ladies' race—Mrs. Beatrice Hall, Mrs. Margaret Carrick and Mrs. Margaret Stark. Chief Donaldson was starter and Ex-Chieftain Foulis and Ex-Chieftain Sinclair, judges at the finish.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, formerly of Aberdeen, Scotland, who recently sold their Java plantations to the Java Government for more than $50,000,000, have been touring Canada, and are now in California with the idea of making a permanent home in America.

Scranton, Pa.

The annual Highland games were held at Valleyview Park, Inkerman, Pa., Saturday, July 3, 1920, under the auspices of the Scranton and Pittston Caledonian Clubs. This event was anxiously looked forward to, and delightfully enjoyed by the large throng in attendance, representing large delegations of clansmen and friends from Scranton, Pittston and vicinity. The famous Lovat Pipe Band of New York city, under direction of Pipe Major Murdoch Mackenzie and led by Drum Major John Charles, was the special attraction, and an inspiration and a scene not to be forgotten by those who witnessed the performance.

Prior to games, parades were held through the principal streets and avenues in Scranton and Pittston, and a more spectacular sight has not been in evidence in these cities for many days, and will be remembered by all who were fortunate to witness it.

The ideal weather was marred by thunder showers, but notwithstanding, many flocked to participate with the joyous crowd. An attractive program was arranged and duly carried out with the following result.

Boys' Race, under 12 years—1st, Robert Stein; 2nd, William Noone; 3rd, F. Harendya.

Boys' Race, under 16 years—1st, George Goodwin; 2nd, Edward Moskowitz; 3rd, Walter Bryden.

Hundred Yard Dash—1st, Jack Smith; 2nd, Thomas Judge; 3rd, Edward Smith.

Girls' Race, under 16 years—1st, Catherine Kiyis; 2nd, Eva Skagus; 3rd, Bessie Stein.

Girls' Race, under 12 years—1st, Margaret Williams; 2nd, Anna Jabosky; 3rd, Margaret Campbell.

Running High Jump—1st, Jack Smith; 2nd, Edward Williams; 3rd, G. Williams.

Putting the Shot—1st, J. MacGuffie; 2nd, Edward Thomas; 3rd, A. Jeffrey.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Edward Thomas; 2nd, E. Williams.

Pole Vaulting—1st, E. Williams; 2nd, G. Williams; 3rd, Edward Thomas.

Half Mile Race—1st, Al Evans; 2nd, Edward Smith; 3rd, Jack Smith.

Members' Race—1st, Earl Dickinson; 2nd, Lawrence Henderson; 3rd, John Stein.

Tug of War, open—Pittston Caledonian Club.

Best Dressed Highlanders—1st, John Charles; 2nd, James Moir.

One Mile Race—1st, Ted McCade; 2nd, Thomas Kennedy.

Running Hop, Skip and Jump—1st, Edward Thomas; 2nd, Jack Smith; 3rd, Edward Williams.

Highland Fling (men in costume)—1st, Murdoch Mackenzie; 2nd, James W. Stewart; 3rd, Robert Lyon.

Highland Fling (boy or girl in costume)—1st, M. Sloan; 2nd, Mary Girvan.

Highland Fling (boy or girl without costume)—1st, E. Reap; 2nd, Laura Ackerley; 3rd, Margaret Williams.

Best Dressed Boy or Girl in Highland Cos-

tume—1st, John Thorborn, 2nd, Mary Girvan; 3rd, Jennie Robertson.

Boys' Relay Race—1st, Ed. Moskowitz; 2nd, George Goodwin; 3rd, Walter B yden.

Broad Sword Dance—1st, Murdoch Mackenzie.

Sailor's Hornpipe—1st, James W. Stewart; 2nd, Thomas Connelly; 3rd, Mary Girvan.

Three Mile Race—Eugene MacQuwin.

The superb dancing by Murdoch Mackenzie and James W. Stewart of the Lovat Pipe Band won commendable applause, and the magnificent statue of manhood exemplified by the appearance of Drum Major John Charles caused considerable noteworthy praise.

Much credit was due to the games committee, for the success of the event, who worked with untiring energy. Games committee consisted of the following: Ex-Chief S. Anderson, P. C. C., chairman; Ex-Chief R. B. Bryden, P. C. C., treasurer; Ex-Chief A. E. S. Montgomery, S. C. C., secretary; Ex-Chiefs James Moir, J. Lawson; Chiefs W. Ralston, J. Gavin, Clansmen A. G. Nesbit, W. Lyall, J. Williams, W. Bennett, J. Borthwick, J. MacGuffie, H. MacGuffie.

The day was brought to a sad ending by a serious wreck on the interurban line only a short distance from the park, where three trains were in collision, resulting in the death of nineteen and the injury of more than forty passengers. Though two of the trains were locals that had just left the park, fortunately none of the Caledonians were among the killed or seriously injured. The Lovat Pipe Band, most of the committee, and several other prominent persons by chance barely missed the train which caused the greatest damage. Ex-Chief James Moir, of Scranton, was in the wreck, but at the latest report only suffered the loss of one of the tassels from his sporran.

In Memoriam

REV. DONALD MACDOUGALL, B. D.

Died, New York City, March 31st, 1920

Like as a warrior lays his armour down;
After a battle well and truly won,
So hast thou passed to thine eternal rest,
Thy soul receives the welcome words, "well done."
Great in thy living, greater still in death,
Through days to come, in Scotia's hall of fame,
Among the noblest of our heather-land
With golden letters shall be writ thy name.
Broad in thy thought, but yet with love of home,
Thy aim, the common good to all the race;
And in far lands where thou did'st labor well
The impress of thy work and worth we trace.
Sleep on, thy rest well earned; sleep on, until
The universal plan on earth's complete,
And those who follow where thy footsteps trod,
Are gathered round one common mercy seat.

MALCOLM PARSONS.

St. Johns, Newfoundland.

War Memorial

ISLE OF SKYE

THE SKYE ASSOCIATION of New York is authorized to receive subscriptions for the WAR MEMORIAL to be erected in Portree, the capital of Skye.

For if unstained our Island Banner
Keeps yet its place of pride,
Let none forget how vast the debt
We owe to those who died.

Subscriptions can be sent to
DONALD CAMPBELL, Sec.-Treas.,
263 West 112th Street, New York City

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Tents.....**$4.25 up** | C. W. revolv'rs $2.65 up
Saddles..... 4.65 up | Army Havers'ks .15 up
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Spring. Rem. cal. 30 single shot rifle for model 1906 cartridges, $7.77; Ball cart. $3.50 per 100. 15 acres Army Goods. Large illustrated cyclopedia reference catalog—400 pages—issue 1920, mailed 50 cents. NEW CIRCULAR 10 CENTS.

FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS,
501 Broadway New York

Springfield, Mass.

The American Association of Britishers, at a well-attended meeting in Memorial Hall, July 2, elected the following officers for the coming year: President, James Webb; vice-president, James Grove; second vice-president, Fred Stevens; recording secretary, Fred H. Brough; financial secretary, Mrs. R. A. Gwinnell; treasurer, Mrs. A. B. Hancock; sentinel, David Mackie; chaplain, Miss Annie Wood; trustees, Frank Putnam, Bryson Gilmore, M. E. Tildesley; directors, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. William Knowles, Miss Alice Turner, A. W. Arterton; auditors, J. E. Smith, Joseph Knapp.

Mr. Anderson Nicol, the famous Scottish tenor, who had a most successful season in Canada last year, has removed to New York, where he will be open for engagements for the coming season. Mr. Nicol, who is a war veteran, not only has a distinguished reputation as a singer of Scottish songs, but he also has appeared successfully in opera in most of the European countries.

John Spence

John Spence, born in Kirkwall, Orkney, Scotland, about sixty-nine years ago, died in Bellevue Hospital, New York, June 8, 1920. Mr. Spence was in the retail shoe business in New York for some years. The funeral, June 10, was in charge of the St. Andrew's Society, New York, and the interment in St. Andrew's plot on Long Island—"He rests amang his verra ain." Relatives or friends please communicate with THE CALEDONIAN.

Ladies' Auxiliary, British Great War Veterans

A most enjoyable evening was spent by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the British Great War Veterans of America, at the Scotch Tea Room, 21 East 47th street, New York, June 21, the occasion being the last indoor meeting of the auxiliary for the season, combined with the presentation of a wedding gift to the first of their members to be married to a veteran.

The gift from the auxiliary was a very pretty silver vase, the presentation being made by the vice president, Mrs. George C. Penboss, at the request of the president; the members forming a ring around the prospective bride and singing, "For she a jolly good fellow." The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse and singing, two much enjoyed solos being given by Mr. Ayres, one of the veterans, who also sang at the wedding.

Refreshments were provided by Mrs. Bain, of the Scotch Tea Room, and judging by the demand, were certainly appreciated, one gentleman exclaiming that he had "never tasted lighter cake," and he seemed a good judge.

The bride to be is Miss Gertrude I. Timmis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Timmis, of 416 W. 122nd street, and the bridegroom, Dr. Leonard Morgan Matthews, late of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. The wedding took place Friday, June 25, at Hotel Bretton Hall, 85th street and Broadway, and after a trip to Canada, the young couple will reside at Haddon Hall Apartments.

The headquarters of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the British Great War Veterans of America, National Command, are at 21 East 47th street, New York, the officers being Mrs. M. Betts Pescod, president; Mrs. George G. Penboss, vice president; Miss G. Loinaz, secretary; and Mrs. W. M. Massey, treasurer.

A Real Scottish Picture

Scots in America will soon have the opportunity of witnessing a splendid new motion picture filmed in Scotland in "Brain Cinema," the first special feature of the Film-Lore Productions. Alex. A. Stuart, the president and manager general, is arranging to send the all-star cast and the production staff to Scotland, in order to secure the correct local color and atmosphere, where the story will be filmed. Most of the action takes place in and around historic Edinburgh and the Highlands, and it is Mr. Stuart's intention to see that the smallest detail is carried out logically and correctly, and thus make the story of "Brain Cinema" educational as well as entertaining. The date of sailing and other particulars will be announced later.

"Brain Cinema," as well as all future Film-Lore productions, will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Stuart as manager general, and Charter Harkness director general of productions, and their united efforts with that of Mr. Fred J. Nicholls as director, will always be to keep an upward stride.

Presentation to Mrs. Magna and Colonel Walter Scott

"READY AYE READY"

To

Colonel Walter Scott and his daughter, Mrs. Edith Scott Magna as an appreciation for their devoted services in upholding the glorious traditions of our native land in America. As in the days o' Auld Lang Syne so shall it be for Aye

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

Presented by W. J. Williamson.

The above inscription appears on a silver plate attached to the ebony pedestal of a beautiful ten-inch bronze statuette of a Highlander in full fighting equipment, which was moulded from British war material taken from brass, copper, iron and bullet-lead trophies in the possesion of Mr. W. J. Williamson of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, who has dedicated and presented this statuette to Mr. Scott and his daughter in memory of the Scottish lads who gave their lives for the cause of humanity.

(It is unnecessary to state which home will possess this trophy.—Editor.)

Alexander M. Lindsay, well known Rochester merchant, died at his home, July 15. He was one of the organizers of the firm of Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, a Director of the New York Central Railroad and the Eastman Kodak Company and an officer and Director of several Rochester banks. He was born in Scotland.

Captain James Birnie Watt, who retired from service of the Cunard Line, in November, 1908, after bringing to New York on her maiden trip the Lusitania, later sunk by a Germain submarine off the Irish coast, died recently at Las Palmas, Canary Islands. Captain Watt had been commodore of the Cunard fleet six years when he retired, after having been a skipper twenty-five years, during which he was one of the most popular commanders in the Atlantic trade. He was born at Montrose, Scotland , February 12, 1842, and made his first voyage with his grandfather in a sailing ship.

Dundee's Industry Second Largest Textile Trade in U. S.

Jute manufacturing, which is the chief industry of Dundee, is now the second largest textile trade in the United States, cotton being leader. Some of the principal jute mills are located in Greater New York.

Skilled jute workers from Scotland need never turn to other work here, with our jute mills paying the highest wages, and with the demand for jute products constant and sure.

That Scotch jute workers are very desirable as employes is shown by the advertisement of a large and well known jute manufacturer, which appears elsewhere in this magazine.

Newport News, Va.

Clan MacDonald, No. 168, and Flora MacDonald Lodge, No. 21, O. S. C. and D. O. S., held their annual church parade Sunday evening, 20th June. They assembled at the Kindergarten School, corner of Thirty-fifth street and Washington avenue, and marched to the First Presbyterian Church on Thirty-second street. On account of the inclemency of the weather very few of the members turned out. Credit must be given the associate members for their attendance which was sixty per cent. of their number in the Clan MacDonald, and this should be an incentive to the active members who failed to put in an appearance, and allowed a few drops of rain to keep them at home.

Chief W. W. Geggie and Chaplain John S. Robertson accompanied the Rev. E. T. Wellford, D. D., to the pulpit. The chief gave out the hymns, and after the singing of the first hymn, the chaplain repeated the metrical version of the 121st Psalm, and gave a short address to the congregation. After the address a quartet composed of Mrs. Wills, Mrs. Bomboy, Messrs. Morris and Smith sang the 121st Psalm to the tune "French."

Dr. Wellford then preached an eloquent sermon on the 23rd Psalm. At the outset of his sermon he said, "As we commenced the day with this psalm we cannot do better than close the day with it." The music selected for the evening was the old time tunes, and the singing was never better than when the entire congregation joined in singing the grand old tunes, "French," "Duke Street," "Balerma," etc., led by the choir which was composed of Mrs. Wills, "Conductor"; Mrs. Sheriff, soprano; Mrs. Bomboy, contralto; Messrs. Morris and Nicholson, tenors; and Mrs. Smith, basso; with Miss Maxon, organist. JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
118 35th Street, Representative.
Newport News, Va.

American Sports and Scotch Cheer

Officers on mine-laying duty at Inverness, writes Admiral William S. Sims in the *World's Work*, spent such periods of relaxation as were permitted them on the excellent golf links and tennis courts in the adjoining country; for the men dances were provided almost every evening, the Scottish lassies showing great adaptability in learning the American steps. Amateur theatricals, in which both the men from the warships and the Scottish girls took part, cheered many a crew after its return from the mine-fields. Baseball was introduced for the first time into the country of William Wallace and Robert Burns. Great crowds gathered to witness the matches between the several ships; the Scots quickly learned the fine points and really developed into "fans," while the small boys of Inverness and Invergordon were soon playing the game with as much enthusiasm and cleverness as our own youngsters at home.

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M. S. BAIN, Manager.

Newark, N. J.

The Newark Caledonian Club and Clans Forbes (Newark) and Campbell (Kearny, N. J.) held their annual games at Olympic Park, Monday, July 5th. The perfect weather and memories of the good times at former gatherings, brought out an unusually large crowd. There were visiting delegations from Philadelphia, New York and other cities.

The program was an excellent one, combining the usual purely Scottish features with athletic events and an 11-a-side soccer match. William Thomson, who is one of the most popular and efficient chiefs the Caledonians ever had, won the first leg on the "Old Man's Cup"—this must be won for three years in succession to obtain possession, a gold medal being awarded each year. Two medals for children—for the Highland Fling and Sword Dance were the gift of Mr. John Lang.

At the request of the Cunard Steamship Line, William Morris has supplied the orchestras of all the trans-Atlantic steamers of that company with orchestrations of all of Sir Harry Lauder's Scottish ballads. Lauder has just finished his tour of South Africa and is now enroute to his Scottish estate, where he will rest until February, 1921, and then appear for the first time since 1917, in London, at the Palace Theatre. Mr. Morris announces that Sir Harry will not visit America again before the autumn of 1921.

SPINNERS

We have a few openings for experienced HEMP, FLAX or JUTE spinners. Our spinners are paid on a piece-work basis, and two-side spinners are earning $25 to $30 every week, with STEADY WORK the year around. Factory located in Brooklyn, N. Y., twelve minutes from Grand Central Terminal, New York. There is work in this factory for others in your family, and there is plenty of other work to be had in this growing industrial district where the highest wages are being paid. WRITE IN FULL. Address "Textile," Box 48, Long Island City, New York.

Colonel Walter Scott Honored

Royal Tanist Walter Scott, of New York, has been unanimously elected a vice-patron of the Scottish Clans Association of London, England. The following letter from the president of the association explains itself:

"THE SCOTTISH CLANS' ASSOCIATION OF LONDON
"Inver Atholl, Derwant Road,
"Palmer Green, London, June 12, 1920.

"DEAR COLONEL SCOTT:

"I have pleasure in informing you the Council of the Scottish Clans' Association of London have unanimously elected you a vice-patron of the association, and entered your name on the Roll of the Clans. I hope the bond thus created will go on and strengthen, as we Scots can do such a lot to further the fraternity of the English speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, to say nothing of our own pride of race and common ancestry from the 'Land of Brown Heather and Shaggy Wood,' 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood.' Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON."

Their Majesties the King and Queen are the patrons of the above association, which numbers among vice-patrons (who are many): Her Majesty the Queen of Norway; H. R. H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll; H. R. H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, Duchess of Fife; H. H. Princess Helena Victoria; The Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel; The Lady Agnes MacLeod of MacLeod; His Grace, The Most Rev. and Right Hon. The Archbishop of Canterbury; His Grace, The Duke of Atholl; His Grace, The Duke of Portland; His Grace, The Duke of Sutherland; The Most Hon. The Marquess of Graham; The Most Hon. The Marquess of Queensberry; The Right Hon. The Earl Haig of Bemersyde; The Righ Hon. Arthur James Balfour, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; J. Braidwood Gray, Esq., late captain the London Scottish; Lieutenant General G. H. Moncrieff, chairman of the directors of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Caledonian Club of Philadelphia 61st Annual Games

The Caledonian Club of Philadelphia will hold its 61st annual games at Maple Grove, Saturday, August 7, 1920. Fox Chase trolley cars No. 50, on Fifth street, run direct to the grove.

A championship football match will be played between two popular teams for a purse of $100. Cash prizes will be awarded viz.: Best dressed man in Highland costume, $7, $5, $3; bag pipe competition, $10, $7, $5; Highland fling, $20, $15, $10 (open to all), for the championship of America, the winner of first prize shall receive in addition, a handsome and valuable gold medal. Best dressed boy in Highland costume, two gold and one silver medal for the three best respectively. Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, has generously donated a handsome sum in cash to be awarded in prizes to encourage and foster Highland dress, Highland dancing and bag pipe competition, etc. The doughty Colonel is the one man among men.

The field sports (under management and rules of the A. A. U.) will embrace foot races of every variety, from 220 yards to one mile, and relay race (Scottish societies), putting the shot, and running high jump, for which the winners will receive handsome gold, silver and bronze medals. Boys, girls and members of Ladies' Auxiliary will compete fleet of feet for valuable special prizes. Bowling at the wicket, for which two prizes will be awarded; tug o' war, open to Scottish Societies, five-men-side, winning team to receive five gold medals.

The annual parade will start from "Light-House," N. Mascher street and Lehigh avenue, at ten o'clock a. m., led by the Caledonian Pipe Band. Competitors must appear in street parade in costume. Members of sister clubs and Scottish Societies are cordially invited.

My Dear Native Land

Bonnie Scotland, dear to me
Are thy majestic hills;
They waft us purest melody,
The music of their rills,
And like a glorious holiday
Within thy rocky strand,
They thrill me like a magic spell
Of my dear native land.

Dear Scotland, when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle shone
With Wallace brave and bold;
With Bruce, who for our liberty
Did Edward's tyranny unhand,
Taught that Scotsmen shall be free;
In my dear native land.

Nor less her martyrs I revere,
Who gave their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
And conquered e'en in death;
Whose graves now lie on every plain
Nor bigot's stern command
Could change the faith her sons maintain;
In my dear native land.

And thou hast woven around my heart
Attractions deeper still,
Thy gifted poet's secred art
Whose matchless minstrel skill,
Have traced the beauty nature wrought,
Touched scenes with magic hand,
Creating many hallowed spot,
In my dear native land.

Tho' I have wandered far from thee.
I see thee in my dreams;
I mark thy forests waving free,
And hear the rushing streams.
I see thy mighty ones come forth,
Revere the honored band,
And speak of those whose famé and worth
Honored my dear native land.

A. R. GUNN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Hielan' Fling

BY JOHN IMRIE

Dedicated to The Gaelic Society, Toronto

Gae 'wa' wi' a' your fancy trash,
The piper to me bring!
The dances noo are wishy-wash,
Gie me the Hielan' fling!
It makes my bluid loup like a boy's
To hear the bagpipes skirl,
Baith young an' auld may weel rejoice
To see the kilties birl.

Bring out yer lads an' lassies fair
Upon the village green,
An' let me see them dance ance mair—
A sicht for auld Scotch e'en!
I feel as licht's a feather noo—
Ma feet'll no 'bide still:
I think I'll jine the lassies, too,
An' dance wi' richt guid will!

Hech! Geordie, man! that sounds fu' weel,
Whan ye blaw up yer chanter!
I feel I maist could fecht the deil,
An' mak' him tak' a canter!
Noo' in their place, they a' advance,
An' beck-an-boo the gither,
An' lauch to see us jine the dance—
Their faither an' their mither!

An' what for no! I'd like to ken,
Should we no feel sae jolly?
A turn like this ta'en noo an' then
Is cure for melancholy!
Then blaw awa', guid Geordie, man,
An' geist in "double time!'
A'm sure we'll dae the best we can,
Hech! this is unca' prime!

The End of the Dark Ages

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle ends his sixth and final volume of the *History of the Great War* (Doran), with the following words: "With the deep conviction that the final results of this great convulsion are meant to be spiritual rather than material, and that upon an enlightened recognition of this depends the future history of mankind. Not to change rival frontiers, but to mould the hearts and spirits of men—there lie the explanation and the justification of all that we have endured.

"The system which left seven million dead upon the fields of Europe must be rotten to the core. Time will elapse before the true message is mastered, but when that day arrives the war of 1914 may be regarded as the end of the dark ages and the start of that upward path which leads away from personal or national selfishness towards the City Beautiful upon the distant hills."

Alberta has arranged to do its share toward the protection of migratory birds, including wild ducks, geese, plover and so on, and has established seven large sanctuaries where the wildfowl will not be molested. The size of these safe retreats may be estimated from the fact that one of the smallest is Buffalo Lake in the heart of one of the finest wild duck shooting areas in the world. The shore line of this lake measures more than 115 miles.

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The New York Caledonian Club

(Founded 1856)

Club House, 846 Seventh Avenue, New York

The second oldest Scottish organization in New York city, and the oldest athletic club in America, has an interesting history. On its roll of membership are found the leading Scottish-Americans of New York, etc. The Club House is well arranged, with large halls for social purposes: the library and reading room has thousands of volumes, the best selection of Scottish books in the country, with the privilege of taking books home. The privileges are unrivalled. Every man of Scottish blood should affiliate with this club. *Address the Secretary, John Coyle, 846 Seventh avenue, New York*

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Rev. Robert Watson, D. D., Minister

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Clan MacRae

(*Continued from page 171*)

family of MacRae of Conchra. The contention of the objector was that the MacRaes had never acknowledged any other chief than Seaforth, and the upshot was that Lord Lyon refused the petition.

The MacRaes of Conchra and the MacRaes of Inverinate both claim descent from the ancient Constables of Eilandonan, and the brother of that Ian Carraich who is reputed to have been the first MacRae settler in Kintail. Recently Colonel MacRae-Gilstrap has acquired the island and castle of Eilandonan, and proposes to restore the ancient stronghold.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

A Princess of Thule

(*Continued from page 176*)

"For my part," said Mrs. Lorraine, "I think it is very unkind not to wait for poor Mrs. Lavender. She may come in dreadfully tired and hungry."

"But that would not vex her so much as the notion that you had waited on her account," said Sheila's husband, with a smile; and Mrs. Lorraine was pleased to hear him sometimes speak in a kindly way of the Highland girl whom he had married.

Lavender's guests were going somewhere after luncheon, and he had half promised to go with them, Mrs. Lorraine stipulating that Sheila should be induced to come also. But when luncheon was over, and Sheila had not appeared, he changed his intention. He would remain at home. He saw his three friends depart, and went into the library, and lit a cigar.

How odd the place seemed! Sheila had left no instructions about the removal of those barbaric decorations she had placed in the chamber; and here, around him, seemed to be the walls of the old-fashioned little room at Borvabost, with its big shells, its peacocks' feathers, its skins, and stuffed fish, and masses of crimson bell-heather.

"The odd child she is!" he thought, with a smile, "to go playing at grotto-making, and trying to fancy she was up in Lewis again.

And then, somehow, his fancies went back to the old time when he had first seen and admired her wild ways, her fearless occupations by sea and shore, and the delight of active work that shone on her bright face and in her beautiful eyes. How lithe and handsome her figure used to be, in that blue dress, when she stood in the middle of the boat, her head bent back, her arms outstretched and pulling at some rope or other, and all the fine color of exertion in the bloom of her cheeks! Then the beautiful, strange, cool evenings on the shores of Loch Roag, with the wild, clear light still shining in the northern heavens, and the sound of the waves getting to be lonely and distant. As he sat in this little room and thought of all these things, he grew to think he had not acted quite fairly to Sheila. She was so fond of that beautiful island life; and she had not even visited the Lewis since her marriage. She should go now. He would abandon that trip to the Tyrol; and as soon as arrangements could be made, they would together start for the North.

Had not Sheila's stratagem succeeded? That pretty trick of hers, in decorating the room so as to resemble the house at Borvabost, had done all that she could have desired. But where was she?

Lavender rose hastily, and looked at his watch. Then he rang the bell, and a servant appeared.

"Did not Mrs. Lavender say when she would return?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"You don't know where she went?"

"No, sir. The young lady's luggage was put into the cab, and they drove away without leaving any message."

He scarcely dared confess to himself what fears began to assail him. He went up-stairs to Sheila's room and there everything appeared to be in its usual place, even to the smallest article on the dressing table. They were all there, except one. That was a locket, too large and clumsy to be worn, which some one had given her years before she left Lewis, and in which her father's portrait had been somewhat rudely set. Just after their marriage, Lavender had takn out this portrait, touched it up a bit into something of a better likeness, and put it back; and then she had persuaded him to have a photograph of himself colored and placed on the opposite side. This locket, open and showing both portraits, she had fixed on to a small stand, and, in ordinary circumstances, it always stood on one side of her dressing table. The stand was there; the locket was gone.

He went down-stairs again. The afternoon was drawing on. A servant came to ask him at what hour he wished to dine; he bade her wait till her mistress came home, and consult her. Then he went out.

It was a beautiful, quiet afternoon, with a warm light from the west shining over the now yellowing trees of the squares and gardens. He walked down towards Notting Hill Gate Station, endeavoring to convince himself that he was not perturbed, and yet looking somewhat anxiously at the cabs that passed. People were now coming out from their business in the city, by train, and omnibus, and hansom; and they seemed to be hurrying home in very good spirits, as if they were sure of the welcome awaiting them one in that silent house in the square. The tle use in returning home. There was no there. He knew, at least, that there was litrooms would be dark in the twilight. Probably dinner would be laid, with no one to sit down at the table. He wished Sheila had left word where she was going.

(*To be Continued*)

NEW YORK
SEPT. 1920

The Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE)

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL. 1901-1920

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New Publications

"*Our Economic and Other Problems.*" A notable contribution by Otto H. Kahn.

With the presidential election drawing near the element of timeliness affords another reason, to the many that can be adduced, why thoughtful citizens ought to read this important book. For it is true that on the vital issues embodied in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties, and which the distinguished Ohioans are discussing (excepting the Prohibition question) the author has given us well-informed, mature, and in many instances, unanswerable opinions.

The personality of Otto H. Kahn is peculiarly interesting. He is a member of the private banking firm of Kahn, Loeb & Company, and one of the world's best known financiers. He is of German birth and parentage, but is one of the most conspicuously public-spirited Americans. He made a notable record in war work and publicly embraced the Allied cause from the beginning of the World War. He has been accorded high honors by France, Italy and Belgium.

His book, touching many subjects, opens with an address, delivered in 1911, on "The Last Figure of an Epoch—Edward Henry Harriman." Concerning the fitness of this title Mr. Kahn says, "His death coincided with what appears to be the ending of an epoch in our economic development. His career was the embodiment of unfettered individualism. For better or for worse—personally I believe for better unless we go too far and too fast—the people appear to be determined to put limits and restraints upon the exercise of economic power just as in former days they put limits and restraints upon the absolutism of rulers. Therefore, I believe there will be no successor to Mr. Harriman; there will be no other career like his."

How truly this opinion of 1911 was cast! The other day we observed a vigorous plea for a place for individualism in America by John H. MacCracken, president of Lafayette College, in which appears this trenchant opinion, "America, once the home of constitutional liberty, is to-day more intolerant than England or Canada, and views with suspicion any man who does not run with the pack or make his demands with a mob at his back."

Mr. Harriman, as pictured by Mr. Kahn, was a dominant and inspiring figure, conspicuously in contrast to a frail appearance.

"He possessed a judgment marvellously clear and sure, almost infallible. . . . iron determination. . . . did not know the meaning of the word 'defeat' . . . . never 'threw up the sponge' . . . . power of will nothing short of phenomenal, and by its exercise, coupled with his indomitable pluck and amazing brain faculties. I have seen him perform veritable miracles in the way of making people do as he wanted. He had that supreme patience which, according to Disraeli is 'a necessary ingredient of genius.' He once said to me, early in our acquaintance, 'All the opportunity I ask is to be one of fifteen men around a table.' Yet he had neither eloquence, tact nor magnetism. Smooth diplomacy, the talent for winning compromise were not his methods. His was the genius of the conqueror, his dominion was based on rugged strength, iron will, irresistible determination, indomitable courage, tireless toil, amazing intellect and, last, but not least, upon those qualities of character which command men's trust and confidence."

But we must refrain from the temptation to further contemplate this intensely interesting biographical sketch of a remarkable man, which appropriately forms part one of the book.

Three chapters are devoted to considerations and suggestions concerning the railroad problem. Mr. Kahn frankly discusses every phase, going into railroad conditions which brought about public resentment making possible that series of State and Federal enactments and the creation of commissions which in recent years have had the effect of handicapping trade and industry and restraining railroad enterprise to an extent well-nigh disastrous to the nation. There are few more important issues before the people of America than the problem of providing adequate transportation. We are faced to-day with a condition that is acutely hurtful to business. Even leaving the strikes out of consideration, the unfavorable fact must be faced that there are determining factors which make impossible an early return to that condition of former years when business men, big and small, could reasonably depend upon good service by the railroads. The main trouble lies in the fact that the country's traffic has outstripped the increase in railroad equipment. Recently Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, said to the Interstate Commerce Commission, "The railroads are trying to move an unprecedented amount of business with an impaired and insufficient plant." The cause of this situation—a situation which affects the prosperity of all—is that for the past ten years and more Capital has been scared off railroad investments. "Capital cannot be commandeered," says Mr. Kahn, "It is proverbially timid and its owners will not venture forth into a field where they must be in doubt from one year to the next as to what new exactions, burdens and restraints may be laid upon the properties in which their investment is placed."

Mr. Kahn thoroughly discusses the alternative of Government ownership, and on evidence supplied by nations in which the railroads are in possession of the Governments, he arrives at a conclusion which will meet with general approval. He has suggestions for the bettering of present conditions which impress one by their spirit of reasonableness and compromise. He says, substantially, "Let the Federal and State Governments take stock of their experience;

(Continued on page 240)

THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Current Events

Domestic

A statement filed with the Auditor-General of Pennsylvania in connection with the estate of the late Andrew Carnegie, shows that at the time of his death his estate was worth $31,355,937.29 and that he had given away during his lifetime $330,000,000.

Bannerman Island Arsenal, in the Hudson River, near Newburgh, N. Y., was wrecked August 15, by an explosion of 200 pounds of powder and shells stored there. The damage is estimated at $50,000. Three persons, Mrs. Francis Bannerman, of New York; her sister, Miss Mary Dubois, and Charles Kovash, superintendent of the island, were slightly injured. The island, owned by The Francis Bannerman Company, of New York, has long been used as a storehouse for powder and ammunition.

An informal challenge has been received from A. C. Ross, of Sydney, Cape Breton, for a race for the America Cup in 1921.

The body of Major-General William C. Gorgas, conqueror of yellow fever in Cuba and Panama and former Surgeon-General of the United States Army, was buried August 16th at Arlington National Cemetery with impressive military honors. Preceding the army ritual at the grave, services were held at the Church of the Epiphany, attended by members of the President's Cabinet, members of the diplomatic corps, representatives of American and foreign scientific societies, and officers high in the army and navy.

Four American Army airplanes landed on the flats of the Stikine River, seven miles from Wrangel, Alaska, August 15, after a flight from Mitchell Field at Mineola, Long Island. They left Mineola on July 15th, and were the first heavier than air machines to land in the territory of Alaska from outside. The only other airplane ever seen in Alaska was an exhibition plane carried by boat to Fairbanks in 1913.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur observed the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding at their summer home, Innisshall, near Suffield, Conn, August 4th. Members of the family were present, and friends came from far and near to offer their congratulations.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the American Presbyterian Church has decided to establish a university at Cairo, according to a Cairo despatch to the *London Times*, and has purchased for the purpose the building which once housed the Egyptian University. The new university, it is understood, will be composed of five colleges.

Cambridge University, England, has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Dr. A. L. Lowell, President of Harvard University; John Jacob Abel, Professor of Pharmacology at John Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, and Dr. Harvey Cushing, Professor of Surgery, Harvard University.

NEIL DOUGLAS SCOTT, aged eighty, a well known contestant in Scottish games throughout the metropolitan section when a young man, died August 13th, at his home in Plainfield, N. J.

"The famine price of white paper" has forced the American Red Cross to discontinue publication of the the Red Cross magazine. A statement issued by the society says: "Further publication would involve either considerable increase in the subscription price or a subsidy from the general funds of the society, which deems either course inexpedient."

Miss Harriett May Mills of Syracuse, picked by the Democratic State leaders as the party's nominee for Secretary of State, will be the first woman ever to run for a State office in New York on either a Republican or a Democratic ticket.

Deaths from highway accidents in New York State reached the record total of 205 for the month of July, exceeding by twelve the previous high record of June, according to the monthly report of the National Highways Protective Society. In the city of New York automobiles caused the death of seventy-two persons, trolleys killed thirteen and wagons two. Outside the city automobiles caused the deaths of ninety-seven, trolleys six and wagons three. Twelve persons met their deaths at railroad crossings.

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Canadian

The Walsh Land Company is responsible for the statement that nearly 100,000 American farmers have purchased approximately 3,000,000 acres of land in western Canada since the first of the year. Most of them, it is said, will settle next spring or later.

The Nova Scotia Provincial elections resulted in the return of the Liberal Government by an overwhelming majority. The figures were: Liberals 29; Conservatives 3; Farmers 6; Labor 5; Government majority over all 15.

Dr. Alex. Primrose has been appointed Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Toronto.

Fourteen hundred houses have been constructed in Ontario during the past year under the government housing scheme, by which the Federal government loaned $25,000,000 to the provinces, to be by them loaned to home builders. The maximum loan to any home builder is $4,500.

W. D. Clark, who visited in Vancouver recently after thirty-three years of hunting and trapping in the Arctic, saw his first automobile, first street car, first flying machine, and first moving picture, and he was not impressed. Simple nature, even with the northern rigors, is more attractive to him than civilization with its hundred and one varieties of burning energy.

The sales of products from the fur farms of Prince Edward Island for 1919 amounted to over $2,000,000. This amount includes breeding animals as well as pelts.

Five million dollars will be spent this year in making better the main highways of Canada through Federal and provincial grants. Of this amount the Dominion Government will contribute $2,000,000 and the provincial governments $3,000,000.

Bids have been submitted for the construction of the new Institute of Technology in Calgary. The workshop building will be the first to be erected; the main building of three stories will be taken up next, and a contract for it, too, will be let early in the autumn. The new technical institute will be of thoroughly up-to-date design and equipment and will be constructed of brick and stone.

The new Manitoba Parliament building was dedicated and opened to the public July 15, 1920, by Sir James Aikin, Lieutenant Governor of the Province. Construction work on the building was begun in 1913, but owing to the war work was retarded. The structure is built chiefly of Tyndall limestone and is a fine example of Greek architecture. The mural decorations are the work of a New York artist. Much of the material that went into the interior construction was furnished by American manufacturers. The total cost of the building is estimated at $6,000,000 to $7,000,000.

A commission to revise the Canadian tariff has been appointed, and will begin sittings in Winnipeg on September 15. The commission will consist of Sir Henry Drayton, Minister of Finance (chairman); Hon. J. A. Calder, president of the Privy Council; and Senator Robertson, Minister of Labor. Following the initial meeting in Winnipeg the commission will proceed to British Columbia and take evidence on the Pacific coast. Evidence will subsequently be heard in all Provinces.

By far the most significant event of the month has been the meeting in Ottawa of the Imperial Press Conference, representing journalists from every quarter of the British Empire, which opened August 4. On August 2, the guests, and several notable American editors, were entertained at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Peers Davidson, K. C., who commanded the 73rd Battalion of Royal Highlanders of Canada, Overseas Forces, in the World War, died suddenly of heart disease, in Paris, France, July 19. He was born in Montreal, November 7, 1870, son of Sir Charles Peers Davidson, former Chief Justice of the Superior Court in Montreal, and was educated at McGill University.

Up to August 15, 3,667 returned men, out of a total of 18,257 for the whole of Canada, have been placed on the land as settlers in the Winnipeg district by the soldiers' settlement board. The loans approved in the Winnipeg district have been represented as $12,247,732, the total loan for the Dominion amounting to $72,236,142.

Miss Alice E. Wilson, of Ottawa, the first woman to be sent out by the Geological Department of the Canadian Government, is making an important 200 mile trip down the shores of Lake Winnipeg by row boat to collect fossils. She and a companion expect to return in six weeks, and are carrying a tent, outfit and provisions, as well as geological tools.

Henry Stewart, 73, who recently hiked from his home in San Diego, Cal., to St. John, New Brunswick, has set out for his California home. Stewart claims to have walked 74,000 miles through America, Europe, Asia and Africa since starting his globe trotting career about ten years ago.

Cattle from the United States may enter Canada free of duty for another year, and an order in council probably will be passed shortly providing for the free importation of United States sheep into Canada.

Twelve million children in Europe lost one or both parents during the war, it is shown by compilations gathered by representatives of the American Red Cross in eighteen countries. Russia leads with 4,000,000 of such children, Germany follows with 3,000,000, and France has 1,000,000. Albania is last on the list with 17,000.

British

Mr. James Robb has been appointed secretary to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland, in succession to Sir William S. M'Cormick, LL. D. Mr. Robb was educated at St. Andrews and Edinburgh Universities, and was formerly assistant and lecturer in Hebrew at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. He has been on the staff of the Trust for sixteen years.

Another famous picture by Raeburn recently changed hands in London, for £21,000, a portrait group representing Reginald George Macdonald, of Clan Ranald, and his younger brother of the '45.

The Duke of Montrose, Chancellor of the Order of the Thistle, has presented to the Thistle Chapel a communion table of Scots oak, designed by Sir Robert Lorimer, architect of the chapel, in St. Giles. Sir J. H. Graham of Larbert House, has presented a handsome chalice, formerly the property of Don Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, King Consort of Donna Maria II, of Portugal.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Minister of Education, announced at a luncheon in London, recently, that the National Allied Relief Committee of New York will found an orphanage in England to mark its sense of the services of the British Army during the war.

The memorial erected at Conon-Bridge to the memory of the men of the parish of Urquhart who gave their lives in the Great War was unveiled recently. The monument is of solid granite. There is a base of rough granite standing four feet above the ground, and on top is placed a polished granite Celtic cross, standing about twelve feet high. It is placed at the junction of the Mulbuie and Inverness roads, and faced towards Dingwall, commanding a magnificent view, and cannot be missed by anyone passing through Conon.

The late Lord Polwarth, who died at Harden, the ancestral home of his race in Roxburghshire, in his eighty-second year, took a prominent part in the affairs of the county, was a man of deep piety, who spoke and wrote on religious subjects, while also eminent as a breeder of Border Leicester sheep and Shorthorn cattle. The flock of Border Leicesters founded in the eighteenth century, kept its character until its dispersion in 1912, when his beloved estate of Mertoun on the Tweed was sold to Lord Ellesmere. Walter George, Master of Polwarth, who succeeds him, was born in 1864, and married in 1888, Edith Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. From 1897 to 1909, he acted as chairman of the Board of Lunacy, and since 1909, has been chairman of the Prison Commission. Like his father, he has taken a prominent part in religious and social work. One of his sisters did useful war work; another is a distinguished missionary at Kalimpong.

This being the jubilee year of George Watson's College, the opportunity has been taken to recall the names of the founders who originally provided the funds which made the development of the Edinburgh Merchant Schools possible. These were George Watson, James Gillespie, Daniel Stewart, and others. On the various schools opened in 1870, over a million of revenue has been spent since then. It has been pointed out that five members of the Government were educated partly at George Watson's: Sir Eric Geddes, Sir Robert Horne, Sir Auckland Geddes, Mr. Ian Macpherson, and Mr. T. B. Morison. At George Watson's a substantial capital sum has been raised as a war memorial, and the funds have been utilized in certain cases to assist pupils where such assistance is needed. A permanent record is being prepared in the form of a book, with biographical notes and portraits of those connected with the school who have made the great sacrifice.

To the Rev. John Anderson, M. A., belongs the unique honor of being the oldest minister of the Church of Scotland, the oldest Scottish missionary, and probably the oldest missionary in the world. Mr. Anderson was born at Muckart in 1821, and entered on his hundredth year on 10th May. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and went out to Calcutta as a missionary in 1846, laboring there for ten years. After a home ministry at Dalkeith and Culter. Mr. Anderson retired to Corstorphine in 1891, retaining still wonderful vigour and undiminished interest in the work of the church.

The Cowal Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music, just published, should—and probably will—find its way into the hands of all good pipers. The book is the outcome of a successful competition organized by the Cowal Highland Games Committee, who offered prizes for the best original marches, reels and strathspeys. Out of 250 compositions sent in, about a third of the number, carefully selected by the adjudicators, make up the collection, which is published at 2s 6d by the Cowal Highland Gathering Committee.

As an act of homage to the heroic Americans, who while on service with the colors lost their lives on the threshold of adventure, through the loss of the troopships *Tuscania* and *Otranto*, and whose bodies were reverently laid to rest in Kildalton Cemetery, Islay, the American authorities have decided on exhumation, and re-interment in the home country. It will be recalled how the women of Islay paid tribute to America's young crusaders—working night and day sewing for a shroud—the flag of freedom, with its silver stars and silver bars. It was beneath the folds of that flag the heroes passed to their rest, and to their memory was designed the simple and dignified monument that will stand through the ages on the Mull of Oa as a remembrance of their heroism.

Kirkcaldy has conferred the freedom of the Burgh upon Field-Marshal Earl Haig. In his speech of thanks the former commander-in-chief took occasion to plead the cause of the disabled service men, which he has so much at heart.

Recent deaths in Scotland worthy of special note are: Sir John Gilmour, Bart., of Montrave, Fifeshire, former convener of the county and a noted agriculturist and sportsman, on July 20; James Weir, of the engineering firm of G. & J. Weir, Cathcart, father of Lord Weir, head of the Air Ministry during the World War, July 10; Dr. Robert Munro, *Largs*, the well known antiquary, July 18; Mrs. Munro, wife of the late Rev. Alexander Rose Munro, and mother of the Secretary for Scotland. She was a daughter of the late Rev. John Sinclair, Bruan, Caithness; James Shewan, schoolmaster, Kirkhill; Robert Cook, *J. P.*, former Councillor, Dean of Guild and Bailie, Inverness, July 30; Alexander Munro, Dingwall, August 8.

This year's yachting on the Clyde will be long remembered. The presence of the King on *Brittannia* created great enthusiasm.

The health of Premier Lloyd George of Great Britain is causing serious uneasiness. The British Prime Minister's physicians are said to have ordered an immediate absolute rest for him.

Sir Norman Lockyear, the noted astronomer, died at Rugby, England, August 16, in his 85th year.

Earl Beatty's chart of the sea from Peterhead to the Pentland Firth, which was used by him at the Battle of Jutland, has just been disposed of at Christie's for one hundred and sixty guineas. With Earl Beatty's private markings on it, the chart will prove of great historical interest and value.

Scots in America will be deeply interested in the wedding of Miss Kennedy-Fraser to the Rev. J. C. Fulton Hood, a Leeds vicar, which took place recently at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, London. Miss Kennedy-Fraser, of course, is the charming singer whose name is inseparably associated with the "Songs of the Hebrides." With her talented mother she has made Hebridean music familiar to thousands of people throughout the world.

Agricultural interest throughout Scotland is centered in the great show of the Highland and Agricultural Society at Aberdeen, which took place July 20, 21, 22 and 23. At this, the 89th Show, prizes amounting to £4,608 in value were presented for open competition, and contests arranged for horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, poultry, wool, bee appliances and honey, dairy produce, etc. The program included parades of cattle and horses and jumping competition for horses, forestry exhibition, butter-making demonstration, and wool demonstration.

The tablet to the memory of Jackson, the Howgate Carrier, and Ailie, his wife, immortalized in Dr. John Brown's story of *Rab and His Friends*, was unveiled August 10, in Penicuik Churchyard by Mrs. Burnet Smith (Annie S. Swan).

Lord Reading, Great Britain's Chief Justice and former British Ambassador to America was elected president of the International Law Association at the twenty-ninth conference of that body, held in Portsmouth, England, recently.

Much interest is attached to the coming visit of H. R. H. the Earl of Inverness to the Northern Meeting, the week of September 12. A feature will be his presentation of the colors to the 7th and 9th Battalions Cameron Highlanders, which will be first consecrated at a ceremony beginning at 11 a. m. in the Depot Cameron Highlanders, Inverness, on Friday, Sepember 17. The Prince will be the guest of The Mackintosh, Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire at Moy Hall.

Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, who had been making inflammatory speeches in America on behalf of "the Irish Republic," sailed July 31, from New York on the *Baltic*, with the intention of landing in Ireland. On orders from the British Government, he was taken from the *Baltic* by a destroyer and landed at Penzance, England, August 9, and will not be permitted to visit Ireland.

On August 1, it was estimated that there were from 60,000 to 80,000 fully equipped British soldiers in Ireland. Disorders and assassinations continue; and on August 9, the House of Commons passed, by a vote of 206 to 18, the bill setting up special military courts in Ireland.

Monsignor Cattaneo, Apostolic Delegate to Australia, and Archbishop Duhig, of Queensland, called upon the Prince of Wales during his recent visit and formally presented the homage and devotion to the Throne of the whole Roman Catholic community of Australia. They assured the Prince of the loyalty of the Australian Catholic community, and said he had won the hearts of all. This is in contrast to the conduct of Archbishop Mannix who, in the words of Premier Hughes, "does not represent Australia on the Irish or any other question, and is the acknowledged Sinn Fein leader in this country. When he arrived in Australia seven years ago," the Premier continues, "Australia was freer from sectarian bitterness than any country in the world. Spurred by boundless personal ambition and hatred of Great Britain, Archbishop Mannix has fanned the dying embers of religious bigotry into a fierce blaze, gathering around him every fanatic alien and Sinn Feiner in the country. He worked incessantly during the war to prevent recruiting, and to help the enemy defeat the Allies, working great harm to Australia."

Our Glasgow Letter

Saturday last, the 26th June, being the nearest Saturday to the Anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn (24th June) was the occasion of a celebration at the Borestone, Stirling. For two reasons the gathering was perhaps more than usually interesting. First, it was the 50th Anniversary of the erecting of the flagpole, which so fittingly marks this historic spot. The gathering was addressed by a Mr. Thomson, of Dumbarton, who, fifty years earlier, had superintended the making of the flagpole, and had actually himself done some of the riveting. This pole was presented to Stirling by the working men of Dumbarton.

Then the anniversary was also taken advantage of by the St. Andrew Society of Glasgow, to present to the Borestone Committee two St. Andrew's Flags, one of which was hoisted to the top of the pole by Lady Lindsay, wife of the Glasgow Town Clerk. There are great differences of opinion as to whether the Lion Rampant Flag or the St. Andrew's Flag is the flag of Scotland, and in spite of the fact that Mr. Dalrymple, of the Glasgow Corporation Tramways, assured the gathering at the Borestone that all enlightened people recognized the St. Andrew's Flag as the correct one, we are among the wantonly ignorant who prefer to recognize the distinctive "ruddy Lion ramped in gold" as Scotland's Flag. If for no other reason than that it is more artistic, we prefer it, and we think it a sad lack of judgment on the part of the Borestone Committee to have accepted this St. Andrew's Flag. We are glad to know, however, that on the actual anniversary, the 24th June, the patriotic guide, Mr. Heap, hoisted the Lion Rampant, and it floated in the breeze as it has done for many years past. We do not welcome this "stranger within our gates" in the form of the St. Andrew's Flag, and think the society's efforts to popularize it, will only lead to confusion.

The argument is that the Lion Rampant is the King's Flag, and the St. Andrew's Flag the flag of the people, but it is hardly worth while taking this up in these days, as the Lion Rampant is too well known to be readily ousted.

In spite of Lord Rosebery's spirited protests against converting Edinburgh Castle into a show museum, as a National Memorial, we see the scheme is to be proceeded with. The arrangements include the taking over of the whole of the castle buildings as a national, military and civil museum. The military section will provide places in which each Scottish regiment can deposit its own relics and battle trophies.

We are inclined to agree with Lord Rosebery that the idea is altogether alien to Scottish sentiment, and reeks of the common showground. Our Castle as it stands is a historic edifice of which we are justly proud, but filled with modern battle trophies, etc., it is robbed of its own mysterious attraction, and savours of an up-to-date show for the benefit of tourists. We should have a National Memorial, by all means, but it should stand on its own merits as it were, and be quite separate from such a place as Edinburgh Castle. This scheme will not represent fittingly, as is intended, either the one or the other period of Scottish history.

The Duke of Atholl is making a strong appeal on behalf of this memorial, and Sir Robert Lorimer has been asked to act as architect. It is estimated the cost may be somewhere in the neighborhood of £250,000, and meantime £150,000 is wanted to get things going. As Mr. Munro, Secretary for Scotland, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, are both pressing the merits of this memorial, no doubt it will meet with a measure of success, but we are surprised such men did not think of a more fitting and more practical way of remembering our dead heroes.

It is good to hear, at intervals, in these days of centralization, when we have got to keep reminding ourselves in Scotland here that we still have a spot on the map, that the London Scots are very much to the fore in "keeping the Lion Flag Flying." Apropos of this we learn that the Caledonian School at Buskey, Hertshire, the pet institution of the London Scots, received a cheque from the Scottish Clans Association for over £200. We understand that at the present time Scottish societies in London are very active, and we hope this will long continue.

Broughty Ferry has a fine scheme on foot to raise sufficient money to furnish and endow a "rest cottage" for nurses in Dundee and district, where they may go for a day off, a week-end, the annual holiday, or convalescence after an illness. This is indeed a step in the right direction, as nurses are surely the most deserving class of workers, and the least considered in this direction. Many nurses are far from their homes, and a place like this would prove a veritable blessing to many of them. We hope the scheme will meet with great support. Mrs. J. C. Buist, president of the Dundee Centre of the College of Nursing, is one of the pioneers of the movement.

They say Lord Leverhulme is now contemplating purchasing a large tract of land in Ullapool district. This district is opposite the Island of Lewis, where the noble Lord has been up against it for some time. What the idea is is not yet known, but, if the people of Ullapool prove more agreeable than the Lewis folks, they may reap the benefit of some big commercial scheme.

Invergordon district (Ross-shire) is likely to be shortly the centre of the fur industry. Efforts are being made to establish a farm for breeding fur bearing animals. All the necessary financial support has been secured, and it now remains to obtain fifty acres of ground suitable for the purpose. The scheme owes its promotion to a Canadian.

Mary Pickford and "Doug" spent a week-end as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at their place in Surrey, and we see reams of Mary's appreciation. She apparently wishes specially to visit Scotland, and we also hear wants to get the permission of J. M. Barrie to film his "Little Minister." The part of "Babbie" is one that would be peculiarly suited to the talents of Mary Pickford. The visit of these two star filmers has caused great comment, and letters to the editor hav been appearing in the Scottish papers protesting against the reception accorded to them in England. We venture to prophesy that, much as we may appreciate a visit from these celebrities—especially Mary—that their welcome will be much less demonstrative, if perhaps more sincere, on the Scotch side of the border.

Was it to throw dust in the eyes of a long suffering public that Coats' Cotton Mills, Paisley, allowed their employees who got vaccinated against the outbreak of smallbox in Glasgow, the sum of £1 each, in case they should be off work during the period. They may well be generous when one notes an accumulation of facts—the increased price of the cotton reel, the firm's dividends for the past year, and their excess profits.

The result of the world's open golf championship—just to hand—is more than gratifying to Scotland, as it has been won by George Duncan, a Scotsman. This is the greatest event of its kind in the world, and is therefore all the more pleasing. The match was played at Deal, on the links of the Royal Cinque Sports Club, and was hotly contested. It is ten years since the blue riband of the links has come to Scotland, and, as in 1910, another Scot, Sandy Herd, came in second. As Scotland, after all, is the home of golf, we hope she will try and keep what she has so hardly won after ten years.

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The Scot in London

The meetings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh seem to be far removed from the venue of the Scots in London, but a considerable number have been following with keen interest the debates on the Union of the Scottish Churches. In an article in *The Contemporary Review* for January of this year, "the ecclesiastical situation in Scotland" was fully discussed by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and no fairer statement could have been penned. The pros and cons were summarized in a masterly style, and Lord Balfour's views went a long way in paving the road for a settlement honorable to all sides. The present movement began in 1907, and negotiations between the churches commenced in that year. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland asked for a conference "in a friendly and generous spirit upon the ecclesiastical situation, for the purpose of endeavoring to discover whether there cannot be more co-operation, and perhaps a closer union." In 1909, the United Free Church agreed to enter into an "unrestricted conference" and conferences took place in 1910 and 1911, which led in 1912 to the outline of a constructive policy being submitted. In 1913, a draft of the proposed Constitution of the Church of Scotland was discussed, and the U. F. Church suggested a revision which was mutually accepted in 1914. The outbreak of war stopped progress until 1918, when the committees again took up their work, and the Assemblies in 1919 were practically convinced that the most of the obstacles to union had been removed, and the articles were agreed regarding a Constitution which was designed to meet all divergent views and secure the autonomy of the United Church. The continuity of the church would be safeguarded, and a spiritual institution, in no sense deriving powers from, or controlled by the State would be the result. And now the Assemblies of 1920 have endorsed the result of the twelve years deliberations, and the Union of the Churches in Scotland is in sight. It is a personal triumph for Lord Balfour, but he is the last man to think of it in any way except from the national point of view. He has been, as Dr. Fleming puts it in *St. Columba's Magazine*, "known, without anyone needing to say it, as the man of sound counsel, large influence, unique experience, quiet, passionately loyal Scottish Churchmanship, who was mapping the course of the ship on the political waters, and holding the wheel all the time." The opposition was infinitesmal, the movers of the "wrecking" amendments being scarcely able to muster more than one or two supporters, and the General Assemblies of 1920 are sure to go down to posterity as great history-making gatherings.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh is an elder in St Columba's Church, London, and so is the

Duke of Atholl, the Lord High Commissioner to the Assembly of the Church. It was appropriate in every way that Dr. Fleming, the esteemed Minister of St. Columba's should be the official chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner.

The Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London have decided to support the scheme for making the ancient Castle of Edinburgh a worthy monument to our Scottish soldiers who fell in the war. The Government have decided that the castle is no longer required for military purposes, and have approved of the site being utilized for the Scottish National War Memorial. H. M. The King has agreed with the government in dedicating the site for such an object, and referred to the Castle of Edinburgh as being "the symbol of the defence of Scotland" and an appropriate place to raise a memorial to those who died that we might live. Many leading men have blessed the scheme, and at a meeting held in the Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, called together by the Federated Council of Scottish Associations, a large audience representing all degrees of Scots in London, determined to give the memorial financial support. The Duke of Atholl, the Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Mr. Munro, the Secretary for Scotland, were the principal speakers, and the movement had an enthusiastic start. At once three individual subscriptions of £1,000 were subscribed, and many other donations were promised.

The memorial will embrace the whole castle, and the disused buildings while having their outlines preserved, will be arranged to represent historic Scotland—military and naval, and also civilian. The sky line of the present building will be preserved, and a shrine will be erected round the apex of the rock. There will be a Hall of Record, where the names of Scottish sailors and soldiers of all ratings and ranks, who have fallen, or who have specially distinguished themselves, will be recorded: there will also be a repository for the trophies of our Scottish Regiments, and it has been suggested that a home should also be provided for the great National collection of the Society of Antiquaries. What more worthy or appropriate site could be found for those who have died for the preservation of the world's liberties than the rock round which the heroic struggle for Scottish independence so often centered in the past? It will become a place of pilgrimage for Scots from the ends of the earth, and it will be strange if in times to come it does not hold first place in the pilgrimages of Scots from America and other lands over the seas.

When Boswell told Dr. Johnson that Greenwich Park was "very fine" the reply came without hesitation: "You are right Sir, but not equal to Fleet Street." The Fleet Street of Dr. Johnson has long since passed away, but to many ardent Scots there is a magnetism about it which catches and holds the Scottish pressmen, as no place else in London holds them. Johnson's Court is now only a memory, as the buildings of Sells Ltd. occupy the site, and the presiding genius there now is the genial William Jeffrey, an Arbroath man, whose coming to London meant a great deal to other Scots not so fortunate as himself. Mr. Jeffrey takes a keen interest in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and other charities, and, being a widely travelled man, is a companion much sought after by all good Caledonians. The Sells buildings cover the the site of the old "Red Lion" and its well known successor "The three Angels" hostelry. It was in an adjoining crypt that the muskets of the Cato Street Conspirators reposed in 1820, and at the same time Sholto and Ruben Percy, who, described themselves as "Benedictine Brothers of Mont Benger Monastery" were working on the first floor, compiling the well known "Percy Anecdotes," which were first published in forty-one parts, of which 260,000 were sold in 1820 to 1823. Many publishers have since issued them in different types of volumes, and it was Lord Byron who remarked of them, "No man has any pretensions to figure in good society," unless he had contrived to "make himself familiar with the Percy Anecdotes." The so-called "Benedictine Brothers" also published "London: Interesting Memorials of its Rise, Progress, and Present State," and it was only by chance that it became known that the brothers were two Scots named Thomas Byerley, and Joseph Clinton Robertson. Byerley was editor of *The Star* and first editor of *The Mirror*, and Robertson was editor of *Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine*, editor of the *Railway Record*, and afterwards editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, which was then the leading periodical dealing with mechanics. In 1823, Robertson developed a new business or profession, and was the first man in the world to become a patent agent, pure and simple. Up to that time the work had been done by attorneys-at-law, or by solicitors. His connection with this bit of Fleet Street led to an act of grace which meant much to literature for Captain Brooman, who was connected with the patent agency business, granted Elizabeth Cook the lobby of the second floor of No. 166 as a sleeping apartment, and here she penned many of her verses. It saved her from going to the workhouse, and this little act of kindness probably had a great deal to do with her verses, which spoke to people's hearts, as is so well exemplified in the "Old Arm Chair." It is exactly one hundred years since the "Brothers Percy" were the geniuses of the place, and there is some merit in the fact that the business carried on in the reconstructed buildings is still presided over by a genial Scot!

The Royal Caledonian ball, in aid of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, has been revived. Before the war it was an annual Scottish society event, which yielded large sums to be divided between the two charities, and this year the result must prove eminently satisfactory, as

there were nearly 2,000 tickets sold. The Duke and Duchess of Atholl have always taken a keen interest in the ball, and for many years were the organizers of it. They are now presidents, and it was appropriate that they should lead off by taking the first places in a Highland Reel. Dancing was energetically kept up throughout the night, and early morning, and report hath it that the duke took part in every dance.

The ladies' dresses were what might be termed gorgeous, and jewels and decorations were worn: Clan tartan sashes were also worn. The gentlemen made a brave show in full uniform, Highland, Court, and Hunting dress, and, as no ordinary evening dress was allowed, a few passed muster in evening dress with colored facings.

Major and Lady Margaret MacRae were the organizers this year, and are to be congratulated on their brilliant success. The cream of the Scottish Nobility were present, and the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, were the centre of as fine a gathering as has ever been known in connection with the Scottish community of the Metropolis. As in pre-war times, tickets could only be purchased in exchange for personal vouchers issued by the patronesses and presidents.

To the Scots as well as others who go to make up the mighty British Empire, Westminster Abbey is a unique and priceless treasure. It is this, and almost something more to the whole English speaking race. There is nothing to compare with it anywhere, and in the midst of enthusiasm for things historical there is no place more worthy of notice than the old Abbey, and everything it stands for. It is the heart shrine of our world-wide Empire, and it is entwined with the most sacred feelings and deepest affections of the wandering Scots who pass through or settle in the great Metropolis. Some will dilate with wonder on the great age of the building: others will be absorbed in the history of medieval art, and the splendid examples of sculpture in stone, wood, mosaics, metal, iron and bronze which are in evidence: others will gaze with reverence on the Stone of Destiny, which is now incorporated in the Coronation Chair, and which carries with it the ancient Scottish prophecy—

> "Unless the fates are faithless grown,
> And prophets' voice be vain,
> Where'er is found this ancient stone,
> The Scottish Race shall reign."

It was averred by the ancient Scots that the stone gave forth musical sounds when the rightful ruler seated himself on it, but remained mute when a stranger was crowned. In later years the prediction as quoted above was regarded as being fulfilled when James VI of Scotland ascended the throne as James I of England. John Baliol was the last Scottish King who was crowned on it, and it appears in his great seal embedded in what was then known as the "King's stool." It was removed from Scone Palace by Edward I, and at the Treaty of Northampton 1327, entered into by Edward III, it was distinctly understood that the Stone of Destiny should be restored along with "all writings obligations, instruments, and other muniments touching the subjection of the people or of the land of Scotland to the King of England." Let us overlook the "scrap of paper" for the time being—the Stone of Destiny or "Lia Fail" remains in Westminster Abbey. Only one sovereign has occupied the chair of which it is part twice. It was Queen Victoria, who occupied it when she was crowned, and again occupied it in 1887 on her Jubilee, when she received the homage of her peoples, and the salutation of the other rulers of the earth. Only twice has the chair been removed from the Abbey: the first occasion was when Oliver Cromwell had it taken to Westminster Hall, so that he might be seated in it when he was proclaimed "Protector"; the other occasion was in 1915, when, during the great war, for safety's sake, it was removed to the crypt beneath the Chapter House, and remained there until after the signing of the Armistice in 1918.

The magnificent monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, erected by James VI over the vault where his mother's remains were finally interred is a well-known feature of the various chapels clustering in and around the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and amongst the monuments to the honored dead in various parts of the Abbey, may be traced the names of David Livingstone, Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, Lord Kelvin, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Strathcona, and many others well known in Scottish history, as having left their impress on the world. And now the historic pile—the old Abbey of Westminster—is threatened with decay from which it must be saved by those who think seriously of what such a landmark means. The Dean has issued an appeal for £250,000 which *The Times* is supporting with its whole influence, and the following quotation from the appeal stamps it as world wide. "I know well from the extraordinary experiences in the Abbey during the years of the Great War, how dear is this church to the people of this country, to our brothers and sisters in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India, and in a peculiar degree to our brothers and sisters of the Great Republic of America."

Westminster, according to an ancient legend, was founded by St. Peter, who "came over the Thames from Lambeth in the fisherman's boat, and chose a site for the Abbey or Minster of the West in the midst of Thorney Island," and many events have happened there which give to it a value in the eyes of wandering Scots. Edward I watched the ceremony of placing the sacred stone of Scotland's destiny beneath the Coronation Chair; Charles Edward, in disguise, viewed from the gallery of the Abbey the Crown which might under other auspices have been his own, placed on the head of George III. The "Liberties" of Westminster extended east-



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Showing Screen of Edward the Confessor and Coronation Chair Containing the Stone of Destiny.

ward to the Savoy, and there are many Scottish associations with the land lying on the north bank of the Thames. There was a palace with large pleasure grounds extending to the river where, according to the historian Stow, "great buildings have been for the receipt of the Kings of Scotland and other estates of that country." The ground enclosed by brick walls was called Scotland, because it was given by the Saxon king Edgar to Kenneth III of Scotland for his residence during his annual visit to London. It continued afterwards to be the residence of the Scottish Kings when they attended the English Parliament as Barons of the Realm, in connection with their fiefs in Cumberland and Westmoreland.

The last of the Scottish Royal family who resided there was Margaret, Queen of Scots, sister to Henry VIII, and widow of James IV who fell on Flodden field. On her death she was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a handsome tomb covers her remains in the chapel where the remains of Mary, Queen of Scots are also buried. On the union of the Crowns, "Scotland" as a palace ceased to exist, and gradually part of the land was absorbed by government buildings, until in 1829, "Scotland Yard," as it came to be known, was made the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police. The name was afterwards given to the residence of the Dukes of Buccleuch, which after reconstruction and with the addition of the new buildings designed by Norman Shaw, R. A., became New Scotland Yard.

In this quarter there were some Coffee-houses referred to by Defoe in his *Journey Through England.* "The Scots," he writes, "go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the "Smyrna." There are also other little coffee-houses much frequented in the neighborhood—"Young Man's" for officers; "Old Man's' for stock jobbers, paymasters and courtiers, and "Little Man's" for sharpers."

The old Chapel Royal of Whitehall is now the Royal United Service Institution Museum, and among the fine collection of arms and accoutrements there are pistols which belonged to Sir Ralph Abercromby, when he died at the battle of Alexandria in March, 1801, and the sword of General Wolfe, which he used when calling on his Fraser Highlanders to charge on the Heights of Abraham in 1759.

The Strand was the highway between Westminster and London, and from it on the muddy slopes many mud and wooden houses had been erected. The two cities were a mile apart, but through the energy of Scottish builders the huts were replaced by substantial houses, and, according to James Howel

in *Londinopolis*, published in 1657, "the Union with Scotland did not a little conduce to make this union 'twixt London and Westminster, for the Scots multiplying here mightily neasted themselves about the Court, so that the strand from mud walls and thatched houses came to that perfection of buildings as now we see." The modern Scottish touch to the architecture of the Strand may be seen in Messrs. Coutts Bank, where the old Lowther Arcade was replaced by the imposing pile of buildings. It was from the designs of the late Mr. Macvicar Anderson, so long the esteemed Session Clerk of St. Columba's Church. Coutts Bank was established by a Scot, named George Middleton, who kept a goldsmith's shop in St. Martin's Lane. Middleton died between 1743 and 1748, and his partner, George Campbell, associated himself with his clerk, and about 1755, he took James Coutts, the son of an Edinburgh merchant, into partnership. Campbell died a few years later, and in 1761, James Coutts was joined by his brother, Thomas. Under the management of the brothers the bank laid a good foundation by getting a large number of the aristocratic classes as customers, and many distinguished names have appeared in the books of the firm. For many years the business was carried on at 59 Strand, on a part of the site of old Durham House, and the present premises were occupied in 1904. It is worth noting that the window of the room in the private house of Thomas Coutts is still in existence, and while in his time it commanded a fine view of the Surrey Hills, there is still a prescribed view in the same direction, but of a more utilitarian aspect. Thomas Coutts was an idealist and dreamer, yet with it was a practical business man. During the American War of Independence he deprecated the idea of reducing such a continent to obedience, and his views were often solicited in affairs of State. The Royal Family had their banking accounts with him, as he was reckoned absolutely safe in all his dealings. It was in 1795, that he left his house over the bank, and settled in his well known and famous residence at the corner of Stratton Street, Piccadilly. The bank has been swept into the vortex of amalgamation, as so many more have been, and now Coutt's bank and the bank of Roberts Lubbock & Coy, are one. Of the two, Coutts and Company was by far the larger institution, and the name will be carried on.

Another famous Strand edifice is the old Savoy Chapel, which has many Scottish associations connected with it. The chapel occupies part of the site of the ancient Palace of Savoy, which had a chequered existence. The Palace was burned and sacked by Watt Tyler and his followers, but the ruins were partly rebuilt by Henry VII as an hospital for poor people. It, however, again fell into decay, and became "a nursery of rogues and masterless men"; was eventually transformed into a barracks, and a prison, and finally became a sanctuary as notorious as Bridewell. The name of the place came through the marriage of Henry III to Eleanor of Provence in 1246, as the lady's uncle, Peter, Count of Savoy, made a happy exchange of countries, and resolved to settle in England. With royal help Count Peter erected a riverside mansion, and reclaimed a garden from the Marshes, all of which he named "The Savoy." It was in the garden of the Savoy that the Earl of Lancaster, after returning from the Crusades, planted some roses which he had brought from Provence with his wife, Blanche, the widowed Queen of Navarre, and taking the red rose as his badge the b o m was the emblem which was pitted against the white rose of York in the historic Wars of the Roses. When the hospital buildings were in existence, the master added to his income by letting chambers to those who could afford to pay high rents, and the mastership was considered a good position for anyone to aspire to. In the reign of King James I (VI of Scotland) the office became vacant, and a strenuous contest for the place took place in 1617. The competitors were Walter Balconguall described as a "Scottish man" and the Archbishop of Spalato in Dalmatia, and it is recorded that the "Scottish man" fairly bested the Dalmatian. In the chapel is a beautiful stained glass window designed by Burne-Jones, erected to the memory of Archibald Cameron. Archibald, as the inscription states was "brother of Donald Cameron of Locheil," who having been attainted after the Battle of Culloden in 1746, escaped to France, but returning to Scotland in 1753, was apprehended and executed. This window was inserted by Her Majesty's (Queen Victoria) permission in place of a sculptured tablet which was erected by his grandson, Charles Hay Cameron in 1846, and consumed by the fire which partially destroyed the chapel in 1864 (Christmas, 1870)." Cameron bore a brave part in the "forty-five," and as a qualified Doctor of Medicine, succoured friend and foe. He had reached Loch Lomond on his way to Lochaber, when he was betrayed and arrested. His trial was brief, but his doom was sealed from the start. On 7th June, 1753, he was hanged at Tyburn. In the centre of the chancel a black slab marks the grave of two bishops buried side by side and commemorated on the same brass—Thomas Walsey, English Bishop of St. Peter's Rome, and "Gaivan Dowglas," Bishop of Dunkeld, "an exile from his country." It is believed that each occupied rooms in the Savoy Hospital Mansions, and they both died of the plague. Bishop Douglas was a son of Archibald, Bell the Cat, and although it is recorded of him that he was noble, comely, learned, temperate and of singular moderation "rare in a clergyman of those days," he undoubtedly had ambitions which drew him into the fatal faction which followed the Scottish defeat at Flodden, and the consequent unsettling of affairs in Scotland. The widowed Queen's infatuation for the Earl of Angus had a good deal to do with it, and the Bishop became an exile by com-

(*Continued on page 240*)

Tweed's Winding Banks

Tweed! sweet winding Tweed! What a rare fascination it has on all who wander by its banks. Peacefully it glides through its enchanting region of soft sunlight, of bloomy bowers, of masses of blossom—a land strewn with reminiscences sacred and homely to the literary pilgrim. Every grassy upland, every burn and stream is

> . . . . full of ballad notes
> Borne out of lang ago.

There is scarce a step of the way but is interwoven with song and association, for there has gathered about Tweedside such a wealth of story and tradition as to make it forever beloved. Over it the magic web of poetry and romance has cast a glorious halo. And treading the old familiar pathways by the river's side, where comes to you

> The floating voices of the hill—
> The hum of bees in heather bells,
> And bleatings from the distant fells,
> The curlew's whistle, far and shrill,
> And babbling of the restless rill—

it is pleasant to dream, as you go, on the many, illustrious in Scottish song, who lingered here in far-off days, loving the peace and charm of its quiet environs, and lending their own sweet quota to those scenes and memories so redolent still of auld lang syne.

An Ancient Minstrel

Tweedside has its own peculiar charm. It haunts you with its old and silent echoes, saunter where you will. Since the wandering minstrels rested in its shadows, there has come down through the years the poetry of names, murmuring softly in mingled harmony with the ripple of the water. Here, from time immemorial, the bards have chanted out their stories by the river's edge. And the silence of the shadows has kept these records down the long perspective of the centuries. If you sit quiet and still, you can see the calm, aged figures of the long ago, flit phantomly through the sunlight. You can hear the faint, rude music of their harps as they sing of battle-roundelay, or in the soft, gentler lays of love. From out the mists of old they steal, a silent gallery of the past, and as they glide before you, you catch a glimpse of one more distinguished than the rest. It takes you far back in the calendar, for Merlin was the bard of the pagan British tribes when the great tribal battle of Ardderyd was fought and lost in the dim days of the sixth century. But the ancient minstrel chose well when he chose the neighborhood of the Tweed for his melancholy retirement on the death of his warrior chief. One can fancy him mourning in the solitude of Caledon Wood for the lost Gwendoleu, wailing out his version of the battle and the last stand of the northern Druids. 'Mid the shades of the green leaves he built his home and sang his songs. He sang of his doughty chief sleeping on the stricken field; he sang of his sister, the fair and delicate Gwenddid; he sang of the

> Sweet apple tree, growing by the river!
> Whereof the keeper shall not thrive on the fruit;
> Before I lost my wits I used to be round its stem
> With a fair playful maid, matchless in slender shape.
> Ten years and forty, the sport of the lawless,
> Have I been wandering darkling among sprites,
> After wealth in abundance and entertaining minstrels.
> I will not sleep, but tremble for my leader,
> My Lord Gwendoleu and the people of my country,
> After suffering from disease and despair in the forest of Caledonia,
> May I become a servant of the Lord of Noble Retinues!

In the vicinity of Drummelzier you may visit his grave. He was buried by the willows of the Powsayl Burn, not far from the spot where he was stoned to death. The willows are still there to aid you in remembering, and the leaves still whisper their stories to the winds as they did when Merlin sat beneath them, yet it is best to think of him in the shelter of the kindly trees of the old forest, dreaming his love-

dream of "the lovely nymph with pearly teeth, fair, sportive maid."

Modern Devotees

Other names crowd upon you as you follow in the old paths of this most storied of waterways. For, each in his day, the poets came early under the spell of the river's charm. Under its baleful influence they mused and wrote poems to its beauties. They vindicated their love for the soulful cadence of its perpetual song, enshrining it in their own beautiful verses. You remember the pilgrimages of Allan Ramsay, of Hamilton of Bangour, and Robert Crawford, and the flattering lines of poor Robert Fergusson, whom friend Burns delighted to honor—

> The Arno and the Tiber lang
> Hae run full clear in Roman song;
> But, save the reverence o' schools!
> They're baith but lifeless dowy pools,
> Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
> As clear as ony lammer-bead.

Burns himself was a visitor to the "wimpling, stately" stream, while Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," was born on its banks, and has left it on record that they "first heard my Doric reed." George Borrow had more than a nodding acquaintance with Tweedside, and one likes to think of the peregrinations of Thomas Aird and Thomas Tod Stoddart, and that pleasant description of Ruskin's—

> I can never hear the whispering and sighing of the Tweed among his pebbles but it brings back to me the song of my muse as we used to cross by Coldstream Bridge from the South, in our happy days—
>
> For Scotland, my darling, he's full in my view.
> With his barefooted lasses, and mountains so blue.



St. Mary's Aisle, Dryburgh Abbey, Burial Place of Sir Walter Scott
Dryburgh Abbey, on the Tweed, is One of the Choicest Shrines of Scotland. It was Purchased by Lord Glenconner in 1918, and Presented, With the Surrounding Lands as a Free Gift to the Nation.

And who can forget that sparkling passage of Christopher North's in his essay, "Streams," or the poems and writings of Professor Veitch and Andrew Lang?

Andrew Lang

"He who has given his heart to the Tweed, as did Tyro in Homer to the Enipeus, will never change his love," writes Lang in one of his many tributes. To the gipsy scholar there was no water like the Tweed. It captivated him. It sang to him of all that was best in the Border country as he mused in the shade of its

willows, telling its story with a liberal beneficence. It gave him that peace and quietness and restful feeling in which his inmost soul delighted. Above all, it came nearest to his ideal of that undisturbed silence "which all men seek and few men find." And he in turn has not been forgetful. How exquisitely he expresses his love for it! How vividly he paints its beauties! Lang's affection for the Border was deep and undying. In everything he wrote about it, he emphasized the subtle charm of Tweedside, gilding it with the touch of the craftsman. There is a graceful homage in these homely lines: "When one comes back to the Border, there one finds the same beauty one used to see in the face of one's mother, or of one's old nurse." And surely meet worship could go no futher than this, that

> No other hymn
> I'd choose, nor gentler requiem dear
> Than Tweed's, that through death's twil ght dim,
> Mourned in the latest minstrel's e r.

Close, quite close, to the river's edge, you follow in his steps. Here he wandered in the stillness of the grey noon, in the radiance of the summer sun, under the silver canopy of the pale autumn moon, "the memories, legends, ballads and nature of the Border" ever in his thoughts. His quiet footfall leads you to the shadiest, loneliest places, yet never beyond the sound of the water that murmurs like his cradle song, or the sight of "the great, round-backed, kindly, solemn hill" he praised and cherished to the end.

Traquair and Peebles

In the midst of surroundings so pleasant and attractive, the memories of the years come back. You become a dreamer, as Lang did, as you linger in their silences, reflecting the picture of the past. Recollections come sweetly, as recollections are wont to do in such places, and all seems sanctified by the gentle spirits of those who in forgotten days made its beauties an alcove of retreat. The long, grey road by the banks of the river is saturated with literary lore. Scott is all about it. So is Campbell, James Grahame, Hogg and a host of others too numerous to mention. Every foot of it is poetic ground. At Traquair you can listen to

> . . . . the cushie's croon
> Thro' the gowden afternoon,
> And the Quair burn singing doun to the Vale o' Tweed—

and think of "Rab" Brown's meet tribute to Principal Shairp: "Thank ye again for this exquisite song; I would rather have been the man to write it than Gladstone in all his greatness and goodness." On your way, too, you cannot but look in at old-world Peebles, if you would be reminded of William and Robert Chambers, of "Chambers's Journal" fame; Professor Veitch, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and King James I. The Royal Jamie made the ancient township the subject of his now classic poem, "Peblis to the Play," and right well does he show that delicate grace of imagery and mellowed thought with which he was gifted. Incidentally he gives you a sunny vista of the Beltane Sports of that far-away period. Near at hand the stately ruin of Neidpath recalls the story of the unhappy maid who waited on the castle walls for the coming of her lover, and the ballad which tells of the tragedy when he passed by with "heedless gaze."

Other Memories

From Neidpath the highway curves in sweet illusion. The prettiest of silhouettes meets the eye as you follow its winding course. Manor Valley, with its associations of Scott's Black Dwarf, is full of the music of running streams. Lyne Water adds a picturesque note. So does Mossfennan, the Linkumdoddie where the Ayrshire bard wrote "Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed." The old wayside inn of Crook offers you a sheaf of reminiscences. It has tales of Christopher North and James Hogg. Over a quiet pipe you can listen to the ripple of the Tweed, so gentle in its rhythm as to be almost a lullaby—and become initiated to the travelers in William Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." You cannot help being their friend as they breathe out that ancient, yet ever new story which ended in their happy engagement, and the old tavern is all the sweeter for the touch of romantic love which Black has given it. Away in the distance lies Tweed's Well, the reputed source of the Tweed, where the breath of the uplands comes to you, and from here you may look out across the hills in the direction of Moffat, on whose bowling green, one summer evening in 1759, John Home and Ossian Macpherson discussed the traditionary poetry of the Highlands.—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

Down the Gorge

By Charles Coleman Stoddard

Dusk on the wooded point,
  Dusk on the mountain height,
Save where the tallest spires
  Glow with the sunset light.
The lake a mirror of gold
  Reflecting in line and hue
The purple of distant shores
  As they pass and dissolve from view.

The peace and calm of a dream,
  These last, sweet hours of day,
As we float between sky and sky
  With the world so far away:
The ominous calm of a dream,
  Too peaceful and fair to last,
For the rapids are yet to run
  And the twilight is fading fast.

Then faint on our reverie
  From the distant woodland falls
The sound of the rushing river,
  As it rumbles and crashes and calls;
The voices of mighty waters
  Fresh from the hand of God,
Heard but on wind-swept oceans
  And wilderness ways untrod.

The placid lake has heard it,
  And answering tosses and whirls
In a thousand widening eddies,
  Glides and ripples and swirls.
Toward the breach of the distant outlet,
  Where the first wave rises and curls,
And over the long white water
  A banner of mist unfurls.

As arrow sped from the bow,
  Or bird in its swiftest flight,
We are caught in the sweeping flood
  And speed like a thing affright
Down, and forever down,
  Leaping from crest to crest,
With many a perilous turn
  And never a second's rest.

But staunchly built are the tiny craft,
  A staunch heart at each blade—
To drink such a draught of life as this
  Is never to feel afraid:
The life of the free, wild things about,
  The stream in its rock-torn bed,
The flower that clings to the mossy bank
  And the dripping trees o'erhead.

"Watch that rock at the second turn";
  But the crashing drowns the shout,
"We cleared it!" "Yes, by a single inch—"
  "Here's another one—look out!"
A bit of water over the side—
  We're wet to the skin with spray.
"Low in the boat, or you'll lose your scalp;
  That hemlock's down since May."

A fierce, wild rush, and we pause for breath
  In a quiet, foam-flecked pool.
The first star shines above the trees
  And the evening wind blows cool.
As we lean on our paddles or shift our seats,
  We catch the tiny glow
And the faint, sweet scent of cedar smoke
  From the camp fire far below.

Tanned backs stripped to the waist,
  Bronzed by the wind and sun;
A grim, set smile on every face
  At the journey so well begun,
Never so mad a venture,
  Ours to be won by right—
Never a white man ran them,
  Never an Indian *at night.*

Never so wild a river
  In treacherous rapids broke,
A raging torrent falling away
  From our bows at every stroke,
Lashing at bushy headlands,
  Foaming o'er sunken logs,
Crashing 'mid broken boulders
  Sharp as the fangs of dogs;

Hissing, and shrieking, and roaring
  In an eerie, weird refrain,
Till the hills take up the shouting,
  Echoed and echoed again.
We are conscious we, too, are singing,
  But lost is the tune and word
In the din of the fearful tumult,
  And human voice unheard.

Slipping, and swerving, and gliding
  Past shallow and hidden ledge;
Then the steep cliffs close upon us
  And crowd to the river's edge,
Narrower still, and narrower—
  Swifter the way we take—
While the black stream held by the slippery rocks
  Writhes like a prisoned snake.

Then out from the dreary chasm
  To a glimpse of the western sky
And a vision of awful beauty,
  A thrill that will never die—
The smooth, curved rim of a plunging fall,
  Backed by a rising mist,
In the afterglow, an emerald bow
  On a curtain of amethyst.

The shores are blurred and dim
  As we rush to that last, glad leap—
May the Gods of canoe and paddle
  Watch ever the course we keep—
While we sweep for the very center,
  With every muscle astrain,
The spume of the wild-tossed waters
  Cutting our cheeks like rain,

Our breath and our heart-beats ceasing,
  Facing that mighty power,
In the exquisite speed of the race
  Each moment seeming an hour,
Until poised like a beast for the spring
  We are plunged like a storm-flung waif
Far out on the darkened pool below—
  Over—Thank God—And safe.

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The Story of Los Angeles

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

PART II

(For The Caledonian)

The first thing in the way of public improvement after the flag was raised, was the founding of a school, the first one being opened in 1850. Next year the first newspaper was started, *The Star,* a weekly, and in 1854 the first Mayor was elected, Stephen C. Foster, a Yale graduate. In 1855 the first school building was erected, at a cost of $6,000.

These three good seeds well planted—i. e., schools, newspaper, a college graduate for Mayor—did not seem to bear immediate fruit, for in the twenty years 1850 to '70, Los Angeles was at its worst. It is freely admitted that at that time it was the toughest town in the entire nation, containing a larger percentage of men of bad character than any other of its size, and having in any given time the greatest number of fights, murders, lynchings and robberies. This long era of violence and contempt for law had its culmination in 1871 in the brutal slaughter of nineteen Chinamen and the looting of Chinatown by a mob of five hundred men.

During the previous twenty years there had been thirty-five lynchings, and besides this there was an average of two legal hangings a year.

Murders also were very common affairs, so much so that the coroner took hardly any pains to investigate them. This is shown by the character of the verdicts that were returned. Here is an illustration out of many that are similar: "The verdict of the coroner's jury on the body of Seferino Ochoa returned that he came to his death by the discharge of a gun loaded with powder and balls." The newspaper reports of such incidents were also written in a racy and flippant style, as for instance, "Last Sunday night was a brisk night for killings. Four men were shot and killed and several wounded in shooting affairs." During this same period, three county sheriffs were shot and killed while in the performance of their duty.

The only religion known or taught in the pueblo at this time was that of the Catholic Church. No person could be either married or buried in a conventional way unless they avowed strict adherence to that faith. No voice was ever heard in protest against the exclusive dominance of the Church of Rome until in 1850, when the Rev. J. W. Brier, a Methodist minister, who was passing through on his way North, held the first Protestant service on a Sunday in June of that year. This meeting was held in the home of one of the recently arrived Americans. Three years later an attempt was made by the Methodist denomination to establish a permanent organization, but the effort was abandoned entirely in 1858. Meantime, in 1854, the Presbyterians had begun evangelistic work, which they abandoned as hopeless, two years later. Again, in 1859, an effort was made to hold Protestant union services. An organization was effected, with the Rev. W. E. Boardman as pastor. A lot was bought, a brick building was started, but before the building was completed the minister had lost his courage and left the city. The Episcopalians had begun to work in 1857, but very shortly became discouraged and quit. Then, in 1861, the Baptists attempted to establish a church organization; they also failed.

The first religious body or sect to establish themselves permanently, outside of the Roman Church, was the Jews. They began their effort in 1854, and have held on ever since.

The *Weekly Star,* commenting on the situation, wrote as follows: "To preach week after week to empty benches is certainly not encouraging; but if, in addition to that, a minister has to contend against a torrent of vice and immorality which obliterates all trace of the Christian Sabbath; to be compelled to endure blasphemous denunciations of his Divine Mas-

ter; to live where society is disorganized, religion scoffed at; where violence runs riot, and even life itself is unsafe—such a condition of affairs may suit some men, but are not agreeable to the peaceful labors of one who follows unobtrusively the footsteps of the meek and the lowly Jesus."

But, with all the bad record that was written during these two first decades, some good seed was sown and many beginnings made.

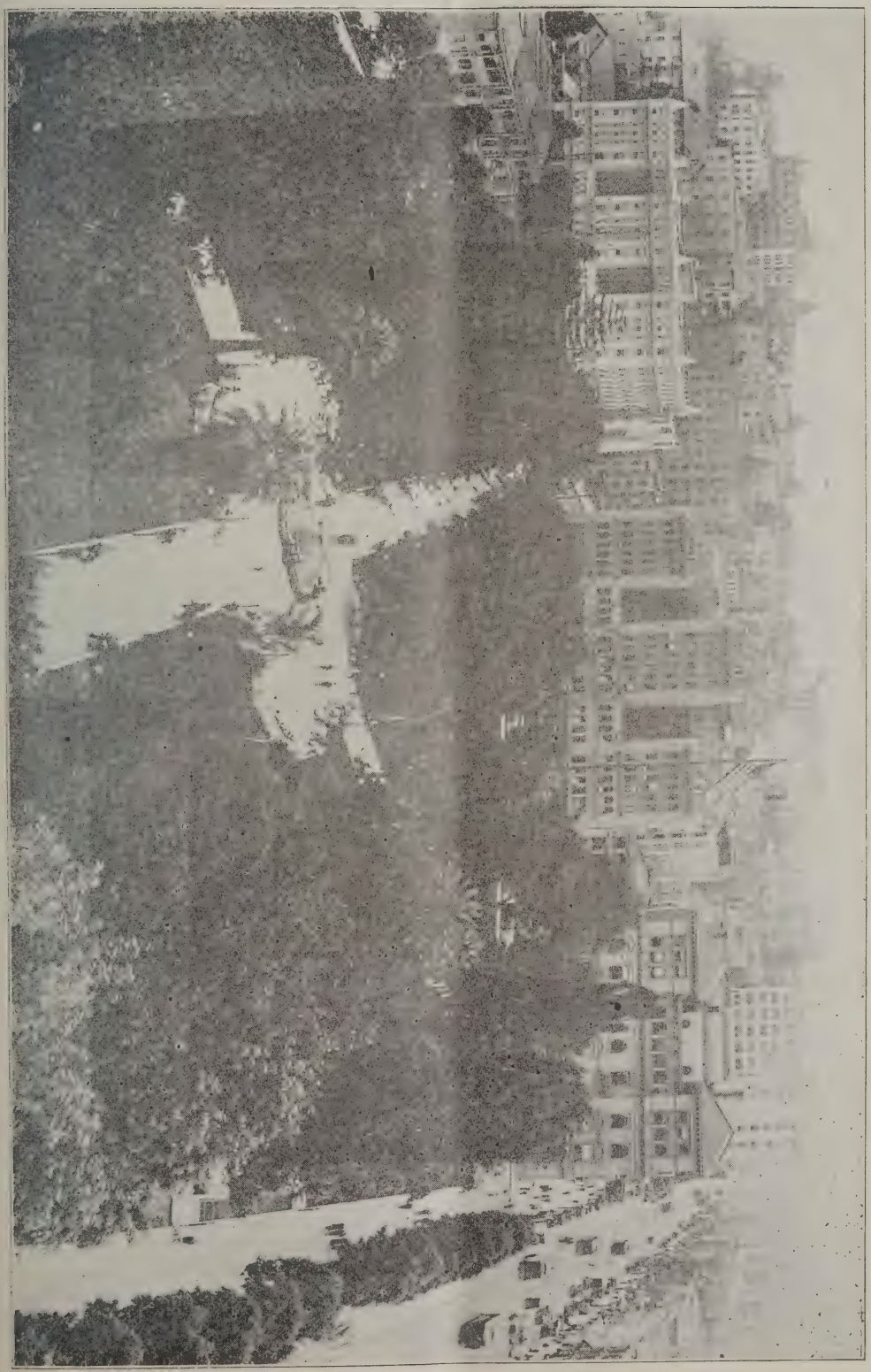
In 1851 the city of Los Angeles was incorporated and became an American city. In the same year the first American baby was born, John Greg Nichols, whose father was elected Mayor of the city when John was one year old. In 1854, the Masonic order was established in the city; in 1858 the first hospital was organized by a group of Sisters of Charity coming from Maryland; in 1859 an iron working and wagon making shop was opened, and the making of brick was begun. A brewery and a flouring mill also began operations. Bee culture, orange, lemon and grape growing were also well started. A very peculiar feature in Los Angeles' original organization, and one that it has not profited from as much as it should have done, was that the city, as an incorporated body, owned all the land within its six miles square boundaries. The officials did not seem to appreciate the advantage of this, but frittered the land away, giving it to anyone who would settle on it.

Space forbids my following too closely and too far the detail of development of the city. Many discouragements were met with and bravely overcome.

After the riots of 1871, the moral tone began to clear; the demoralizing influences of the influx of many unscrupulous men from the gold diggings further north, and the evil influences at work the country over during the years of the Civil War, began to wane. The law-abiding, God-fearing people in the community began to know each other and act together. Telegraph wires had reached the city in 1860, and on September 6, 1876, the golden spike that signalized the completion of the Southern Pacific Railway, connecting Los Angeles and San Francisco, was driven with much ceremony and rejoicing. Rail connection with the East being thus established, the tourist tide soon began to roll in; the population of the city and county increased by leaps and bounds, doubling itself in the 1870-80 decade. In 1885 a land boom began that lasted for three years. This land boom may be said to have been started by a railroad rate war. Seven years after the Southern Pacific was connected into Los Angeles, the Texas Pacific was completed, followed by the completion of the Santa Fe in 1885.

At the Cotton Exposition held in New Orleans, in 1884, a great display of Southern California fruit was made, and her citrus product took the prize as against that of Florida. This gave a great impetus to the planting of citrus fruit trees, and by 1886 the shipment of oranges to the East had increased to 150,000 boxes. It also had the effect of filling the whole region to overflowing with tourists, many of whom came to stay. They bought property and built pretty homes, for which they paid what seemed to the older comers preposterous prices. These homes they proceeded to beautify by planting shade trees, shrubs and rose gardens, thereby greatly enhancing the beauty of the whole region, and adding much to its attractiveness. The contention between the lines of railroad crossing the continent for the carrying of these tourists developed into a rate war that from this distance looks very ridiculous. First the rates were lowered to $25 one way, then to $5, then to $1. Such folly and madness could not last for long, and gradually the modern rates were established. Meantime people poured in by the thousands, and building lots in the city for business places and for homes increased in price at a very rapid rate, reaching three hundred per cent. higher than normal. The end of the boom seemed to bring very little disaster; prices generally held well, and from decade to decade the record has been one of continuous progress and development. In 1880 the population of the city was 11,000. In 1890 it was 50,000. During this same period the population of Southern California increased from 64,000 to 201,000.

The newcomers were mostly from the Middle West, who brought with them all the pluck, energy and courage of their forebears who had opened up and settled that vast region. Irrigation districts were organized and developed; hundreds of



CENTRAL PARK, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

thousands of fertile acres were planted with fruit trees, all kinds of them—citrus fruits, nuts, almonds, deciduous fruits, olives, wine and raisin grapes, and many acres were given to wheat and barley. In 1890 a million boxes of oranges were shipped. Long ere this, the slow, sleepy, vicious Spanish atmosphere had been cleared away, and every decade, every year, in fact, has measured rapid strides of progress in all the varied lines of life. To-day, Los Angeles will in point of criminal record, social and business integrity, measure up to the standard of our best cities, and better than most of them. In 1900 the population had increased from 50,000 in 1890 to 102,000, and the assessed valuation of property had increased by $20,000,000.

The first decade of the new century brought the young city face to face with two of the greatest problems that it will ever be called on to solve. On their solution depended the entire future of the city. The coming of the railroads, together with the proximity of the Bay of San Pedro, with its unimproved but possibly great harbor, together with the discovery that petroleum could be easily found within the city limits in abundance, seemed to fix or mark out Los Angeles as a good receiving and distributing centre for all the necessaries of life that the people rapidly coming to settle in the vast, beautiful region adjacent to it would require. From the time that the city's population had reached the 10,000 mark, the question of water supply began to assume a very serious aspect, and become a very serious question. Up to that time, the river had furnished an ample supply for all culinary purposes, though it had always been a very troublesome matter. Floods came that washed out the dam, drouths also that dried up the stream. The solid, far-seeing business men, who saw the possibilities of a great city being built up, saw also that a good and sure water supply was a prime factor to be considered. In the opening years of the century, one Fred Eaton, who had been city engineer and also mayor of the city, a man evidently of broad vision, who knew the State of California quite thoroughly, conceived the idea that it would be necessaray to go very far afield for the needed water, even as far as 225 miles northeast to Owens Lake and River, whose water sources were the eternal snows on Mounts Whitney, Dana and the other adjacent high peaks.

The proposition was a staggering one, the way being long and troublesome. It was very carefully investigated by a staff of engineers headed by William Mulholland. Their report was submitted to a board of engineers made up of the best men that could be found the country over, who approved the plan. Then it was submitted to the board of trade for thorough consideration from all points of view, this board being made up of thousands of the leading business and professional men of the city, who had been banded together for many years to promote its best interests, with an eye single to its future growth and greatness. They also approved it. It was then submitted to the people for their approval and for their authority to issue the necessary bonds, amounting to $24,500,000. The undertaking was completed within the time estimated for its completion, and also within the amount estimated. The aqueduct provides a water supply for more than 1,000,000 people and also for the irrigation of 135,000 acres of land; and, incidentally, the water as it comes on its long journey, is made to generate hydro-electric energy amounting to 120,000 horse power. It is the longest aqueduct in the world, and by comparison will carry ten times more water than all the aqueducts of the Romans combined, being designed to deliver a minimum of 258,000,000 gallons daily.

It is constructed entirely of steel and concrete, nearly one-fifth the distance being tunnels lined with concrete. It required approximately 1,250,000 barrels of cement for the work, an army of 4,000 men being employed, the work being carried on at forty-five different points at the same time.

While this great work was being carried on, the idea of making the undeveloped harbor in the Bay of San Pedro the port of Los Angeles was not lost sight of. The people in the little city of San Pedro, that had grown up around the entrance to the harbor, and those of the little city of Wilmington, located at its further end, had in a feeble way been striving to improve it. The United States Government had been induced to build a breakwater of most substantial construction running out 9,250

feet, insuring always a safe entrance. This breakwater was completed in 1910.

In 1906, the then city attorney of Los Angeles came to the conclusion that the only way for his city to get control of the harbor was to make the two little cities by the sea a part of the great inland city. He proposed to do this by connecting them to its southern boundary by a strip of land half a mile wide and approximately twenty-two miles long. This strip has been popularly called "the shoe-string."

After much negotiation between all the interests, the arrangements were satisfactorily completed in August, 1909, the State Legislature passing the necessary laws to put it in force. The work of dredging the inner harbor was then taken up with great vigor. When it was first begun, there was at low tide a depth of water at the bar of a little less than two feet. In August, 1914, when the S. S. Missourian, the first cargo ship to pass through the Panama Canal from New York, sailed into the harbor of Los Angeles and tied up at dock number one, she floated in thirty-five feet of water. The history in detail of the carrying out of those two great projects, i. e., the water supply and the creation of the harbor, is most interesting. The lack of space for this article forbids telling the story. Any reader who wishes to know it will find it fully told in *The History of California*, by J. M. Guinn.

The increase of the business of the port grows day by day, as may be seen by the following article clipped from an evening paper as this paragraph is being written:

"The value of inbound and outbound commerce at Los Angeles harbor in February, 1920, was more than double the value in February, 1919, according to a report of the Board of Harbor Commissioners made public to-day.

The report showed the total of commerce in tonnage for February, 1920, to be 200,901 tons, and for February, 1919, 191,769. The value of the commerce for February, 1920, is $13,570,472, and for February, 1919, $6,610,756."

Here are a few items of vital statistics taken from the City Directory of Los Angeles for this year:

Population (U. S. Census), 508,480; the largest city on the Pacific Coast; has the greatest area of any city in the United States; heavy frosts in winter are very rare; extreme heat in summer is equally rare; normal rainfall, 15.70 inches, comes between October and May; assessed valuation on a 50% basis, is $623,780,035. There are 29 banks in the city, having total resources of $350,000,000. There are 350 church buildings, used by every religious denomination and cult known. There are two hundred theatres; eight hundred schools, caring for 100,000 children; 2,500 manufacturing establishments; hotel accommodations for 150,000 people; 132,695 telephones are in use.

Chief among its industries are motion picture making, ship building, oil production, packing, fruit, vegetable and fish canning, woman's wear, clay products.

Recent additions to the industrial enterprises indicate that the city is to take a leading place in the manufacture of automobile tires, cotton fabrics and automobile accessories. Cheap fuel, electric power, gas and water, combined with exceptional climate conditions, are serving to develop industry in many lines.

There is a public library, with thirty-seven branches; a fire department, with thirty-nine companies; a very magnificent United States Government building, that accommodates all the U. S. officials and the courts, together with the post office, that has eighty-three sub-stations and branches. There are twenty-six foreign consulates with offices in the city. There are twenty-five public parks, the smallest having thirty-two acres and the largest 3,015 acres; in addition there are seven public playgrounds.

Every existing secret and fraternal organization, national in scope, is well represented by numerous lodges, besides a multitude of social and benevolent bodies and clubs that are local in their action.

But beyond all this, it may be safely said that the greatest glory of Los Angeles is her homes. They are beautiful, and of every style of architecture, set in surroundings that are most attractive. The whole residence zone is like a huge garden of rare and varied beauty. The mildness of tthe climate permitting the most delicate plants, shrubs and trees to grow and flourish in the open all the year round. At Christmas may be seen hedges of calla lilies, geranium bushes ten feet and more in height, and heliotrope covering the sides of a house; while jasamine, tuberose and

(Continued on page 240)

The Little Ladies and a Tea Party

BY PHILIP SULLY

It is worth while to be dropped down upon the main street, "as crooked as a dog's hind leg," and in the quaint characters and simple on goings of this quiet by-way of old Scotland forget for a time the noise and hurry of our Twentieth Century life. The sketches collected in *In Our Burgh*, published by William Hodge & Company, Ltd., Edinburgh and London, appeared serially in *Scots Pictorial*. The characters and incidents ring true and in the words of the author's preface, "all actual, are also composite," experiences in many Burghs. "If anyone thinks to identify an eye or an ear, the nose or mouth belongs to another. Many, too many, well-kent faces cannot to-day be seen." The author, Philip Sully (we must take his own words for it), is "a true son of the Burgh (the proof is in the reading of this incomparable chronicle), born in the manse; and here I lived my early days and received a part of my schooling. At the death of my father we moved to London, but there I went into the service of a Scottish bank; and when the agency of their local branch became vacant, I had the extreme good fortune to secure the appointment as manager, or branch agent, and to return to settle in my native town with an affection increased by absence, and possibly, a mind more keen to observe and note its people and manners by reason of a lengthy exile in the busy, bustling, restless, unsatisfying Metropolis."

The following chapter is chosen not, by any means, because it is the best in the book, but because, at a glance, it introduces us to several of the quaint and delightful people that figure in its pages.

It seems heresy or worse—quite like a downright fabrication—to admit that silly, feminine weaknesses can have any hold on our dearest and best. Such indeed are the two quiet, white-haired little spinsters, noted for kindness and good works, who are known to everyone in the town and vicinity by the title which appears above.

I do not know what an inscrutable face is, but had to try to assume one when the Little Ladies, in thanking Ellen and myself for an evening of cards and coffee, said, "You know we like this much more than a formal dinner party. There is nothing there to interest us young people!" Considering they were friends of our father and mother, and must be at least—but that would be unkind. Surely, it is the strangest sign of our changed times that ladies, unmarried ladies, nowadays never grow old or give up hope. Whether it is the capers of the Owners, who are also past what should be years of discretion, or the reading of novels, or some change in the atmosphere, but here are two dear little women, who would once have made good wives and mothers; who in their young days were timid and retiring, and shy, as they still are in matters of business and everyday life, but who in the last few years have quietly developed a craze for modernity, and into whose minds and thoughts has come a strong and decided influence towards marriage. Suitors they must have had in their youth, but it is said that they were then too bound up in their home life, too strongly attached to father and mother, to run any risk of change and separation, but now, among their dearest friends and intimates, they talk of it until it is difficult to know whether to be amused or pitying. Naturally, their dearest friends retail it all to theirs, so that a weakness, of which they themselves possibly do not know the existence, is a topic of widespread talk.

Any professional man, especially a minister, no matter how young, who may come to the town, finds himself an object of embarrassing attentions. Pleased at first at being taken up by two such nice and popular ladies, each in turn will find himself involved, made a confidant of, the recipient of disconcerting remarks; and is very glad to sheer off and keep a distance, leaving the poor ladies with a vague but definite sense of ill-treatment. It is said that the intervention of their old friend, the Doctor, minister of the adjoining parish into which our burgh has spread itself, and in which their house is situate, was invoked privately by each in regard to the supposed attentions and intentions of one quiet, inoffensive assistant minister, quite unable to extricate himself from a situation that was nearly overwhelming.

The minister himself has unfortunately contributed to the trouble. In a weak and thoughtless moment, he promised a handsome old bureau to the one who married first. It seemed a very safe promise; but now he would gladly sell or burn the article, so as never to hear it referred to again. "When *you* get the bureau, Anne." "I'm thinking, Janet, the bureau will be yours yet." "Really, Anne, if you don't hurry, I'll be needing to take the bureau from you." It passes as a harmless, oft-repeated jest; but who can say what hopes and fears are really hidden?

Laughable, ridiculous! At their time of life, and when they are so wonderfully sensible and kind in all other ways. Yes. But don't you dare to laugh or even smile over it, if you happen to be in the burgh, or among its folk. If you do, an avalanche of indignation will descend upon you till you really do as you are bid, and "think shame of yourself." And not in parlors and drawing-rooms only. One unfortunate incomer was overheard by her servant and a charwoman regaling a lady friend with all the comical details. As she said afterwards, "I thought I would be torn in bits, and I've never been quite sure of my character since hearing such an awful description of myself. My friend went away thinking we were all lunatics, and I have to get my servants from a distance." But then the charwoman pretty surely would have been helped in need and comforted in affliction; and if not the servant, then without a doubt her grannie, or her mither, or her auntie. 'Tis needless to enlarge. Everybody knows their goodness, tenderness and generosity; and the poor of the town would lie down for them to walk over if it would give them the least satisfaction. But it would not. Still it is queer that such dear little people should have a pronounced weakness.

"It has been my privilege," and "I have been permitted," to use our local editor's unvarying stock phrases, to make a nearer acquaintance of the ladies under special and peculiar circumstances. One Tuesday morning there came a large envelope and a large card, which very formally requested the honor and pleasure of my company to tea on the following Friday evening at six o'clock prompt. We were a little surprised that Ellen was not included, and her curiosity was aroused. I was very busy in the bank, wrote accepting, and thought no more about it. On Friday morning, in came the Official, brusque and odd as ever, and humming over his everlasting tune. "So you are invited for to-night, laddie?" Yes. "Well, then, harken to me and dinna forget. Ye'll pit on your swallow-tail coat and a vera clean shirt."

"What! Evening dress for a tea party?"

"Haud your wheest, and attend. Ye'll be there three minutes before the hour, and ye'll mind no'to tak' Janet's dram when ye go in, and no' to refuse it when ye come oot."

"Whatever will Miss Janet be offering me a dram for?" I said.

"Janet! Miss Janet, indeed. And no matter how they press ye, ye'll no be filling yourself up wi' sweet things to spile your supper." An attempted interruption was here savagely waved away. "Aye, your supper, and see ye'll no' forget, laddie. And mind your manners, and don't talk too much, for if you are on promotion you are also on probation."

With which cryptic utterances he turned on his heel, resumed his humming, and slammed the door vigorously behind him.

Really, I thought this must be a practical joke, to make me look foolish, but the Town Clerk also dropped into the bank, said, "Has the Official been seeing you? Oh, that's all right, then." So I thought it better to comply, and 5:57 saw me at their door, which was promptly opened. Janet, the old retainer, and a great character in herself, took my hat and coat, and at once asked me if I would take a tasting of the spirits or of wine. Then I noticed that "the mercies" were set out on a side table, nor could I fail to see that though there were other visitors' hats and coats hung round the room, the decanters were perfectly full, the glasses all unused. For a moment I felt tempted to say "Yes," if only to see how Janet would look, but I remembered the promotion and probation and politely declined. Janet's eye was very keenly fixed on me, and I saw that I had cleared the first hurdle safely. I was ushered into the dining room and formally but kindly welcomed by the Little Ladies. Miss Anne, the elder, was in grey silk and old lace, with a large cameo brooch, a miniature of her mother, and some quaint but pretty jewelry. Miss Janet, as the

younger, was in plum-colored cashmere, with her hair in ringlets and no ornaments save a little pearl necklet. I was evidently the last guest to arrive, for round the room were the two old Doctors, of Divinity and Medicine; the Provost, the Dean, the Official, a retired officer, and others to the number of nine. Thus we made up the round dozen, and bar myself, an incomer, certainly the best known and respected gentlemen in the burgh. The table, beautiful with silver, flowers and wax candles, was already laid, or rather laden, with what our editor would call "a rich profusion." Such a collection of cakes, scones and fancy stuff I never beheld, for Miss Anne is very famous in this line, and proud of it. But remembering the second point of the warning. I kept myself well in hand and passed or refused half a score or more of the dainties; and so, as I could not fail to notice, did the others. Conversation was decidedly formal, relating to the health and well-being of the guests and their belongings, and a few scraps of local news. As the clock struck 6:30, said the minister, "Well, Miss Anne." "Eh, dear me, Doctor, you are always that impatient." "Of course I am, on this night. And mind, you are five rubbers up on me, and I must reduce the deficit." "Well, well," said the lady, rising briskly, "I ken you are never happy unless you are at the cards."

Into the drawing-room we all filed, where three tables were set for cards. Down plumped Miss Anne to shuffle a pack, opposite her the Minister, with the Doctor and the Provost as opponents. Another four, also evidently old rivals, sat them down to battle at the other table; and as Miss Janet professed not to care for a game just yet, we stood around and watched. And it was worth while. Talk about Sarah Battle! Miss Anne could have given her a long start. The keenness with which she picked up her hand, the decided manner in which she played it, the absolute absorption in the game, were enthralling to the onlookers. Life and death seemed to depend upon it; every point was watched with avidity; the tension became almost unbearable as fortune favored first one side and then the other, till at last, "Game and rubber, partner," said Miss Anne, in triumph, turning the next minute to her opponents to minimise the victory and praise the play, lest they should by any chance think her unduly boastful. Then the third table must be set going, and I found myself partnered with Miss Janet, who professed ignorance, was all in a flutter of uncertainty to commence with, and sure to make dreadful mistakes, and so on, but as soon as fairly started proved to be nearly as keen as her elder sister. It was a very silent and deeply engrossed company until half-past eight struck, and Janet made her appearance in the doorway. Play instantly ceased. The attitude of the company showed that the great moment had arrived. "Supper is served, Mem!" Although Miss Anne might never have been married, I noticed she always got brevet rank in her own house.

So we filed back into the dining-room, to a table absolutely groaning with good things. There was a giant turkey, a pair of fowls, flanked by a boiled ham, a boiled leg of mutton, roast pheasant, and a large pie, while the interstices were filled in with trifles, jellies, creams and such like. Miss Anne seated herself at the head, the Minister sat at the foot and said grace. After which the gentlemen each helped themselves to a little whisky or a glass of wine —the newly initiate following suit—and bowed to each of the ladies, and to each other before taking their seats. The supper was indeed excellent, the conversation to match, each of the older gentlemen in turn vieing in the telling of cheery, witty stories, and bantering the others. One's glass was never allowed to be empty, and the inroads which were made into the mass of good cheer were indeed surprising. When everyone had finally declined to take anything more whatever, Miss Anne said, "The old Madeira, Janet." Glasses were solemnly and carefully filled, an extra battle uncorked and placed on the table, and Miss Anne rose.

I wish it were in my power to repeat her words, as, welcoming us all, and rejoicing in yet one other anniversary to which they had been spared, she referred to the gap that the passing year had made—my own predecessor in the bank—which after due thought they had filled by selecting me, since my father had been a friend of theirs, and I truly belonged to the burgh and its people. She explained—to me, as all the others knew—that it was their custom every year to give a party on the

anniversary of their dear father's birthday, as he had always done, and she was thankful to say that even now eight out of the company of twelve still remained of those who gathered to honor the day in his lifetime. "Now, Janet, please!"—for Miss Janet, who had been sniffing rather loudly from the start, gave a sign of coming floods. Then in simple words she went on to tell of the great difficulties she and her sister had in managing their affairs properly when left alone, of their desire to be kind and helpful, and yet just, and not taken advantage of, and of the wonderful, never-failing help and kindness they had received from all their friends, among whom they must ever include their good Janet, whom their mother loved and their father trusted. Janet had taken her place behind Miss Anne's chair, who at this point put out her left hand, to be gently and fervently grasped, making a picture of the old Scottish mistress and maid, companions and friends—no shade of patronage on the one hand or of familiarity on the other—that can be but seldom met in these changed days. I had often thought it must be odd, even awkward, for two out of a company of three to bear the same name, and now I know the difference. For Miss Janet, the younger sister, now smiling happily through fast-flowing tears, there was a protecting, shielding, motherly tone; for the old retainer was that piquant braid Scots that sounds so beautiful and humorsome from the lips of the very few educated, well born ladies who still retain one of auld Scotia's most attractive characteristics. As the dear lady ended in words that were true prayers for the welfare and well-being of all, giving to others the whole credit of deeds of kindness that made the sisters a family apart, and a special pride and possession to us all, there were but few dry eyes; and I fully realized what the Official had meant when he called my invitation "promotion." We all stood up and drank our own healths very cordially in the beautiful old wine, while Janet bustled about, re-charging the glasses. Then the Minister said that he knew the rules of the house, and that no speech but Miss Anne's could be permitted, but he was not going to sit down without drinking their healths and congratulating himself and his friends on being present at yet one more return of what was to him and them the best and choicest night of the year.

We then rose from the table, and a move was made back to the drawing-room and cards. As I was about to follow, a grunt and nod from the Official detained me. "Bide where ye are, laddie. There's only two tables the noo, and ye'll get your turn later, and your bit smoke noo. For three hunner and saxty-four nichts in the year Miss Anne canna abide tabacca reek, but she'd be sair vexed if the room werna fu' o't this ae nicht." And as the two sets of old opponents were certainly not aweary of the strife, I played no more, but sat and watched, or sat and smoked, while Miss Janet flitted in and out and continually pressed more and more refreshment upon us, till the old man said, "Hoots, leave him room for Janet's nip. Ye wadna like the new banker to gang home reelin'!"

It seemed impossible to believe that this was really twelve o'clock striking, and that we had spent six long hours at this great but most unusual tea party, and that good night must now be said. If I had not felt the eagle eye of the Official on me, no doubt I should have come out of my probation badly at the end, for I was on the verge of expressing my thanks, gratification and enjoyment. But I managed to grasp the fact that none of the others said any such words, and refrained. When we were in the parlor, each taking a final dram or deoch-an-doris at the hands of Janet—canty, smiling and humorsome, daffin' with the guests, an old and privileged friend—I was rewarded with an approving grunt and the caution, "Mind ye, what happens here is never mentioned ootside." And later I felt proud when I heard, as I did often, from baffled inquirers, "Dear me! You are as bad as the rest. Whatever is it that you all do at the Ladies' tea-party that you have to make such a dead mystery of it?"

The annual report of the Canadian Department of Labor gives the total membership of the international trades union bodies operating in Canada as 260,247, an increase of about 58,000 in the year. There are 2,309 local unions. The One Big Union has 101 branches and 41,150 adherents, its greatest stronghold being Winnipeg, where there are 22 branches. Other union membership figures given are: Non-international, 33,372; independent, 8,278; National Catholic, 35,000.

Clan Matheson and Its Chiefs.

Clan Badge: Broom (*Bealaidh*); Holly (*Cuileann*).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Matheson Tartan are: MacMath, MacPhun, Matheson, Mathie, Mathieson.

The Arms of the Clan is: Silver, three right hands couped erect. (Matheson of Achany bears: gyronny of eight black and red, a gold lion rampant within a gold bordure charged with three blue bears' heads couped, or cut off), two in chief and one in base, muzzled silver, and two red hands fessways in fess, holding red daggers erect.

Crest: A hand holding a scimitar in fess proper.

Motto: *Fac et spera.*

Care is taken by the historians of this clan to draw a distinction between its patronymic and that of the Lowland families whose original name was "Matthew's son." The Highland name, they point out, is Mac Mhathain, "the son of heroes," and the chiefs of the clan claimed to have been settled on the shores of Lochalsh in the west of Ross-shire as long ago as the time of Kenneth MacAlpin in the middle of the ninth century. According to tradition ,they were among the followers of that king in his wars with the Picts, whom he finally overthrew at the great battle of Cambuskenneth, near Stirling, in 838. They claimed to be of the same blood as the MacKenzies, whom they averred to have been the junior line. A certain Coinneach, or Kenneth, who was chief in the twelfth century, they say, left two sons. From the elder of these, Cailean or Colin, the Mathesons were descended, and from the younger, Coinneach or Kenneth, the MacKenzies took their origin. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Matheson chief was strong enough to defy the Earl of Sutherland, and upon the latter descending upon Lochalsh, intent upon punishing so presumptuous a person, he was actually defeated and slain by the Mathesons. The scene of the encounter is still pointed out at a spot known from the event as Cnoc an Cattich.

Alastair Mac Ruari, who achieved this feat of arms, was among the turbulent chiefs of clans who supported the Lord of the Isles in his claim to the earldom of Ross and his struggle against the power of the Duke of Albany. In the struggles of those times he is said to have been able to bring as many as 2,000 men into the field. Every student of Scottish history knows how these troublers of the peace were dealt with by James I upon his return from his long captivity in England. Summoning them to a "Parliament" at Inverness, he promptly arrested the most dangerous of them, executed some on the spot, and carried others to Edinburgh, where a number more were tried and condemned to the same fate. Alastair MacRuari was among the latter, and was executed in 1427.

Alastair left a widow with two sons, and his widow presently married again, her second husband being a son of Macleod of the Lews. This individual took advantage of the youth of his step-sons to endeavor to establish himself in possession of their property, and at last, finding themselves probably in actual danger, the lads fled from Lochalsh. While the younger went to Caithness, John, the elder of the two, betook himself to his mother's father, the chief of the Mackintoshes. He did not, however, give up the hope of recovering his patrimony, and by-and-bye having arrived at years of manhood, he obtained from his grandfather a force of men for his purpose, and set out to surprise the usurper. It was night when the party arrived at Lochalsh, and, having observed the utmost precautions of secrecy, young Matheson succeeded in his purpose. Making a sudden assault, he set the castle on fire, and as the garrison were forced to come out they were slain or captured by the Mackintoshes. Anxious to save his mother's life, Matheson took up a position at the gate, and when she appeared, she was, by his orders, safely passed through the line of the Mackintoshes. In the midst of the tumult, however, and the flashings of the torches, it was not perceived that she was walking in an unusual way. She was wearing an arisaid, or wide plaited garment, with

heavy folds, doubled around the hips. Under this she had managed to conceal her husband, and in a few moments the latter was beyond the light of the torches and able to escape in the darkness.

The Matheson chief then took possession of his patrimony, but he was not allowed to enjoy it long in peace. MacLeod, hastening to the Lews, raised a considerable force, with which he returned and deliberately invaded the Matheson country. In the encounter which took place he was finally forced to retreat, and as he fell back upon his biorlins or galleys, his force suffered severely from the flights of arrows poured into it by a company of Matheson bowmen under a certain an Ciar MacMurghai MhicThomais. From this incident the battle is remembered as Blarna-saigheadear. But MacLeod was not yet completely discouraged. Once more he gathered his men in the Lews, and once more came back. But in this second attempt he was defeated and slain, and the MacLeods troubled the Mathesons no more.

Meanwhile the MacKenzies had gradually risen to be a clan of great power in the region, and in their island fastness of Eilandonan, at the mouth of Loch Duich, they were able to resist the attacks of all their enemies. The Macraes and the Mathesons in turn deemed it an honor to be appointed constable of Eilandonan, and a later Matheson chief, John, greatly distinguished himself in discharge of this duty. It was at the time of the great feud between the Macdonalds and the MacKenzies. Again and again the savage Donald Gorm of Sleat, on the coast of Skye, opposite, raided the MacKenzie country, but in these attacks Eilandonan was successfully defended by the Matheson chief. At last, however, as he stood by a window watching the progress of the defence, Matheson was struck down and slain by a Macdonald arrow. This was in 1537.



Stornoway Castle and Part of the Town of Stornoway

By that time the Mathesons had greatly diminished in influence, and John Matheson's son, Dougal, possessed no more than a third of the ancient Matheson property on Lochalsh. Even that property he was in danger of losing by engaging in a dangerous feud on his own account with Macdonald of Glengarry. This powerful chief had established himself on the shores of Loch Carron at hand, and he presently seized Matheson and threw him into prison, where he died.

This incident brought about the final ruin of the Mathesons. With a view to avenge his father's death, and recover his lost territory, Dougal's son, Murdoch Buidhe, relinquished all his remaining property, excepting the farms of Balmacara and Fernaig, to MacKenzie of Kintail, in return for the services of an armed

force with which to attack Glengarry. The lands thus handed over were never recovered, and neither Matheson's generalship nor the force lent him by Mackenzie seems to have been equal to the task of forcing terms upon Glengarry. Murdoch's son, Ruari, the next Matheson chief, had more satisfaction, when, as a part of the following of Seaforth, the MacKenzie chief, he set out to punish Glengarry. On this occasion Glengarry's stronghold of Sron, or Strome, on Loch Carron, was stormed and destroyed.

By this time the Mathesons appear to have been merely the "kindly tenants" of Seaforth; in course of time that kindly tenancy, or occupation on condition of rendering certain services, was changed into a regular rent payment, and Balmacara and the other Matheson properties passed from the hands of the chiefs of that name forever. In 1822, it appears, from a MS. history of the clan quoted by James Logan, author of the letterpress of M'Ian's *Clans of the Scottish Highlands,* the lineal representative of the ancient heads of the clan was a certain Alexander Matheson, who lived in Sallachie.

In the middle of last century, however, two members of the clan succeeded in restoring the name to even more than the distinction it had enjoyed in the Highlands under the patriarchal and feudal centuries. Sir James Matheson, Bart., who had acquired vast wealth and attained the distinction of a baronetcy by commercial enterprise in the East, became the owner, first, of the great Highland estate of Achany, in the old clan neighborhood, and afterwards purchased the great Island of Lewis, in the outer Hebrides. For the latter he paid no less a sum than £190,000 and he afterwards spent some £340,000 in improving his purchase. Among other great works, he built the existing castle of Stornoway, on the site of the old Seaforth Lodge, formerly the residence of the Earls of Seaforth who previously owned the estate. In the policies of Stornaway Castle alone the work carried out included ten miles of carriage drives and five miles of footpaths. Previously little more of the land of the island than a narrow belt along the shore had been in cultivation, the rest being a dismal expanse of bog and moor. The improvements carried out by Sir James Matheson, however, may be said to have literally made the desert blossom like the rose. Alas for the patriotic and altruistic efforts of Sir James, the island a generation ago became the special field of the efforts of land agitators, who introduced discontent and trouble. Crofters' commissions and land courts have also played their part in interference, with the result that in the spring of 1918 Sir James's heir, Colonel Duncan Matheson, found it desirable to dispose of the island to Lord Leverhulme, head of the great firm of Lever Brothers, soap makers, on the Mersey. Happily, Colonel Matheson still retains Achany, and so the house of the clansman who did so much for the welfare of the Highlands is still represented in the old clan country.

Another branch of the ancient family of Matheson of Lochalsh is represented in the district by Sir Kenneth James Matheson, Bart., of Lochalsh, whose seats are at Gledfield House, Ardgay and Duncraig Castle, Plockton, at the mouth of Loch Carron. Sir Kenneth is descended from Farquhar Matheson, tacksman of Fernaig in Lochalsh in the latter half of the seventeenth century, Farquhar Matheson's mother having been a daughter of Alexander McRae of Inverinate. Farquhar Matheson's eldest son, John, acquired Attadale in 1730. John's grand-nephew, another John Matheson, gave up Fernaig in 1810, having married in 1804 a sister of Sir James Matheson, Bart.; and his eldest son, Alexander, who was M. P. for the Inverness burghs and Ross-shire from 1847 to 1884, acquired the lands of Ardentoul and Inverinate, and in 1851 crowned his purchase by securing the barony of Lochalsh, the ancient patrimony of the chiefs of his clan. The present baronet, Sir Kenneth James Matheson of Lochalsh, in his eldest son. Thus it will be seen that the fortunes of the Matheson clan have been happily restored in that clan's ancient country, though the lands may no longer be held by the direct lineal representatives of the ancient chiefs.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

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Clan MacIntyre

Clan Badge: Common Heath (*Fraoch gorm*).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the MacIntyre Tartan are: MacIntyre, MacTear, Tyre, Wright.

The Arms of the Clan is: Quarterly, 1 and 4 Gold, a red eagle displayed, with claws, beak and tongue black; 2 Silver, a black galley, with sails furled, and red flags; 3 Silver, a red left hand cut off fessways holding a black cross crosslet fitchy. Crest: A right hand holding a dagger aloft proper.

Motto: *Per ardua.*

Like Gow, MacNair and others, the name MacIntyre is one of the Highland cognomens derived from a handicraft. Its holder was "the son of a carpenter." Whether or not all holders of the name have belonged to a single origin appears doubtful, though common tradition asserts that they are a branch of the great Clan Donald. A romantic story which accounts for the conferring of the name is of a Macdonald at sea alone in an open boat, who found his craft suddenly spring a dangerous leak. Being without other means to stop it, he thrust his thumb into the hole, and as it was impossible to keep the thumb there, and at the same time navigate the boat to land he cut the thumb off. For this drastic expedient he was ever afterwards named "the Carpenter." Such a story looks like a device of the Highlander to escape from the necessity of deriving his name from an actual handicraft, which was looked down upon as unbefitting the character of a gentleman. Holders of the name, however, seem never to have taken the field under a single chief or leader, and from their appearance in widely separate parts of the country there is room for the supposition that the cognomen was derived not from one individual, but from many, who, each in his own district, were actual workers in wood. MacIntyres, at any rate, held lands under different chiefs of other names and fought under different banners.

Perhaps the most notable ancestor claimed for the clan is a certain Paul, who is described as a personage of great power in Sutherland towards the close of the thirteenth century. Dun Creich, a vitrified fort in that county, is said to have been built by him and to have been his stronghold. Even this tradition, however, seems seriously open to question, for vitrified forts, the construction of which is a long lost art, are believed to belong to a much earlier date than 1290 or thereabout. If Paul himself is not altogether a myth, he can hardly have been more than the builder of a wooden fort on the remains of a much more ancient vitrified foundation. To the fact that his fort was of wood, like Macbath's Dunsinnan, and Lumphanan, and other strongholds of the middle centuries, Paul may have owned his name of Carpenter.

But the name of MacIntyre has been much more illustrious in the arts than in the crafts. In the district of Bannoch a family of MacIntyres were famous for centuries as musicians. From the year 1680 they were pipers to Chiefs of Clan Menzies, who owned the district, for whom, among other airs, they composed the salute. Ian MacDhonuil Mor, who was the Menzies piper at the time of the Battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715, was the composer of the fine pibroch, "Cath Sliab dan t-Siorra," which commemorates that event.

Most celebrated of all the holders of the name, however, was Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the Gaelic poet of the eighteenth century, who ranks next to Ossian himself as the bard of the Gaelic race. Born in Glen Orchy, Fair Duncan had none of the advantages of education, yet for originality and sweetness his songs remain unsurpassed in the language of the Highlands. During the Jacobite rising of 1745 many MacIntyres fought under the banner of Stewart of Appin; but Duncan was on the side of the Government, and took part against the Jacobites at the Battle of Falkirk. He cannot, however, have been a very convinced Hanoverian, for, after the battle he composed a humorous poem on General Hawley's defeat. When, a little later, as a result of the rebellion, an Act of Parliament was passed forbidding the clansmen to wear arms and the tartan, thus depriving Hanoverian and Jacobite clans

alike of their national dress and weapons, he gave voice to a strenuous indignation, declaring that the Highlanders were made the Saxons' jest, and that, should Charles return, they were ready to stand by him. For this he was thrown into jail, and only saved from a long imprisonment, or perhaps worse, by the solicitations of powerful friends. Thirty-five years later, when, at the instance of the Duke of Montrose and General Fraser, the Act against wearing Highland dress was repealed, Duncan burst forth in joyous strain with his "Orain na Briogas," the "Song of the Breeches." Wearing these garments, the sons of the north, he declared, blushed when in presence of the fair. But now, he exclaimed, "the men of the hills appear again in their loved tartans, the coat with the strife of colours; gracefully stream our belted plaids, our hose reach not the knee, nor hinder the step." To the Highland Society, of which he was appointed Bard, Duncan at the annual meetings addressed many stirring harangues in the Gaelic tongue. To the present hour the sweet singer of Glen Orchy remains the greatest glory of the name of MacIntyre.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

The True Source of Nature and Forgiveness.

BY REV. ANDREW BURROWS, D. D.
(For The Caledonian)

"But there is forgiveness with Thee."—*Psalms 130: 4.*

These good old psalms constitute the guidebook for all Zion's children into the presence chambers of the Eternal King. They are intended for worshippers of the true God; they are not the expression of any particular person's feelings or emotions, but the utterance of the heart of Christ's Universal Church embodying sentiments which God's people have felt in every age—and thus they form a suitable manual of devotion.

This psalm, upon which our topic is based, is styled, "A Song of Degrees," of which there are fifteen—and though they appear fragmentary and detached in their nature, yet on examination we find them to form one beautiful comprehensive whole. They might be compared to a necklace of pearls, they are so linked together that their beauty is enhanced by their skilful setting, so that should you take away any one of them you only mar their beauty. On a prayerful study, you will perceive there is not a single chord to which man's soul has ever vibrated, but that a corresponding one can be found in them. For in these psalms are to be found the deep wail of penitential grief and the glow of hope; the earnestness of prayer and the swell of gratitude; the exulting rapture of faith and the joy and confidence of love. Even in this one psalm, are there not to be found genuine confession for our sins, heart lamentations for our weakness, high revelations for celestial knowledge, blessed promises for sure hope, and noble resolutions of personal devotedness to God and His Service?

Let us consider the nature of this fundamental truth—"This is forgiveness of sin to be friend with God"—and obtain a clear scriptural view of its nature. What is forgiveness? In the originals there are three different words to express its meaning: The Hebrew word "nasa" signifies "to lift up,' "to bear away." This we have illustrated in the Scapegoat bearing away "the sins of the people into the wilderness. Again, the Greek word "aophiemo" signifies "to send away,' "to dismiss." The Latin word "remitto" signifies "to send back again"; while our English word "forgive"signifies "to give far away." Words in the English language having the prefix "for" signify "far away" for the most part: as an example, take the word "forget," which means getting it far away from the memory; and to "forgive" is to "give far away." This is the idea implied in *Psalm 103: 13*, "As far as the east is distant from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions." This is Forgiveness on God's part, removing all our sins away from us; Christ bearing them in His own body upon the Tree, nevermore to be remembered against us; God casting them behind His back so that they can never condemn us, who have laid the burden of sin upon Jesus, and have accepted Him as our only Redeemer.

This word "forgiveness," Biblical scholars have rendered in the Latin Vulgate "pro-

pitiation"; and in the Septuagint version it is translated "reconciliation"—thus showing us what true forgiveness is, as it points out the two essential elements it contains, namely "propitiation" and "reconciliation." This is the only ground on which the sinner can expect to obtain forgiveness, because Jesus made an atonement for man's sin, and satisfied Divine Justice, and magnified heaven's righteous law; so that God now can be just, and the justifier of believing souls in Jesus our Lord. *(I John 1: 9).*

Observe where this forgiveness can be found, "With Thee"—not with any sacred order of men among the Hierarchy, not in churches and their sacred ordinances, but with God Himself; so that all who desire to obtain this priceless blessing must come to God through His own appointed way—Jesus, who is the only way to the Father—and he will not be disappointed. *(Is. 1: 18).* Think you is there one Saint, in heaven, among that innumerable company of ransomed beings standing around the throne-blaze of God-Head, who would not echo down to us from the height of that ineffable glory this fundamental truth, "There is forgiveness with Thee?" Not one! to what are their golden crowns and their eternal joys due, but to the blessed fact that God forgives sins?

That this is an essential blessing to our peace both now with God and hereafter, let us be wise in securing it. Besides it is one that each sinner needs, for we all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; and no unforgiven sinner is fit to stand in the presence of the Great Jehovah—all need to be washed in the blood of the Lamb, that cleanseth from all sin and unrighteousness, and who is now exalted to God's right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour to grant unto Israel repentance and remission of sins.

Oh! is it not the forgiving grace of God that draws sinners to His throne, that opens up the fountains of their regretful tears, and supplies the all persuading motive to live Christ and work for Him?

Hamilton, Bermuda.

As we go to press, we have received word of Dr. Burrows' death on August 18, at his home in Bermuda. Ten days before he had assisted at the funeral of his old friend, Mr. Hughes. A brief biographical sketch of Dr. Burrows will be printed in the October CALEDONIAN.

A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(*Continued from August Caledonian*)

Then he bethought him of the way in which they had parted; and of the sense of fear that had struck him the moment he left the house. He was so anxious that he suddenly turned and walked rapidly back to the house, with the wild hope that Sheila might have already come back.

He walked into all the rooms, and up into Sheila's room; everything remained as he had left it. If Sheila had been lying dead in that small room up-stairs, the house could not have appeared more silent and solemn. It was now long after their ordinary dinner-hour. He bade the servants light the gas and bring up dinner; he would himself sit down at the solitary table, if only for the purpose of finding occupation and passing this terrible time of suspense.

It never occurred to him, as it might have occurred to him at one time, that Sheila had made some blunder somewhere, and been unavoidably detained. He was too conscious of the probable reason of Sheila's remaining away from her own home; and yet, from minute to minute, he fought with that consciousness, and sought to prove to himself that, after all, she would soon be heard driving up to the door. He ate his dinner in silence, and then drew a chair up to the fire and lit a cigar.

For the first time in his life he was driven to go over the events that had occurred since his marriage, and to ask himself how it had all come about that Sheila and he were not as they once had been. He sat and dreamed there, before the warmth of the fire, with the slow and monotonous ticking of the clock unconsciously acting on his brain. In time the silence, the warmth, the monotonous sound, produced their natural effects, and he fell asleep.

He awoke with a start. The small silver-toned bell on the mantelpiece had struck the hour of twelve. He looked around, and knew that the evil had come upon him: for Sheila had not returned, and all his most dreadful fears of that evening were confirmed. Sheila had gone away and left him—whither had she gone?

Now there was no more indecision in his actions. He got his hat, plunged into the cold night air, and finding a hansom, bade the man drive as hard as he could go down to Sloane street. Ingram came to the door and opened it; the light of a lamp glared in upon his face.

"Hello, Lavender!" he said, in a tone of surprise.

"Sheila has gone away, Ingram," said Lavender, in an excited manner. What am I to

do, Ingram—how am I to find her? Good God, don't you understand what I tell you? And now it is past midnight, and my poor girl may be wandering about the streets."

He was walking up and down the room, paying almost no attention, in his excitement, to the small sallow-faced man, who stood quite quiet, a trifle afraid, perhaps, but with his heart full of a blaze of anger.

"She has gone away from your house," he said, slowly. "What made her do that?"

"I did," said Lavender, in a hurried way. "I have acted like a brute to her—that is true enough. You needn't say anything to me, Ingram; I feel myself far more guilty than anything you could say; you may heap reproaches on me afterwards; but tell me, Ingram, what am I to do? "Is there any hope of my getting Sheila back?" There was a vague and bewildered look in his eyes. He seemed incapable of thinking of anything but that.

"I don't know," said Ingram. "But one thing is certain—you will never get her back to repeat the experiment just ended in this desperate way."

"I should not ask that," he said hurriedly. "I should not ask that at all. If I could but see her for a moment, I would ask her to tell me everything she wanted—everything she demanded as conditions—and I would obey them all. I will promise to do everything that she wishes."

Lavender seemed fairly stunned by the possibility of Sheila's resolving never to see him again, and began to recall what Ingram had many a time said about the strength of purpose she could show when occasion needed.

"If her faith in you is wholly destroyed, your case is hopeless. A woman may cling to her belief in a man, through good report and evil report; but if she once loses it, she never recovers it.

"I must go home," he said.

Ingram saw that he merely wanted to get outside and walk about in order to find some relief from this anxiety and unrest; so he said,—

"You ought, I think, to stop here and sleep here. But if you would rather go home, I will walk up with you, if you like."

When the two men went out, the night air smelt sweet and moist, for rain had fallen, and the city trees were still dripping with the wet and rustling in the wind. Not a word passed beween them; and Lavender, keenly sensitive to all such impressions, and now and again shivering slightly, either from cold or nervous excitement, walked blindly along the deserted streets, seeing far other things than the tall houses, and the drooping trees, and the increasing light of the sky.

"Ingram," he said suddenly, and his voice startled his companion, "do you think it possible to make Sheila happy again?"

"How can I tell?" said Ingram.

"You used to know everything she could wish—everything she was thinking about. If you find her out now, will you get to know? If she would rather not see me again, I will stay away. Will you ask her, Ingram?"

"We have got to find her first," said his companion.

"A young girl like that," said Lavender, taking no heed of the objection, "surely she cannot always be unhappy. She is so young and beautiful, and takes so much interest in many things—surely she may have a happy life."

"She might have had."

"I don't mean with me," said Lavender, with his haggard face looking still more haggard in the increasing light. "I mean anything that can be done—any way of life that will make her comfortable and contented—anything that I can do for that, will you try to find it out, Ingram?"

"Oh yes, I will," said the other, his only gleam of hope being a consciousness that this time at least there could be no doubt of Frank Lavender's absolute sincerity, of his remorse, and his almost morbid craving to make reparation, if that were still possible.

They reached the house at last. Lavender found Ingram a bedroom; and then he turned away, not knowing what to do. He looked into Sheila's room: there were dresses, bits of finery, and what not, that he knew so well; but there was no soft breathing audible in the silent and empty chamber. He shut the door, as reverently as though he were shutting it on the dead; and went down-stairs and threw himself almost fainting with despair and fatigue on a sofa.

Chapter XX

A SURPRISE

There was no letter from Sheila in the morning; and Lavender, so soon as the post had come and gone, went up to Ingram's room and woke him.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Ingram," he said; "but I am going to Lewis. I shall catch the train to Glasgow at ten."

"And what do you want to get to Lewis for?" said Ingram, starting up. "Do you think Sheila would go straight back to her own people with all this humiliation upon her? If you really want to know whether she has gone north, perhaps you could do no better than run down to Glasgow to-day, and have a look at the boat that starts tomorrow morning. I would go with you myself, but I can't escape the office to-day."

It was not a cheerful journey—this lonely trip to the North. Lavender got to Glasgow that night; and next morning he went down, long before any passengers could have thought of arriving, to the *Clansman*. He did not go near the big steamer, for he was known to the captain and the steward; but he hung about the quays, watching each person who went on board. Sheila certainly was not among the passengers by the *Clansman*.

But she might have gone to Greenock, and waited for the steamer there. Accordingly, after the *Clansman* had started on her voy-

(*Continued on page 240*)

The Irish Case Before the Court of Public Opinion

Showing Among Many Other Things That Scotland Pays $88 Per Capita to Ireland's $18. Alas, Poor "Plundered" Erin!

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR

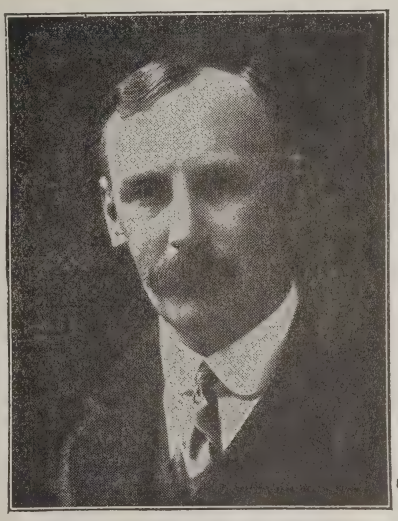
(For The Caledonian)

Many of those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. P. Whitewell Wilson speak upon Ireland will recall the favorable first impression he created when they read his book, just published, *The Irish Case Before the Court of Public Opinion*, for it is exactly the sort of book one would expect from the pen of such a personality.

Mr. Wilson is the American correspondent of the London *Daily News*. He is an Englishman of the type that has created character and world-wide prestige for the best of English journalism, which is to say that he is a correspondent plus very much. Listen to Mr. Wilson speak, and you seem to hear a voice representative of the English people; the voice of the English people who have a great love for fair play, who are naturally liberal-minded, unbiased and unprejudiced, conscientious. Here, you conclude, is a man who regards men and movements with wide toleration, with sympathy and understanding, and who weighs evidence with scrupulous consideration.

Mr. Wilson's book is first a book of facts, but the remarkable and outstanding feature is restrained and dispassionate reasoning. He sees no reason why "the cause of Ireland should not be handled with good humor and sanity," and it is in this spirit that he presents his case.

Analyzing the grievances of Ireland, Mr. Wilson finds they fall into four main categories—(1) Religious, (2) Agrarian, (3) Financial, and (4) Parliamentary. "What is the first broad fact to be faced? It is that of these four grievances, the first three have entirely passed away, leaving only the fourth to be dealt with. In Ireland to-day—as I will show—there are no religious, no agrarian and no financial grievances seriously alleged, and the whole discussion is concentrated upon the best way of remedying the parliamentary grievance."



P. WHITEWELL WILSON

"What is the next broad fact to be faced?" asks Mr. Wilson, and his answer is: "It is that all the Irish grievances developed at a remote period when in Britain herself the people were still struggling for their liberties. This was not a quarrel between England and Ireland. It was a quarrel in both England and Ireland, between the unrepresented people and their despotic rulers."

It is on this basis that the argument of Mr. Wilson is builded. Much of his evidence is of an interesting and impressive character, as, for example, where he deals with the accusation that Britain is to-day plundering and robbing Ireland. He shows that in the last financial year of peace (March, 1913, to March, 1914) the whole of the revenue raised in Ireland was $55,500,000, whereas, in the same year the money spent on Ireland and in Ireland, for the sole benefit of the people of Ireland, was $61,500,000. "In other words,

Ireland was asked to pay not one penny to the Army, the Navy, the National Debt, the Diplomatic Services, the Court, or any other Imperial, or as Americans would put it, Federal purpose, and, further, Ireland was not even meeting the cost of her own education, old age pensions, health insurance and similar services. She was accepting from England a steadily rising subsidy of six millions a year"—and this is how England "plundered" poor Erin! The war then broke out and taxation was increased throughout the United Kingdom. What part was asked of Ireland then? Mr. Wilson quotes the official returns, from which it is seen that from Scotland (which has about the same population as Ireland) the total taxes amounted to $486,605,000, and from Ireland $186,375,000. In other words, Scotland pays $88 per capita a year, while Ireland pays $18 per capita a year. In addition, however, it has to be remembered that Irish tenants are buying their farms with money loaned by Britain and raised in London. This scheme represents a liability to Britain of $750,000,000, and "while Britain, even during the war, was lending money to Ireland at under 3%, she was obliged to raise money in Wall Street at 6%."

One of the most interesting chapters has to do with "Irish Propaganda in the United States," which brings out a significant incident not generally known. "In the year 1911," says Mr. Wilson, "a Home Rule Bill was brought forward by the British Government, and what happened? It was accepted by the Irish Nationalist leaders who represented Ireland, by Mr. Redmond and his colleagues, just as it would have been accepted by Parnell had he been alive. But the American *Clan-Na-Gael* at once sent a disapproving cablegram, and this was signed by six judges of the Supreme Court of New York and New Jersey, by a Governor of Rhode Island, and by other dignitaries.

Another vastly interesting and ably reasoned chapter is that dealing with "The Argument On Secession." This little volume is so quotable that one is tempted to set down a number of illuminating and unanswerable facts which it contains, but that would take us far beyond the limits of this article.

Suffice it that if the reader is interested in combatting the villainous Sinn-Fein propaganda he must get a copy of this little book. It is "full of meat," as the saying goes. Possibly, the main impression one gathers from a reading of it is that Mr. Wilson has made a strong case stronger by his honest regard for truth, and, paradoxical as it might appear, his tendency to understate.

The Speech That Warms the Hert.

Answer to John McMaster's Poem,
"O, Dinna' Let the Doric Dee"

BY HUGH W. BARNES

Frein John, I've read ye'r pensive rhyme,
Sae fou o' dreed anxietee.
Lest Brither Scots commit the crime,
O' lettin' Doric accents *dee*.

If modern life their speech dilutes,
Their tongue frae burr is never free?
Steam shovels couldna' reach its roots.
Nor Doctor, Doric doom tae dee.

A thoosan years ago, the Dane
Frae that same dialect did flee;
Twa million Huns has lately gaen
Tae Hell, wha tried tae mak it dee.

But Burns, *Immortalized* the speech,
"That warms the hert an' lichts the e'e,"
An' ilka intellect he can reach,—
Kens, what's immortal, *canna'dee*.

John Tamson's bairns may travel far,
But far or near, Tak this frae me,—
They'll speir the gate whaur'er they are.
An' never let the Doric dee.

Sae let the bluid keep tinglin' John,
This knowledge cheers baith you an' me;
That even when we orrsel's pass on,
The Dear Auld Doric Canna Dee.

Somerville, Mass.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Among Detroit Scots

Clan Campbell held its annual picnic and games at Bob Lo Island, July 22. There were three boat-loads of happy pleasure-loving Scots, led by Clan Campbell's Pipe Band, flying the colors of Bonnie Scotland; and soon the little island, a miniature picture of Scotland, became arrayed in all the tartans of the Highlands. Scottish games and dances were called until the dark'ning, such pipers as Bruce Cameron, Donald Graham and Jamie Campbell carrying off the principal prizes. The dancing of the wee folk in Highland costume was one of the most pleasing features of the day. Tables were set all over the island, where lunch from well filled baskets was served by rosy cheeked lassies and sonsy guid wives. We noticed quite a few hame made scones an' bannocks laid thick wi' marmalade an' jeely being passed around wi' the kindly "Noo eat hearty lads it's a lang time till nicht"—and night came to a tired, but happy crowd.

The International Pipe Band held their annual Moonlight on the River St. Clair, the evening of July 27, on the steamer *Columbia*, and the decks were stripped bare for Scotia's reels and hollicans, while the broad, clear river echoed with the thrilling soul-gripping strains of the bag pipes.

One of the grandest Scotch events of this season of the year, when people rush to the many holiday haunts around the shores of our "Inland Seas," was the gathering of the Forth o' the Grampian Club at the summer home of William Stuart, Stuart Lodge, Belle River, Ontario. Mr. Stuart is brother of the president of the club, John Stuart, of Windsor and president of the Kotches Lumber Company, Detroit. The club, though not large, yet is composed of some mighty hefty lads and lasses from Deeside, Deveron, Tay, and ither waters north o' the Grampians. The Stuarts must have been well aware when they issued the invitations of the (I'll say) healthy appetites of their guests by the bounteous repast they provided, under the leafy canopy formed by spreading ashes and maples. Surely, surely, eatables and drinkables were of the best and plenty, for I was there ma' sel'.

Jamie Inverarity very pawkily nominated Brother Will Stuart as the next president of the club. Unanimous, how could it be otherwise with such hospitality before us? Mr. John Cameron presented the retiring president, John Stuart, with a beautiful clock, a gift from the club, and pinned on the bosoms of the beautiful wives of the two brothers, John and Will, lovely Cairngorm brooches.

Brothers Inverarity also nailed above the door, tastily framed, this sign in letters of gold, "Stuart Lodge."

The new president clinched it all by asking the club to make his place the gathering grounds of the club annually. We certainly had a grand time, launch riding, dancing, athletic sports, music and songs, and all too soon it was train time and twenty miles from Windsor and a bittock to Detroit.

Sandy Watson, secretary, read an excellent report of the club's doings, and got re-elected again. Jamie Inverarity, treasurer, showed a healthy increase in the funds, and also got re-elected at the same salary. Edward Goodwillie, historian, told some queer stories with the help of Jamie Merchant, while Piper Graham thrilled us a' both on lake and land. We certainly will go back again JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

1794 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Rhode Island Letter

The date of the entry of Britain in the World's War is not likely to be soon forgotten in Rhode Island. An association has been formed to suitably celebrate the occasion as the date, year by year, comes round. This is the second year of its coming into effect and with it a slight difficulty occurred which on a subsequent occasion will be obviated. For a number of years the Caledonians of Providence have celebrated and boomed their organization on the first Wednesday in August. This year the British Day Celebration Association had selected the 4th of August as the date on which to commemorate Britain's declaration of war. It turned out, however that Rocky Point, the venu of their celebration had already been engaged by the Caledonians in accordance with their usual annual custom. The British Day Association therefore held its parade and gathering

July 31, so between the two dates, Providence and its neighborhood heard more Scottish music from Highland Pipe Bands and saw more Highland costumes than on any other two days in its history.

The British Day celebration brought out 2,500 Britons in parade through the business section of Providence, and was reviewed in front of the City Hall by Mayor Gainer and the city officials, while a few days afterwards a similar parade was held over the same ground, but confined to Scotsmen, most of whom had already paraded along with their English, Welsh and North of Ireland Brethren (for the Orangemen are a strong body in Rhode Island, and have a splendid flute band of their own). In the British Day parade, there were fifty-three societies represented and in this great credit is due to the large number of ladies present who either marched or rode in gaily decorated floats. British and American flags were in evidence on all sides. Especially attractive in this connection was the Women's British-American Society of Pawtucket, to whom the prize for having the largest delegation in line was awarded. Not only were a number of beautifully decorated floats with ladies in symbolic and gorgeously patriotic attire, but to enliven and amuse the spectators who lined the streets, the Field Naturalists Society of Pawtucket sent a comical Jazz Band dressed as clowns.

Again as a reminder of the good feeling existing between these two great nations, there was a splendid representation of Uncle Sam, accompanied by an equally good representative John Bull with his favorite bulldog in leash. The greatest applause, however, seemed to be in favor of the Girls' Pipe Band of Boston, who headed the Scottish section, comprising the Caledonians, Clan Fraser, Clan Cameron, the Daughters of Argyle, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonians. On arriving at Rocky Point a program of sports and games for prizes, including Highland dancing was carried through.

"Scottish Day" was observed on the following Wednesday. The day marked the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the Providence Caledonian Society, and resulted in the largest turnout the Caledonians ever had assembled. It is said there were 4,500 present, at any rate every seat in the spacious grandstands was occupied and those who could not find accommodation there were content to sit or squat on the hill side near the bay. The parade in Providence of course, was not so numerous as on the Saturday previous, it was shorn of many women and had a little more of a military appearance. There were three pipe bands, viz.: The Boston Girls' Pipe and Drum Band; the Worcester's Kilties Band and the Boston Highland Dress Association Band and as the numbers in the parade were less and the bands relieved one another, at no time was there a period without Highland music to those who marched. Among features which gave the parade a more military appearance, was the presence of an escort of the Rhode Island Artillery. Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, accompanied by Colonel M. A. Cheesman, and Major Robert Bain in American Army Uniforms, then came the scarlet tunics of the Fraser Royal Highlanders, the members of Clans Cameron and Fraser, with their plaids and bonnets, the veterans of South African War and Canadian and British Veterans of the World War. Last of all came the Caledonians who were the hosts of all the rest. Most of them wore large thistles and sprigs of heather, which had been supplied at their hall before leaving. The remainder of the day was much the same as on the previous Saturday. Sports, games and Highland dances featured with the addition of such purely Highland sports as "putting the ball," tossing the caber, and "quoits." On the whole,it was more of a large family gathering for everyone seemed to know some one else and it was extremely interesting to overhear the remarks of those who had not met since last Scottish day. Colonel Walter Scott was certainly the hero of the day, not only because of his munificent gifts as prizes, but his, "hail fellow well met," pleasant style, that made him sociable with all. Wild horses, however, could not draw from me the name of a noted officer who seized Colonel Walter Scott's walking cane and conducted Miss Russell and several of her band of pipers in playing music for the company travelling to Rocky Point in the same trolley car.

JOHN BALDWIN.
28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Clan MacMaster Reunion

Clan MacMaster of America, held its fifth reunion at Hotel Marlboro, Asbury Park, N. J., August 5, 1920. The morning session was devoted to greetings, registration, display of Clan tartans, photographs, manuscripts, histories, etc. In the afternoon a group photograph was taken followed by a meeting at which various addresses were made. John Stevenson McMaster, lawyer of Jersey City, who has been president since this clan was organized in 1911, was elected honorary president and permanent chairman of the executive committee. Colonel James MacMaster of Elizabeth, N. J., was made president; John McMaster, poet. of Philadelphia, Pa., first vice president; William A. McMaster, banker of Jamestown, Pa., second vice president; Mrs. Ida McMaster Honour of Atlanta, Ga., third vice president; and Miss Katharine MacMaster of Baltimore, Md., secretary. The evening banquet was followed by some interesting addresses. Among them Dr. Frederick McMaster, representing Canada and Syracuse, N. Y.; Wells McMaster, New England; Dr. F. M. Leech, Natural Bridge, of Virginia; Edgar N. McMaster, the Eastern Shore of Maryland; Palmer McMaster, South Carolina; William A. McMaster, Pa., and McMaster Willis, Delaware; John McMaster, the poet and a native of Ayr, Scotland, delivered

an interesting address as to "Scotch Characteristics." Hearty greetings were received from Dr. William H. McMaster, president of Union College, Alliance, Ohio, and others. The following day was devoted to sight-seeing, etc. Former reunions have been held at Gettysburg, Pa., Lake Conneaut, Pa., and Niagara Falls, N. Y. The next reunion of the clan will be held at Asheville, N. C., in 1922. This clan by meeting at various interesting places in this way has been the means of forming a helpful union of the MacMasters. These reunions are constantly growing in interest.

Annual Fair at Lulu Thorley Lyons Home

The annual entertainment and fair of the Lulu Thorley Lyons Home, Claverack, N. Y., the summer home for the Free Industrial School for Crippled Children, New York city, was held July 28-29. The event proved one of the most delightful and successful in the history of the institution and brought together a large number of visitors from Hudson, Claverack, Philmont and nearby towns. Among those from out of town were: William Edwards, Collector of the Port of New York, former "Big Bill" hero of college football; Colonel Walter Scott, president of the society, and known as its rock of Gibraltar; Charles Thorley, whose generosity provided the Claverack home and who recently purchased the Russel Sage mansion on Fifth avenue, William Grant Brown, all of New York; Mayor Harvey and Judge McNamee, of Hudson; Edward Davis Jones, New York, and Miss Amelia Day Campbell, New York, Recording Secretary.

In addressing the audience Colonel Walter Scott, president of the Home, laid particular stress on the genuine heartfelt interest manifested by the Hudson and Claverack people in contrast to the perfunctory interest met with in New York. Except among the very active association workers it is impossible to attract any such large patronage in New York as was evidenced at the fete recently. True enough New Yorkers give generously to the humane cause, but the feeling of personal interest could in no wise compare with the spirit as shown in Claverack.

It is hard to estimate, he said, the amount of good, directly and indirectly accruing from the intimate association between the Home and citizens in Columbia County. It is an assurance to the officials that their needs are recognized, their efforts encouraged, and sympathetic approval tendered.

To the children the kindness of those outside the Home makes up in a measure for the social ties they would make, were they fortunate enough to have homes and fond parents to care personally for them.

The home is the corner-stone of society; it is the strongest institution in the permanency of the human race. The progress of Christian civilization finds its root in home and family. With the child, where children are denied the environment of home and all that it means, it is the duty of society (in the role of benefactor toward the child and in the role of promoter toward the State) to make possible in so far as it is practical a realization of their birth right. Such things accomplished, the child benefits, society benefits and those who have contributed to it all benefit in the satisfaction of having accomplished good. Such is the aim and end of the Lulu Thorley Lyons Home.

The receipts realized from the bazaar and entertainment will be added to a permanent endowment fund. Two hundred thousand dollars, it is estimated, will place the school on a self-sustaining basis. Already through socials held in Claverack and New York city, and life memberships subscribed to, the permanent fund has reached one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. Generous response to this worthy cause is most encouraging to all those who take an interest in the institution and, without relaxing in their efforts, the officers of the Home look to the not distant future for the accomplishment of their worthy object.

The Village Near The Sea

By James Roy

There is a village near the sea,
Where I again would like to be,
To meet the friends of youthful days,
And hear the sound of the salt sea waves.
To walk the old road to the shore,
And cross the silver sands once more,
And there with baited hook and line,
To catch the fish so large and fine,
We have looked upon the old iron ship
That finished here her last trip,
She came ashore in a foggy night
When the lighthouse rays were out of sight.

Across the links and pastures green,
Where the churchyard can be seen,
There our friends are laid away,
Waiting the call of the final day.
The farms here have changed hands,
Some have gone to other lands.
The Kirtons now our visions fill,
With Kinloch House upon the hill.
The parish church to us was new
The day was wet the hearers few,
The sermon was the good old kind,
The call of duty to your mind.
At the parish school we will call,
And see the Green where we played ball;
Changes here are all around
With a new schoolhouse upon the ground.
The preacher and teacher of our day
Have passed and gone the heavenly way.
The good they did each in his sphere
Still lives with those who are left here.
St. Fergus is a healthy place,
Has raised a good and useful race;
Her children have gone far and wide,
But the old home love does abide.

Hartford, Conn.

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

Boston Letter

CALEDONIAN GAMES

The Boston Caledonian Club held its sixty-seventh annual picnic and games at Caledonian Grove, West Roxbury, on Saturday, August 7th. Despite the threatening look of the weather, one of the largest crowds in recent years attended the picnic.

The members and guests of the club assembled at Hayward Place, at 8:30 a. m., for the annual parade through the business section of Boston. Chief Frank Abercrombie led the parade followed by the pipe and drum band of the Highland Dress Association of Massachusettes, under the direction of Pipe Major George B. Smith, Colonel Walter Scott, and Colonel Percy A. Guthrie led the survivors of the famous MacLean Kilties of America recruited here by the latter. All along the line these famous Scottish fighters were loudly cheered. The representations of the New York Caledonian Club were led by Chief Donaldson and Captain W. G. Reid of the Highland Guard. The Boston Ladies' Pipe and Drum Band led the club members, the members of the Highland Dress Association, and the competitors in the special Scottish events, open to the world. The Ladies' Pipe and Drum Band received a great ovation. It was one of the most attractive parades ever witnessed in Boston. The marchers swung along with perfect step, and that rythmie swish of the kilts so delightfully noticeable in a kilted regiment on parade,

The officers of the McLean Kilties Veteran Association are Colonel Percy A. Guthrie, president; Colonel Walter Scott, vice president, and Lieutenant Ernest Kerr, secretary. With the Kilties was Sergeant Major William Student of the Black Watch, wearer of the V. C. and four wound stripes. William C. Stewart, ex-chieftain of the Boston Caledonian Club was marshal of the parade. The New York Caledonian Club was well and ably represented by Chief Donaldson, Ex-Chiefs Captain W. G. Reid, Foulis and Gray, Second Chieftain Marshall, Ex-Chieftains James W. Rogers and George Reid, Club Piper Murdock MacKenzie, and Clansmen Thomas McNab, Alexander McCraw, Alex Wilson, William Love, James Elder and Charles McIntosh. Accompanying Colonel Scott were Lieutenant Donald McHardy and Private James Bain of the New York Scottish Highlanders. After the parade, special cars were boarded for Caledonian Grove. Ranks were again formed and the company paraded into the grove and around the athletic field a couple of times lining up in the centre for inspection. Colonel Scott and Colonel Guthrie then made brief addresses congratulating the men on their fine appearance, and what some of them had done to help win the World War. Arrangements at the grove were in charge of Chief Frank Abercrombie. Ex-Chief Thomas Grieve was Ring Master, assisted by Ex-Chieftain William Gray and Clansman Malcolm Ross.

The games for members and their children were run off first. To win enough points to get a leg on Colonel Walter Scott's trophy "Defiance," was the ambition of the competitors, and Ex-Chieftain James E. Menzies was the fortunate one with 22 points, winning firsts in the 100 yards, 220 yards, running broad jump, and seconds in the hop, step and jump and putting the shot, and third in the high jump; Third Chieftain A. R. Urquart won the hop, step and jump, and the high jump; Clansman Ed. Urquhart was first in putting the shot, and Clansman W. Duncan first in throwing the hammer. The old men's race was won by the veteran Ben Stewart in a manner showing that while he is old in years he still retains some of his speed. In the boys' race under twelve years of age, T. Guthrie captured first honors. In the race for boys under sixteen years of age, A. McLean won. The girls' race for girls under twelve years, was won by Dorris Bowie, and Agnes Ferris won first place in the race for girls under sixteen years. The contest open for the best dressed Highlander was a feature event of the day. Pipe Major George B. Smith won first honors; Ex-Chieftain W. C. Stewart was second and Lewis Graham, third. The best dressed Highlander among the boys under sixteen years, was awarded N. Adamson. Louise Graham won the prize for the same contest for girls. A recess was taken before starting the amateur handicap events and during this time the grove was rapidly filling up with a large gathering of people. It was one of the largest gatherings at a Caledonian picnic since the beginning of the World War. Prior to the starting of the amateur handicap events, the McLeans under Colonel Guthrie and Colonel Scott, and led by the Highland Dress Pipe and Drum Band marched twice around the ring to the plaudits of the assembled throng. A few heats of the 100 yards dash were then run off and the Scottish dances started when the first shower came down on the field, driving every one to shelter. When the rain ceased the track was partly covered with water, and the runners had to run through it in the final heat. Despite that handicap the sprinters made a good race and Charlie Carroll of Dorchester, won by less than a yard. The winner of the half mile was J. Caffrey of the Boston Athletic Association, who started from scratch and ran a splendid race. The quarter mile was won by C. E. Dussault Brighton (seven yards handicap). Jimmy Henigan was scratch man in the three mile run and won the race by about six yards. A thunder storm came on and the rain again began to fall, but the "Walter Scott" mile for the trophy—A French Bronze Statue "La Triumph," value $250.00, was started. O'Leary of the B. A. A. and J. L. Doherty of the Dorchester Club ran close together till turning into the stretch, when Doherty put on a burst of speed and broke the tape about six yards ahead of O'Leary. The conditions attending this trophy are: "To be won

three times and to become the property of the club or college, whose athletes win it. Individual prizes to first three men. In the mile relay race Somerville defeated Boston by thirty yards. Though the rain which was still falling was making the field more soggy the shot putters and caber tossers went through these events. Henry Forsyth of the Boston Caledonian Club, knowing how to toss the caber better than the other competitors won the first prize. F. F. Walsh of the B. A. A. with a handicap of four feet, one inch, won the shot put. As the rain showed no signs of letting up, very few of the special Scottish events for dancing and piping were decided.

It is promised, however, that the postponed piping and dancing events will be run off some time in the fall.

Another keen disappointment was that General Edwards, U. S. A., of the Northeast Department, arrived at the grounds just at the beginning of the rain. He received a great popular demonstration and was greeted by Colonel Scott. All were forced to take shelter; and by the time the rain had ceased, the General was forced to leave for another appointment.

It was most unfortunate that the day was marred by the rain in the afternoon, as it took away all interest in watching the events, and the dancing hall was so crowded with people seeking shelter from the rain, that dancing was impossible. Crombie's Orchestra A. T. of M., furnished the dance music.

The entry lists in all events were the largest at any picnic held by the club.

Boston Scottish Society

The annual outing of the Boston Scottish Society was held July 24, 1920, at the Point Shirley Club, and was largely attended by the members of the society and guests. Manager Max of the club provided an excellent dinner, after which the usual sports and games were indulged in.

The committee in charge of the outing comprised C. J. McKenzie, president; William Mann, vice president; Charles J. Campbell, George Gray, George Lyall, David Dunbar, Andrew Stewart and T. B. Forsyth.

While the rain hindered some of the sports it could not check the cheerfulness of the party nor dampen the wit of the good old Scotch stories. Among the guests who contributed to the pleasure of the occasion, aside from the wideawake president, C. J. McKenzie, the industrious vice-president, William Mann, and its other efficient members were Mr. John McGaw (who was the founder and first president of the Boston Scottish Society), Mrs. McGaw and their son, John McGaw, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison D. Oakes, and Mrs. C. J. McKenzie. The society is ten years old and fifty-five loyal members enjoyed the outing.

Highland Dress Association

Attendance at society meetings is, as is usual at this season of the year, quite perfunctory. The Highland Dress Association held its regular monthly business meeting on Tuesday, August 10th, at 3 Boylston Place, and although the attendance was small, a fair amount of business was transacted. It was decided to begin drilling at the next meeting, under Sergeant Major Carson, a veteran of the World War. It was also decided that the association hold a dance some time during the first half of October. The social features this coming winter will be on an even larger scale than formerly.

On July 17th, the Association had a Field Day at Lexington Park Grove. The weather was all that could be desired and everyone had an enjoyable time. Through the generosity of Honorary Member Colonel Walter Scott, competitions in piping, dancing and Highland dress for prizes were held. This association is making great strides, and adding new members at every meeting. It is a conceded fact that no Scottish event that is pulled off is complete without the assistance of the Highland Dress Association and its Pipe and Drum Band. The association will attend the annual church parade of the British Naval and Military Veterans' Association to St. Paul's Cathedral, where services will be held on September 12th. A delegation will also attend the New York Caledonian games on Labor Day.

W. Lawson Reid,
Representative.

71 Simpson Avenue,
W. Somerville, Mass.

Letters to the Editor

The feature of the morning parade of the Boston Caledonian Club, the day of their annual picnic, was the exceedingly large number of youthful kilties, boys and girls in full Highland costume. There were at least sixty of them in line, headed by the Boston Girls' Pipe Band.

We have seen lady pipers on the vaudeville stage, but we heard them not. They went through the motions, but they did not get a cheep from the pipes. When half a dozen pipers are supposed to be playing, if one or two are silent, the audience does not know the difference, but the girl pipers were all playing and they were heard and cheered. They held themselves well, they were appropriately dressed, they marched well, had a handsome drum-major with Busby and staff, a big drummer who could twirl her sticks like a veteran, and a pipe-major who knew how to command, and the scoffers at a Girls' Pipe Band (of which I was one), are all ready to throw their hats in the air when they pass by, and shout "Play on! MacDuff."

The Boston Caledonian Club has always spent money lavishly on prizes for all distinctive Scottish events open to the world, and the competitions for Highland dancing, piping, and Highland costumes have always been largely participated in by the best of

their class. This year, however, surpassed all previous gatherings in the number of entrants and the number of prizes. There were no fewer than twelve separate competitions for various ages in the Highland Fling and Sword Dance, with five prizes in each division.

Four competitions for best dressed Highlander, boys, girls and adults. Bagpipe competition for adults, girls over sixteen years, and boys and girls under sixteen years of age. It is safe to say that possibly with the exception of some of the leading Scottish gatherings in Glasgow or London (and possibly not), at no other Scottish games anywhere, has a larger sum of money been given as prizes for these events. This was made possible by the gift to the club from Honorary Member Walter Scott, of New York, of a check for over $450, to augment the prize list. For years, Mr. Scott had the names and addresses sent to him of every contestant in the Highland dancing competitions, and every participant later on found himself a winner, as Mr. Scott personally sent a handsome souveniur to everyone who had competed. ROBERT E. MAY.

Boston, Mass.

Charlestown, Mass.

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

In your memoriam issue of THE CALEDONIAN to the founder of our magazine, you had a picture of Mr. MacDougall with two exceptionally apt fitting lines underneath, taken from McCrae's war-born, heartwrung appeal to his countrymen, "In Flanders Fields." I keep a scrapbook for storing choice morsels of literature that I consider worth preserving, and that picture with some of the condolences is pasted therein. But to make the picture with its "Call" complete, I have written the enclosed "Pledge" and now have it pasted beneath. "To you from failing hands we throw." I think it expresses the will and loyal intentions of his successors and may be acceptable to the readers of THE CALEDONIAN.

THE PLEDGE

Sleep thou the sleep which patriots know,
On those you left behind—rely.
Thy kinsman's hands thy torch has caught,
So rest assured, each loyal Scot
Will hold that torch of progress high.
It's rays will shine on where you lie,
To prove thy faith does still imbue
The work you planned. We'll see it through,
Until we're called to share with you.
The Higher Fields.

Rest thou content. The work you've done
To keep Auld Scotland in the sun,
Thy charge lies heavy on each one
To push the task by thee begun,
So we may reach the Gate where none
May enter, only those who won
The Higher Fields.

Somerville, Mass. H. W. BARNES.

New York Caledonian Club

A quarterly meeting of the club was held August 3, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. Robert R. McNeill and Andrew Cummings were elected members and six propositions were received. The Games Committee announced that arrangements for the Labor Day gathering at Celtic Park, Monday, September 7, were practically complete and all indications pointed to a large attendance. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that Clansman John Walker, who had been seriously ill with pneumonia, had entirely recovered. Announcement was made of the death of Walter B. Tasker, son of Ex-Chieftain Alexander Tasker and a letter expressing the sympathy of the club was ordered sent to the bereaved family. Ex-Chieftain Tasker was to have celebrated in part his jubilee year as a member by representing the club at the fiftieth annual games of the Providence Caledonian Society. His son's funeral was held the same day as the Providence games.

Death of a Newark Caledonian

Ex-Chief John Lang, one of the best known among old time Caledonians in the Metropolitan district, died at Newark, N. J., August 10th, as the result of an accident. He was a native of Paisley and had been a member of the Newark Caledonian Club thirty-five years. For many years he was one of the hardest working committeemen in the club, and his brother clansmen showed their appreciation of his enthusiasm by electing him several times to the office of chief. That he had lost none of his old-time interest was shown on July 5th when he turned out in Highland costume for the parade and games in Newark of the United Scottish Societies. He always made one of the Newark teams in the annual shuffleboard match with the New York Caledonians, and as an old friend of his in the last named club said, "Johnny was a true sport—he might lose his game, but never his temper." Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Lang who survives.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. James Nicoll, 57 Gautier avenue, Jersey City, celebrated their golden wedding on August 8th, in the midst of children, grandchildren and friends. They have been in this country thirty-seven years, and have two sons and one daughter: James Nicoll, Jr., William Nicoll and Mrs. Alfred Carver, of New York. After the happy couple had received congratulations and many presents, a bountiful supper was served; in the center of the table was a large cake bearing the year of their marriage. The list of guests included Mr. and Mrs. James Nicoll and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. Carver and family, Mr. William Nicoll, Mr. and Mrs. N. Conlon, Mr. and Mrs. MacCall, Miss Lena Sigel, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, Eugene Gray and Miss Blanche MacCall.

Philadelphia Letter

Featured by a group of Amateur Athletic Union stars in track and field sports, a well-trained array of juvenile dancing talent whose evolutions in the Highland fling and broad sword competitions delighted the big audience, the sixty-first annual Scottish games of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia at Maple Grove, August 7, proved the most enjoyable in recent years.

A terrific rainstorm prevailed up to six o'clock of the morning of the games, when Old Sol asserted himself, and dispelled fears for remainder of the day. The Scotch sure are a favored people, for just as the program was finished, threatening clouds overhead, burst with a vengeance, which sent the immense gathering scurrying from the grove for cars and home.

Forming at the club house at ten a. m., the parade passed through the mill district of Kensington and north on Germantown avenue to Glenwood and Eighth street, where motors were in waiting to convey the paraders to the grove near Fox-Chase. Numerous delegations participated, notably New York, Newark, N. J., Trenton, N. J. and Atlantic City, N. J.

At the field, the clans gathered around the central athletic field where the running races were decided. In the centre was an elevated platform especially constructed, upon which the dancing took place. The scene presented by the variegated colors of the dancing contestants and the members of the organizations in full Highland costume made a splendid sight.

The mile relay race between the Caledonians and Clan MacGregor proved rather easy for the Caledonians who, by their third yearly triumph, gained permanent possession of the cup. Other probable starters failed to materialize and the Caledonians in the first quarter-mile gained a good lead. This heat brought together Dodds and Gillis, and the former gained ten yards. John Morgan, who opposed Jim MacEwan, of the Disston soccer team, in the second half, opened up twenty yards, and when Jimmy Curran, the Mercersburg coach and prominent professional, dashed away on the third lap, he set a very fast pace and gained additional ground over Grimshaw, so that Tom Morgan had little trouble holding the advantage over Scott.

Bob Gilchrist won the kilties' race, and Miss Nellie Gunn the ladies' race.

'Twas the dancing, however, which was most enjoyed. The clever little performers were in competition for several hours and were loudly applauded as they went through the many difficult steps in rendering the Highland fling, bringing out a pleasing selection of tiny performers, followed later by those under sixteen years of age and subsequently the open competitions were staged.

A new feature was the special Highland fling dance, open to the exponents of the art throughout America. A dozen competed for a gold medal donated by Clansman Colonel Walter Scott, of New York. The award was to Angus McM. Frazer, of New York, the veteran dancer, who showed his mastery by a pretty display of the art. He also won the best dressed prize.

The broad sword dance was won by Miss Agnes Don. The Highland fling, boys and girls, was won by Miss Margaret Niblock. Miss Mary Cosgrove won the novice award; Miss Ellen Young the novice test; Miss Irene Roth the boys' and girls' dance.

Alexander MacKenzie again proved best in bagpipe playing. The Caledonian Pipe and Drum Band enlivened the exercises by frequent marches up and down the field, led by big John Gould and including Frank Devlin as drummer extraordinary, and Morrison, the musicians made the grounds re-echo with the music of the land of the heather.

Among the officials the judges of dancing were: Judges of Highland dress, ex-Chief A. R. Gunn, Clansman George Laird, an ex-chieftain; judges of Highland dancing, ex-Chief A. R. Gunn, ex-Chief Alexander Huggin, Newark C. C.; Alexander MacLeod and William Thompson, of Newark Caledonians; judges of bagpipe competition, Clansman M. Morrison, Clansman Alexander Andrew and James MacDougall.

The closing event was the annual soccer football clash between the two foremost old rivals, Dobson champions of the Allied League and holders of the amateur cup, and New York Ship, which tied for runner-up in

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the former series last season. This match, played in the gathering twilight, was won by the Shipbuilders, 8 goals to 0, McLoughlin, Howley and other stars getting sweet revenge over Maurice Walsh's champions. The full results follow:

TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS:

100-yard dash: First heat—Won by R. O'Donnell, Lighthouse B. C.; second, Joe Kehoe, Enterprise; third, McKay, Lighthouse B. C. Time, 10 1-5 seconds. Second heat—Won by Lever, Meadowbrook; second, Dodd, Meadowbrook; third, Carberry, Enterprise. Time, 10 1-5 seconds. Final heat—Won by Harold B. Lever, Meadowbrook (scratch); second, Kehoe, Enterprise (2 1-3 yards); third, Dodd, Meadowbrook (5 yards). Time, 10 1-15 seconds.

Half-mile run—Won by Deitrich, Shanahan (23 yards); second, George, New York Ship (33 yards); third, K. Kelly, Shanahan (35 yards). Time, 2.01 1-5.

200-yard hurdles—Won by Dodd, Meadowbrook; second, H. Lever, Meadowbrook; third, Kehoe, Enterprise. Time, 26 2-5 seconds.

Mile relay for Scottish societies—Won by Clan Caledonian (Dodds, John Morgan, Curran, Tom Morgan); second, Clan MacGregor (Gillis, MacEwin, Grimshaw, Scott).

Mile run—Won by Kelly, Shanahan (60 yards); second, J. O'Rourke, Shanahan (80 yards); third, Frank Worthington, Meadowbrook (38 yards); fourth, Rattler, Meadowbrook (30 yard). Time, 4.46.

Running high jump—Won by Patterson, Meadowbrook, height 5 feet 5 inches; second, O'Donnell, Lighthouse B. C., 5¼ feet; third, Bannon, Shanahan, 5 feet 2 inches; fourth, Lever, Meadowbrook, 5 feet 1 inch.

440-yard run—Won by Dietrich, Shanahan (scratch); second, Dodds, Meadowbrook (5 yards); third, Eisman, Lighthouse (10 yards). Time, 57 seconds.

Shot put (16 pounds)—Won by J. J. Comerford, unattached, distance 42 feet 5 inches; second, Edgar, unattached, 39 feet 7 inches; third, O'Donnell, Lighthouse, 38 feet 2 inches.

Kiltie race, members—Won by Bob Gilchrist; second, George Plenderleath; third, J. Morrison.

Ladies' race, 100 yards—Won by Miss Nellie Gunn; second, Miss Nina Gunn; third, Miss Catherine Gormley.

THE DANCING COMPETITIONS:

Highland fling championship—Won by Angus Frazer; second, Agnes Don, New York; third, Effie MacKinnon, Philadelphia.

Novice Highland fling—Won by Miss Mary Cosgrove; second, Margaret Scott; third, Helen Young.

Bagpipe competition—Won by Alex. MacKenzie; second, Angus Frazer, New York; third, James MacIntosh, New York.

Best dressed man in Highland costume—Won by Angus Frazer, New York; second, John Urquhart; third, John E. Coyle, New York.

Best dressed boy in Highland costume—Won by John A. Cairns; second, George MacKenzie; third, Gordon Patterson.

Boys' and girls' Highland fling (under sixteen years)—Won by Margaret Niblock; second, Jesse Nugent, New York; third, Irene Roth, New York.

Broad sword dance—Won by Agnes Don; second, Bella Davidson; third, Effie MacKinnon.

Broad sword (boys and girls), novice—Won by Miss Ellen Young; second, Miss Mary Cosgrove; third, Miss Margaret Scott.

Broad sword dance (boys and girls under sixteen)—Won by Miss Irene Roth; second, Miss Margaret Magee; third, Miss Jessie Seruthers.

A regrettable incident of the day was the experience of Sprinter Harold B. Lever, a sneak thief having gone through his clothes, whilst engaged in a race, and purloined his wallet containing over a hundred dollars and a gold watch, a keepsake of his deceased father. At sundown the chief received a telegram from Colonel Walter Scott, expressing regret that he could not be in Boston and Philadelphia the same day, and wishing unprecedented success.

Anderson Nicol



Mr. Anderson Nicol, the famous Scottish tenor, who had a most successful season in Canada last year, will make his headquarters in New York, where Mrs. Nicol will soon join him.

For a number of years Mr. William Campbell, manager of the Canadian Musical Bureau, Toronto, had urged Mr. Nicol to visit America. Mr. Nicol was eager and anxious to make such a tour but, up to the time when the war broke out, his other engagements at home and abroad, prevented him. He would not have been a true Scot had he not at once responded to the call to arms, and for four years he was fighting the battles of the Empire. He returned home in June, 1919, and was demobilized near the close of that month, and soon afterward came to Canada, where he was cordially received. From the fact that he is one of the most popular Scottish tenors before the public to-day, and also the other fact that he is a war veteran, he should receive an enthusiastic welcome on this side of the Atlantic.

We regret sincerely that through an error in printing in the August issue two lines in the third stanza of Mr. Thomas Dickson's stirring poem, "Scotland" were transposed. The stanza should read:

"The thistle and the heather
Her hardy emblems are,
Their forms entwined together
No hurricane can mar,
They flaunt their plumes defiant
From shelter far remote,
A stronghold reared by Nature
They symbolize the Scot."

Hon. Judge W. C. Benet

In response to the request of several of our readers, we take pleasure in giving the following brief biographical sketch of Judge Benet, whose interesting articles in THE CALEDONIAN have attracted wide and favorable comment. William Christie Benet, son of Alexander Benet, of Ardoch, and Elizabeth Christie, of Loch Earn Head, comes of true Highland ancestry. He was born in Tillicoultry in 1846, and he received his education in the parish school there. In 1864, he entered Edinburgh University. Making a break in his university course, he was for one year assistant arithmetical master in Dollar Academy. While attending the university, he became acquainted with a number of students from the Southern States, and his resolve to leave his native country was influenced in large measure by the warm and lasting friendships that grew up between them. Several of these students were from the town of Cokesbury, South Carolina, and on coming to America young Benet went directly to that town. He was a good-looking young Scotsman, of commanding personality, glowing and robust health, and splendidly equipped for the battle of life, and the people were at once deeply impressed with his kindly nature, intellectual attainments and varied accomplishments.

Shortly after his arrival in Cokesbury, he opened a classical school for boys which he continued to teach without an assistant for five years, although the attendance was large—in the meantime reading law while he was waiting for his naturalization papers. The school opened under the most auspicious circumstances, and increased rapidly through the enthusiasm of both teacher and pupils. It may be said without exaggeration that this was a model school, due principally to the fact that Judge Benet was a born teacher, with deep sympathy as well as broad understanding. Many of its pupils have risen to positions of responsibility and distinction.

In 1873, Judge Benet was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Abbeville, South Carolina. During twenty years of practice he ranked among the foremost lawyers of his State, his practice extending to all parts of South Carolina and the neighboring States. Many interesting questions of law were settled upon his initiative. He was an eloquent orator, and his arguments were carefully prepared, logical and able. His reputation as a speaker and his scholarly attainments brought him many invitations to deliver addresses at universities and colleges in his own and other States, and he was spoken of in the *Press* as "the prince of commencement orators."

In 1888, he was elected to the Legislature, and served one term. It was during his membership that the question was debated as to whether South Carolina should accept the property willed to it by the Hon. Thomas G. Clemson (at one time Minister to Belgium), on the condition that the State should build an agricultural and mechanical college on lands formerly the home of the great John C. Calhoun. Feeling ran high, and Mr. Benet was chosen to lead the forces in favor of the college. The cause was won, and the college was built. To-day it is the pride of the State, and a monument to the foresight of Mr. Benet and those who voted with him. With good reason to be proud of his reputation as an able lawyer and a learned judge, he often remarks that the best work of his life was done in the school-room as a teacher, and in the Legislature as the framer of the Acts and leader in the fight that established Clemson College.

In 1893, came the deserved honor of election as Judge of the First Judicial Circuit, which includes the city of Charleston, and he removed from Abbeville to that city. Here he served two terms. During his incumbency as Circuit Judge he sat as an Associate Justice several times by special appointments, and wrote several opinions on behalf of the Supreme Court, at least two of which are regarded as leading opinions throughout the United States.

Since his retirement from the bench, Judge Benet has made his home in Grimshawes, North Carolina, in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where with undiminished strength of body and mind he continues to indulge his love of literature and his fondness for hunting and fishing. He is a regular contributor to magazines and newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, and during the World War he wrote and published numerous war verses and songs both in English and "braid Scots," which attracted wide attention and brought personal letters of commendation from Earl Kitchener, Sir Douglas

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Haig, General Sir Julian Byng and others. For some of these he furnished the melody as well as the words.

Judge Benet married (1877) Susan McGowan, daughter of General Samuel McGowan and Susan Wardlaw, both of Scottish descent. She died in 1898, leaving four sons: Christie, lawyer and banker, of Columbia, S. C., was appointed United States Senator from South Carolina in 1918; Samuel is a superintendent of shipbuilding in Seattle, Washington; George (M. D., Harvard) had a distinguished record with the British and American armies in the World War; and Hugh, an electrical and mechanical engineer in Government service in Baltimore during the war.

Chicago Notes.

The "Scotland Day" outing of the Caledonian Society brought out a large crowd at Riverview Park, Saturday, August 7th. The program of games and dancing was of exceptional interest and an exciting five-a-side football match, was won by the "Brickies."

One of the stirring events of the day was the presentation of colors to the American Volunteers, Canadian Expeditionary Force, by three leading British American Societies. To the rousing music of the Kiltie Band, the crowd assembled in the cool of the evening, and a trio of beautiful emblems—Old Glory, Union Jack and the Canadian flag—took the centre of the stage. In a few appropriate words. Fred H. Pim, vice-president British Empire Association, presented Britain's flag, which was received by Lieut. Regan; John McLachlan for the Caledonian Society, presented the American flag, received by Sergt. Sheppard; and Major John A. Boak, for the Canadian Club, presented the Canadian flag received by Lieut. Fisher. Then a neat speech of appreciation for the handsome emblems was made by Sergt, Nightingale of the Volunteers.

The English Day picnic, held at Glenwood Park, Batavia, Ill., Saturday, August 21st., under the auspices of the Sons of St. George, also was largely attended and the program committee deserves great credit for the excellent entertainment provided. The sports and pastimes were varied and enjoyable.

Dr. John A. McGill recently contributed a check for $1,000 to the Scottish Old People's Home Fund. Dr. McGill has been a lavish contributor to the Home, his donations to date totalling $8,000 which is more than any other single donor has given. The doctor has frequently expressed his deep interest in the Home and its residents. But he has done better. He has proved it by a series of substantial checks to the treasurer.

The passing of A. F. Rattray Greig, who died recently at Lakeside Hospital, following an attack of acute Bright's disease, removed an old member of the Illinois St. Andrew's Society. He is survived by his widow and daughter, Lucille Greig Huber. Mr. Greig was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1864, and spent several years in Australia and New Zealand before settling in Chicago, in 1880.

Sad and Sudden Death of Ex-Chief John Lang



Ex-Chief John Lang of the Newark Caledonian Club, died of gas poisoning, at the City Hospital, Newark, N. J., August 10, 1920, after being overcome by an accidental escape of gas, while he slept, in his home, Saturday night, August 7. Mrs. Lang, who was taken to the hospital at the same time, will recover. The plight of the couple was discovered after a passerby detected gas fumes issuing from the Lang home.

John Lang was born in Paisley, Scotland, March 5, 1860, and came to America in 1882. For many years he had been employed in a highly confidential position by Tiffany & Company. He became a member of the Newark Caledonian Club, April 1, 1886, and was active in club work until his death. He was elected first chieftain in 1888, and chief, 1893-94, 1901, 1906, 1907. He was very fond of Scottish games and Highland customs and was well-known in New York, Philadelphia and other cities. (An appreciation by an old friend appears on another page).

The funeral services were held at his late home, 815 Mt. Prospect avenue, Newark, Thursday evening, August 12, the Rev. T. A. Moffat officiating, and were attended by one of the largest delegations of Caledonians ever turned out. The interment was at Ridge Lawn Cemetery, Bloomfield, N. J.

The world is vastly poorer by the death of this typical, loyal Scot. He was a frequent caller at the office of THE CALEDONIAN, and every visit was an inspiration.

Newark, N. J.

The regular monthly meeting of the Newark Caledonian Club was held at the club rooms, 48 William street, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday evening, August 4, First Chief-

tain Don presiding. Chief Thomson was kept away on business, but arrived in time for new business. It was a busy night for the First Chieftain, but he covered the ground like an old timer, initiating one candidate, Mr. T. Reid. A communication from the Philadelphia Caledonian Club, to attend the sixty-first annual games of that club, was received and accepted, Chief Thomson and Second Chieftain Huggan to attend same.

The committee on our joint trolley ride to Verona Lake, Saturday, August 28, reported everything in readiness and all looking forward to a good day.

It was also suggested by the club that our good welfare committee be given the club room to hold a Ladies' Night, October 6, 1920, instead of our regular meeting. The chief also reminded his fellow clansmen that November 11, 1920, the date of our second annual supper to our World War veterans would be upon us before we were aware of it, and on a motion it was left in the hands of the executive committee. After the adjournment the Newarkers enjoyed their usual indoor sports and refreshments.

OUR VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON GAMES

Chief Thomson and Second Chieftain Huggan traveled to Philadelphia, Saturday, August 7, to attend the games of the Caledonian Club of that city and were very much pleased with their trip. Both Newarkers were honored with appointments as judges. Miss Agnes Don, daughter of First Chieftain Don of the Newark Club, accompanied the Newark delegation and came home with a second in the Highland fling and a first in the sword dance to her credit. Fifth Chieftain Harry Steward made the trip to Boston, and also put in a very enjoyable week-end.

LADIES' AUXILIARY NEWARK CALEDONIAN CLUB

The last meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary was held August 10, at 478 Broad street, president J. E. Thomson in the chair. The night was a very warm one and the ladies suspended business just in time to welcome the chief and a few of the clansmen who enjoyed a social hour and some iced refreshments, all hands sitting around talking of the coming events. The ladies are working hard for the joint trolley ride they are going to have with the Caledonian Club, and are looking forward to having a good time.

The next meeting of the ladies will be held at the above address on Tuesday evening, September 14. P. C.

Akron, Ohio.

Mr. Thomas C. Henderson, who for several years has represented THE CALEDONIAN in Akron, Ohio, passed away August 3, after nine days' illness, the immediate cause being blood-poisoning from an abcess on his shoulder. The funeral was held by the Masons, Clan Mackenzie and the Bag Pipe Band of Akron, after which the remains were taken to his old home, Niagara Falls, Ontario; where services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. MacPherson, Mr. Henderson's sister.

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(Continued from page 196)

eliminate these functions which have had punitive and strangling effects and adopt a fair and constructive policy which will open railroading to private initiative and enterprise and competition in service, making it an attractive field for capital, and, above all for men of ability and vision."

We have not seen a more searching discussion of our present system of taxation than is here set forth by Mr. Kahn. He clearly exposes the unwisdom of the Excess Profits Tax and also of the Income Tax when it passes the $5,000 mark. In entire good humor and without bias he points out that "the very extreme of the burden laid upon business and incomes by the methods of taxation adopted by Congress in 1917 and since continued, has partially defeated the purposes which the framers of that legislation had in view." It is interesting to note in this connection that Candidate Cox favors a tax on gross sales, which moves the *New York Tribune* to remark that "he might well devote some time to strengthening his knowledge of taxation principles" and to declare that "his reasoning is muddy." But if there is anything muddier than the present system it has yet to be discovered. It is the rare exception when business men and corporation officials do not find it obligatory to employ accountants and attorneys to find out what they owe the government under the Income Tax law and the Excess Profits Act. In comparison it might appear that a tax on gross sales would be a rather simple problem and certainly a more equitable levy. Mr. Kahn covers the subject comprehensively and his sane and constructive views are apt to have profound influence.

Mr. Kahn discusses in other chapters "High Finance," "The New York Stock Exchange and Public Opinion," "The Need for National Efficiency," "The Menace of Paternalism," "Roosevelt and Business," while part three in seven chapters deals with "War and Foreign Relations," and part four in three chapters—"Concerning Art."

Mr. Kahn is a level headed and cheerful philosopher—an optimist. An acute perception of world-wide conditions and of domestic dangers fails to divert this heartening attitude, which is disclosed in every page of his book. He has faith in a better future—faith and vision. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

A Princess of Thule

(Continued from page 226)

age, he went into a neighboring hotel and had some breakfast, after which he crossed the bridge to the station, and took rail for Greenock, where he arrived some time before the *Clansman* made her appearance. He walked down to the quay. The sea gulls circled about, or dipped down on the waters, or chased each other with screams and cries. Then the *Clansman* sailed into the quay, and there was a flinging of ropes, and general hurry and bustle, while people came crowding round the gangways, calling out to each other in every variety of dialect and accent.

(To be Continued)

The Story of Los Angeles

(Continued from page 215)

orange make the air heavy with their delicious perfume.

As I write this paragraph, on a day in the third week in June, Los Angeles is celebrating its industrial week with much pride and some jollity. The most spectacular feature of the whole celebration was the great parade, when more than 450 floats were moved in procession through the main business streets, illustrating the different industries. These took an hour and a half to pass a given point, some 200,000 or more people witnessing the exhibit. Every float had a special interest and value. This combined effort in 1918 produced a total value of $374,246,036, fifty-five different lines of industry contributing to make up this value.

The products of the soil in the territory tributary to Los Angeles, consisting of all kinds of fruits, vegetables, grains and livestock, also make up a total that, to say the least, is surprising, being $130,750,000. Some of the items that go to make up this grand total seem rather astounding. Think of 26,000 tons of walnuts, 6,000 tons of raisins, 27,000 tons of pears, 74,000 tons of peaches, 14,346 cars of oranges! These figures are quoted to give a slight idea of the magnitude of things here, and to show the development of seventy years.

We go to Europe to see the development and the decay of centuries. Here one can see the development of years without the decay, and it seems fabulous.

The Scot in London

(Continued from page 206)

pulsion. He had put too much confidence in Cardinal Wolsey, and the result was banishment from Scotland. The decree led to darkness and disappointment in an acute form, and he readily fell a victim to the plague. His last letter to Wolsey shows he was heartbroken, and his dust sleeps in the Church of the Savoy. He was one of Scotland's classic poets, and his name will ever remain in a prominent position among Scottish men of letters. Another monument to a Scot took the form of an effigy of Sir Robert Douglas, with a little statuette of his wife, Nicola Moray, kneeling over him, but only the little statuette remains, as the monument was mostly destroyed by the fire in 1864.

NEW YORK
OCT. 1920

The Caledonian

(AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE)

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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AT THE TIME of the War of Independence, there were 500 Scottish settlements in the country. The white population of the thirteen colonies is estimated to have been 2,100,000, of which 400,000 were of Scottish blood, more than of any other nationality. They were the prime movers for independence.

ALSO several notable Scots of the United States and Canada have contributed interesting and important articles on various lines in which Scots have excelled. Mr. A. Barton Hepburn has written on *"The Scottish Influence in American Banking and Finance"*; Sir James Alexander Grant on *"Scots in the Exploration, Settlement and Development of Canada"*; Dr. John Huston Finley on *"The Land We Live In"*; Rev. Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie on *"The Scottish Influence On the American Pulpit"*; John Findley Wallace, *"Scots in American Engineering"*; Hon. Charles P. McClelland, *"Scots in American Politics"*; Dr. George S. Carson, Halifax, *"The Makers of New Scotland"*; Malcolm Parsons, St. John's, *"Scots in Newfoundland,"* etc.

THE book is of the greatest value to the friends, relatives and descendants of those appearing in it, *and to patriotic Scots everywhere,* as a means of tracing their lineage to the individuals of this great American-Scottish family of merit and worth. Special attention has been given in the biographies to FAMILY HISTORY and GENEALOGY. The book is not for the present alone, but will increase in value as years go by, as the only reliable source of this historical and geneaological information.

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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Current Events

Domestic

Lady Geddes, wife of the British Ambassador in Washington, and her five children, arrived safely in New York, September 25.

Lord Rathcreedan, Irish peer and M. P., with Lady Rathcreedan, heading a delegation of the British branch of the Sulgrave Institution, founded to promote friendly relations between the people of England and the United States, are visiting in the United States in connection with the celebrations here of the landing of the Pilgrims. The delegation includes Sir Arthur Shipley, vice-chancellor of Cambridge University; Prof. Frederick Foakes-Jackson, of Cambridge; Admiral Sir William Lowther Grant, who commanded the British naval forces in American waters during the war; Sir John Henry Colonel W. H. Edwards, Stanley Udale, head of the British Manufacturers Association; H. S. Perris, secretary of the British branch of the Sulgrave Institution, and George McKinley of the American Luncheon Club of London. They will stay in America six weeks, visiting Albany, Utica and other cities before going to Washington and thence to Mount Vernon. They go to Jamestown early in October to take part in the celebration there of representative government established in America, and later will attend the Mayflower exercises at Plymouth Rock.

Approximately 300,000 boys, 16, 17 and 18 years of age, enrolled September 23, in New York State under the new State military training law. The authorities report that very few failed to register, and that there was little or no disposition to evade the law.

The Rev. P. L. Hooson, Episcopal minister at Stamford, England, arrived recently in America to officiate for the second time at burial services for the son of Dr. J. P. Nichol, of Germantown, Pa. Young Nichol, who was an aviator in the American Army, was in training in England in 1918, when he fell and was killed. Mr. Hooson conducted services held by natives of the place, and the young man's body was placed in a vault. Recently it was shipped to America. The father asked the minister to come for the second services.

Henry Blakeley MacLeod, son of Rev. Dr. Malcolm MacLeod, of New York, was drowned early in September while on a vacation at Eldon, Prince Edward Island.

Clansman Joseph Ferguson of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia, and his guid wife on September 14, celebrated the 45th anniversary of their marriage and received the congratulations of their many friends in the auspicious occasion.

Thirty-seven deaths and more than 300 injuries resulted from the explosion of a huge bomb in Wall Street, September 16. The bomb, which was concealed in a wagon left standing in front of the U. S. Sub-Treasury and directly opposite the offices of J. P. Morgan & Company, exploded at noon, and those killed and injured were chiefly clerks, stenographers and other workers enjoying their lunch hour.

The growth in population of California, 44.1 per cent. from 1910 to 1920, is the largest numerically and relatively of any of the States announced by the Census Bureau. The 1920 population is 3,426,536, and the increase in ten years, 1,048,987.

Rev. Allan Cameron, for twenty-eight years minister of the United Free East Church, Inverness, is visiting the United States and will receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Pittsburgh.

The disturbance raised by Sinn Fein sympathizers on Labor Day in an attempt to break up the annual games of the New York Caledonian Club at Celtic Park, Laurel Hill, Long Island, has resulted in a petition by the Laurel Hill Improvement Association that the Board of Licenses refuse to renew the park's license after October 1st.

Lloyd George contributed a special message to the Mayflower tercentenary number of Whitefield's Signal, the organ of Whitefield's Mission. He says:

"The great adventure undertaken by the Pilgrim Fathers has left a permanent impression on the civil and religious life of the English-speaking peoples of the world. The enterprise, industry and determination with which they surmounted obstacles and overcame difficulties command our admiration. Their achievement in the fight for religious freedom against the forces of intolerance and persecution have earned our undying gratitude.

"There is much to invigorate our hearts and refresh our souls in the recollection of their romantic story."

Canadian

Plans are under way for a six-day campaign to raise $5,000,000 for McGill University in order to recoup it for the losses occasioned by the war and also to make up for the depreciation of the Canadian dollar. The campaign will open Monday, November 15.

Baroness Macdonald of Earnscliffe, widow of the late Canadian premier, Sir John Alexander Macdonald, died in London, September 5.

Susan Agnes Macdonald was created a baroness in her own right in 1891 on the death of her distinguished husband, in recognition of his public services. She was born in 1836, the daughter of the Hon. T. J. Bernard, P. C., of Jamaica, British West Indies, and married Sir John Alexander Macdonald, then premier, in 1867. The family home is at Earnscliffe, near Ottawa, Ontario.

The Canadian Government Merchant Marine has taken over the first of the new large freight carriers built for the Government this year by the Canadian Vickers, Limited. This is the *Canadian Victor*, 8,400 tons gross burden. She is now loading for Liverpool. The first freighter of the new Government line to India and the Far East, the *Canadian Pioneer*, left port early in September.

The Board of Governors of Dalhousie University have appointed John E. Read, barrister, of Halifax, to a professorship in law. Mr. Read is a graduate of Dalhousie. He was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship and studied in Oxford, England, where he graduated B.A. in 1912. In 1913, he received the degree of B.C.L. with first class honors. The Governors have also appointed Walter P. Copp professor of civil engineering.

Another name has been added to the long list of Edinburgh graduates and teachers who now hold chairs in the overseas universities in the appointment of Dr. James Miller, B.Sc., M.D., to the Chair of Pathology in Queen's University, Canada. A son of the well known Edinburgh surgeon, Mr. A. G. Miller, the new professor had a brilliant career as a student. He is Lecturer in Morbid Anatomy in Edinburgh University and Assistant Pathologist of the Royal Infirmary. During the war he rendered valuable service at Craigleith Military Hospital, as he did likewise in the South African War with the Edinburgh and East of Scotland Hospital.

Immigrants are arriving in Canada at the rate of 18,000 a month. About two-thirds of them come from the British Isles and the rest from the United States. During July there were 8,350 British, 3,000 Scotch, 1,000 Irish and 150 Welsh. The majority of the immigrants are finding farms in the west, particularly along the transcontinental highway of the Canadian Pacific Railways.

British

The recent garden fete and flag day i Paisley for funds on behalf of the Alexandr Infirmary, realized more than £3,000.

Lord Breadalbane has announced hi decision to sell Taymouth Castle togethe with 60,000 acres of the estates in the di trict. The original Taymouth Castle, the known as Balloch, was built by the famou seventh laird and first baronet of Glenurchy Black Duncan of the Cowl, in James VI time The present mansion, one of the finest i Scotland, was the scene of a memorabl entertainment of Queen Victoria in 1842.

George Watson's School War Memoria Fund has realized more than £10,000. Th committee have chosen a design by Mr. J. A Carfrae, architect, to be placed at the mai entrance from the playground. This wil cost £3,000. The balance is to be applied t the relief of the widows and dependents o old boys who fell in the war.

Mrs. Munro, wife of the Rt. Hon. Rober Munro, M.P., Secretary for Scotland, died i London, September 5. Mrs. Munro, who wa forty-five years of age, was a daughter of th Rev. J. Llewellyn Evans, the Episcopal min ister of Peebles, and was married to Mr Munro in 1898.

The appeal of the chairman of the Kilmui Parish Council for a sum of about £50 t replace the marble slab which marked Flor Macdonald's grave in Kilmuir Church-yard destroyed by a recent storm, has met wit instant response, some of the contribution coming from the far corners of the world where the memory of the heroine is cher ished deeply as in Scotland.

The headquarters of the Lovat Scouts have been shifted from Beauly to Inverness, thei new address being the Drill Hall, Academy Street.

Dr. J. S. Flett, F.R.S., has been appointed Director of the Geological Survey and Museums, with which he has been connected since 1900, succeeding Sir Aubrey Strachan who retired last month. Dr. Flett is a native of Kirkwall, Orkney; studied science and medicine in Edinburgh, became assistant to Professor James Geikie, and lecturer in Petrology at the university. In 1901, he was sent to the West Indies by the Royal Society, along with Dr. Tempest Anderson, to report on the volcanic eruptions at the Sonfriere.

Since the beginning of the year the Alberta government employment bureaus have placed over 20,000 men and women in positions. Last month, out of 6,141 applications from men and 1,796 from women they were successful in placing 5,480 men and 1,635 women.

The great Canadian National Exhibition, which opened in Toronto, August 20, conducted this year on a more ambitious scale than ever before, has been a notable success in every way

A department of aeronautics has been established by the Imperial College in South Kensington, London, to give effect to the scheme proposed by the Committee on Education and Research in Aeronautics, which held that the Imperial College should become the central school for the study of aeronautical science.

Although the necessary funds have not yet been subscribed, work on repairs to Westminster Abbey have been begun. Even the stone work of the historic buildings has been unable to resist the English climate and is decaying and crumbling. It is estimated that $1,200,000 will be required to make vitally necessary repairs and a public appeal for funds to save the Abbey has been issued. The workmen have started their labors in the Poet's Corner.

Dearer house rents are causing trouble, or threaten to do so, in Glasgow. When rents were sought to be increased in 1915, huge demonstrations were organized, and a crisis was reached when munition workers were summoned for failure to pay. Shortly afterwards the first Rent Restriction Act was introduced. At present an agitation is proceeding against the forty per cent. increase now allowed under the new Act. A largely attended demonstration has already passed a resolution that no rent will be paid, except in those cases where no increase has been demanded.

London has just lost an interesting link with Anglo-American history. The famous mulberry tree at the Mildmay Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, under which the American Declaration of Independence was first read in Britain, has collapsed from old age.

The tree, which held the record for mulberry trees in the London area, though still bearing a large crop of fruit, had been strengthened for years. The heavier ground branches were supported by props and the higher limbs were girded by collars stayed by iron cross-bars.

During their visit many of the Boy Scouts visited the tree and were informed of its history, afterward having their photographs taken beneath its branches.

Many thousands of people will remember the tree, for when the annual Mildmay conferences were held in the large hall it was usual in the afternoons to adjourn to the lawn and continue the discussions under the mulberry tree. Many of the world's great preachers have addressed meetings under its branches, and applications for portions of the tree as mementos are already coming in.

Mildmay is also famous for its deaconesses, who were ministering angels in many of the black spots of the London of Victoria's reign, and from the hospital in the grounds many trained nurses were provided to fill the ranks of the medical missions throughout the world. Time has seen the passing to Keswick of the original conferences, and the buildings and grounds are now owned by the Y. M. C. A. and are used as a training centre.

Major W. W. Carey has presented to Dunbar Town Council a roll of the French troops in garrison at Dunbar Castle in 1553, along with a translation of the details of the roll. A cordial letter of thanks has been forwarded to the donor for this unique addition to an interesting collection. The roll will be hung on the walls of the Council Chambers.

The Scottish Parliamentary Committee of the Independent Labor Party at Glasgow have selected Mr. R. C. Wallhead, chairman of the National Executive, as candidate to oppose Mr. Churchill at Dundee at the next election. J. Gold, of the Scottish Miners' Federation and Friendly Assurance Society, has withdrawn from the Labor candidature for the Peebles and South Mid Lothian Parliamentary Division against Sir Donald Maclean.

The silver medals given by the London Inverness-shire Association have been awarded to Miss Catherine E. Macdonald, Royal Academy, Inverness; and Miss Margaret G. Fraser, High School.

Kenneth Kennedy, gamekeeper, who passed away at Brae Roy, August 26, was eighty-two years of age, and was employed on Sir John Ramsden's estate for over fifty-five years. He was well known in the surrounding district, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

Scots Pictorial is featuring a series of full page illustrations of "Scottish Regiments in the War," from the series of drawings for the Imperial War Museum by A. E. Haswell Miller. The latest to reach us is of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and is most excellent as to composition and detail.

In a small restaurant in Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, in the heart of the city, where a "Fish Ordinary" is served as it was served in 1793, grace is always said before the meal commences, says a dispatch to the New York *Sun and Herald.*

A courtly old man of eighty-six receives the customer at the door and punctually at one o'clock he "takes the chair." When every one is seated this white bearded old man, Mr. Henry Shelton, rises from his seat, raps on the table and says quietly, "Ladies and gentlemen, grace please." Then there is silence, he bows his head reverently and adds: "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful."

When every one is served (he carves the three courses of fish himself) he looks down gravely from his high backed oaken chair, and if you have the honor of knowing him he will raise his glass and drink with you.

At the conclusion of the meal he raps the table again and says: "Ladies and gentlemen, grace, please. For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful."

Every day for twenty-four years he has presided over this table. It is claimed that this is the only restaurant in London where grace is said before and after meals.

The Crief Highland Gathering, August 21, was most successful in both weather and attendance, and the piping and dancing equal to the pre-war standards. Among the distinguished guests were the Earl of Inverness, Sir Eric Geddes and Lord Richard Cavendish.

Revenue of the Australian Government during the last fiscal year exceeded total expenditures by $11,120,000.

John McCormack, the singer, has canceled all his Australian engagements and is leaving immediately for London in order to escape the disagreeable situation which has arisen as a result of the demonstration by part of the audience at a recent concert rising and singing the British national anthem and some of them shouting that Mr. McCormack was a Sinn Feiner.

Mr. George Morrison of Kinlochbervie, has bought from the Countess of Cromartie his own farm of Morefield Cottage and several crofting townships, over 10,000 acres, with good shooting and angling. Mr. Morrison has reclaimed a large extent of wild moorland, which turned out very productive. The Countess of Cromartie has also sold the largest forest of Rhidorroch, near Ullapool, one of the oldest forests in the north, with excellent salmon and trout fishing and two lodges. The new lodge is a palatial house, beautifully furnished, with excellent surroundings.

Two other sales that have attracted wide attention are those of Invergordon Castle and the historic and romantic estate of Ferintosh, on the Cromarty Firth. The Laird of Ferintosh at the time of the Revolution in 1690, was Forbes of Culloden. When Forbes went to Holland on business connected with the defence of "religion and liberty," the Popish faction, in his absence, laid waste his estates, particularly the barony of Ferintosh, and destroyed extensive distilleries, of which it was the seat at the time, and before the introduction of the Excise into Scotland. In compensation for the losses which he had thus sustained in the service of the Government, the Parliament of Scotland, by an Act passed in 1690, farmed to him and his successors the yearly excise of the lands of Ferintosh for the sum of 400 merks Scots subject, as explained by a posterior Act, to a proportion of any additional duties of excise that might hereafter be imposed by law upon the Kingdom. This privilege his successors enjoyed till the year 1786, when the Forbes of that day was compensated to the extent of £21,580. The family's exertions, however, to squash the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 involved them in a debt of over £30,000. Referring to the withdrawal of the privilege, Burns, in his poem, "Scotch Drink," says:

> "Thee Ferintosh, O sadly lost!
> Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
> Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast
> May kill us a' !
> For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
> Is ta'en awa' !"

Egerton Castle, the well known author of novels and plays, died in London, September 17 in his sixty-second year.

The Prince of Wales will be given a royal civic welcome on his return to London. The Prince, who has been sojourning in the British West Indies during September, is reported to be much rested by the sea voyage after his historic visit to Australia and New Zealand.

The next official British census will be taken on the last Sunday in April, 1921, and will include many new features. It is planned to make inquiries concerning the number of people engaged in occupations and in various industries and the movements of the population in going to and from work. These statistics are designed to assist in the handling of various educational, transportation, and general labor questions. It is further intended to ask questions on the matters of dependency, pensions, health insurance, and unemployment insurance.

Current Opinion

"It must now be evident to all thoughtful people that the *Sinn Fein* element in Ireland is not simply struggling for liberty, but for the disintegration of the British Empire and the over-throw of Protestantism, not only in Ireland, but as far as Catholic influence can pursue it. It is reported that the Pope of Rome is catering to the Mohammedans of India in their attempt to over-throw the power of Great Britain in that country. Some of the plots laid to-day are far-reaching and decidedly underground in their method of procedure."—*The Presbyterian*, Philadelphia.

"Nothing has done so much to prevent a just and proper settlement of the Irish question as the false teachings of ignorant zealots on both sides of the ocean. So long as such doctrines prevail neither the Irish matter nor anything else can ever be settled. . . .

"The salvation of the white races, the very hope of the civilization, depends on avoiding great wars in the future. The most terrible and destructive war which could possibly be waged now would be between the United States and the British Empire, each with such large and aggressive population, and such abounding and mighty resources. The end of such a contest, whoever was the victor, would see the victor exhausted and ruined and the civilization of the world, already staggering under the blows of the World War, perhaps irretrievably ruined, or else ruined for a great while to come. Happily a war between these states is nearly inconceivable and the possibility of it need not be seriously considered so long as the furious doctrines of Irish fanatics are received with as little consideration as they have so far obtained. Nevertheless the iniquity of such utterances remains."—Edward R. Turner in the *World's Work* for October.

Our Glasgow Letter

A similar situation to that of the recent Lewis Islanders has arisen in Portskerra, Sutherlandshire, where the ex-service men have taken possession of the sheep farm of Kirkton. They say the Duke of Sutherland and the Board of Agriculture promised the men this farm in 1915, but now the present proprietor, Mr. V. W. McAndrew, refuses access to it. The men have appealed to Sir R. L. Harmsworth, M. P., for Sutherland and Caithness, and he is doing his best to bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion. Meantime the men are sitting tight. It is stated that the Board of Agriculture is entirely responsible for the regrettable consequences, and it does not redound to their credit. The fifty families of Portskerra have to absolutely depend on very scanty fishings and small crofts for a living, and only once during the spring were they able to go to sea. They have asked often for more land, and they state the Duke of Sutherland was prepared to negotiate with the Board of Agriculture to satisfy them. The men say they have a letter from the Board of Agriculture promising this farm they have seized, which comprises some 2,000 acres carrying about 800 sheep.

It is surely a standing disgrace both to the Duke of Sutherland and to the Board of Agriculture that these ex-service men, who so willingly fought for their country in time of need—and to whom such rosy promises were made at that time—should be in this humiliating position of taking compulsory possession of the farm they were promised. There has been far too much of this sort of thing in our country, where land is so plentiful that some of our "noble" landowners don't know what to do with it. Yet these men are treated like paupers and slaves by the country they have paid so dearly to free in the past five years. It is small wonder that what is left of our manhood is emigrating as quickly as possible to our colonies, where every man has a chance to make good in his own independent way.

It is the intention of the Government to deal in the autumn with the question of raising the status of the Secretary of Scotland to that of one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State. This will please Mr. Robert Munro, who holds this post, as financial considerations will be involved. Of course as a matter of justice the importance of this ancient office should be recognized, but when we reflect on the fact that Mr. Munro was at least the tool used for the framing of the new and disastrous Scottish Education Bill, we see but little desire to see conferred upon him any benefits, or to make his position as Secretary for Scotland so desirable that he will wish to hang on to it.

The Highland Agricultural Show, which took place in Aberdeen this year, and is the most important event of its kind in Scotland, came to a close on 23rd July, with an unequalled record of success behind it. Although the weather during the four days' show was anything but good, the attendances were almost abnormal, the total attendances for the four days being 74,185. There were visitors from all quarters of Scotland, and the exhibits were of a very high order. The Paisley Challenge Cup was secured by Mr. A. J. Marshall, Bridgebank, Stranraer, for his two-year-old Inschfield Clipper King, a bull of great substance and smoothness. He was sold during the day for the substantial sum of £12,000 to Mr. Emilo Castres, for exportation to the Argentine. It is expected the show next year will be held in Perth.

Some people are never pleased. It will be remembered the hue and cry that was raised when Edinburgh proposed to annex Leith and Musselburgh, and how very tenaciously Leith and Musselburgh fought for their liberty, but without avail. However, Musselburgh still managed to maintain her independence, and now we learn she is not pleased, and blames Leith for forcing her to stand out. Evidently Musselburgh is in an embarrasing financial state. Her roads need repairing and other financial problems have to be faced, and she wonders where the money is coming from. It will be interesting to await developments.

Glasgow has welcomed enthusiastically the visit of Mr. John Gribbel, of Philadelphia, the donor of the Glenriddell Manuscripts, who is with us at present at St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow. It is ten years since Mr. Gribbel was here before, and he says he sees great improvements in the conditions of our streets, and in the great body of the population. Talking of the Glenriddell Manuscripts, Mr. Gribbel volunteers the information that it was the spirit shown by the City of Glasgow when Lord Rosebery's Committee was organized, and the prompt action that was taken towards keeping the manuscripts in Scotland, that won his admiration. His opinion was that they were exclusively Scottish property, and we will long remember his generosity in gifting them where they belong. The manuscript is in the strongroom of the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, but a reproduction can be inspected by any citizen.

Miss Agnes Husband has just been made a Justice of the Peace for the County of the City of Dundee, a unique honor for a woman. However, she is well fitted for this distinction, as she has been for over twenty years a valuable helper in public affairs, and is popular with all classes.

We notice the death of Mr. John Gilmour, Bart., of Montrave, Leven, who on three occasions, in 1885, 1892 and 1895 unsuccessfully contested East Fife against Mr. Asquith. These were the days when Liberalism held its own against all comers. Mr. Gilmour did much good work, and was Commander of the Fife Light Horse and Fife and Forfar Yeomanry. He was a successful breeder of Clydesdales and also achieved great success as an exhibitor of shorthorn cattle. Lieutenant Colonel John Gilmour, M. P., for Pollok Division of Glasgow, succeeds to the Baronetcy.

The Clyde shipbuilding output for July is encouragingly good. Twenty vessels were put into the water, the total tonnage being 58,000 tons, 24,270 tons more than last month. Last year's output for the same month was 28,134 tons less than this year. The launches for the month mostly include cargo boats, but there is one large passenger boat, *Montcalm*, 16,200 tons, for the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services.

The efforts of Mr. E. Cairns, of Inverness, to supply the people with cheaper sugar, are apparently not going to meet with much success. Mr. Cairns went to London, interviewed the Sugar Committee at the House of Commons, and offered to import sugar to sell at 7d. to 9d. per pound as against the 1s. 2d. and 1s. 6d. being paid at present, if the embargo was lifted. As was expected his offer has been turned down, for no apparently good reason, except that the quantity he could import would not be sufficient to go round. Of course they had to say something to protect their own position as profiteers, but Mr. Cairns has the sincere thanks of all who realize his good intentions, and we hope even now he will not relax his efforts.

Many will regret the death of Lord Polwarth, who has just passed away at his Tweedside estate of Mertoun, at the ripe age of eighty-two. He was a noted breeder of Shorthorns and Border Leicesters, and was known to every tenant farmer in Scotland. He was also a staunch worker for the Church of Scotland, and a liberal giver.

He was captain of the Royal Archers (King's Bodyguard for Scotland) and was of the lineage of Walter Scott of Harden, famous in Border warfare as "Auld Wat." From him Sir Walter Scott was also descended.

The sale of the Closeburn Estate, in Dumfries, recalls to our minds the late Empress Eugenie, as for many centuries this historic property belonged to her family, the Kirkpatricks, one of whom, we are told, completed the work of Bruce when he stabbed the Red Comyn before the Altar in the Church of Whitefriars, Dumfries. The estate fetched somewhere in the neighborhood of £170,000. The late Empress rather prided herself on her Scottish strain, and told a Highland officer, not long ago, that she attributed her longevity and good health to her tenacious strain of Scottish blood.

It has been left to the genius and brain of a humble Scottish miner to design a new colliery hand lamp, for use in colliery repair work, which easily supersedes anything at present on the market. Up till now many of Britain's most authoritive mine experts have extolled the merits of an American Electric Safety Lamp, but this one is far ahead of it. The workman's idea came to him when he was repairing a wet pit shaft. He worked it out and exhibited it to his manager, Mr. John Blake, of Girvan. Although crude, it showed great possibilities under test, and Mr. Blake collaborated with the miner, and thereby helped to improve and perfect it. It was then tested and inspected at the Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh, where it was declared to be a great success, the Station Superintendent declaring that had it been on the market it would have been preferred by him to the American head lamp. Thus encouraged, Mr. Blake and the designer continued their improvements, and now it is announced that Mr. Wheeler and the Safety Lamps Committee, have given the designers authority to introduce the lamp into any mine in Great Britain.

It is a simple arrangement of two parts, an accumulator and the lamp proper, and is constructed of aluminum. The lamp itself weighs three ounces, and the accumulator 4¾ pounds. It is capable of supplying a light of 2½ candle power, and can burn continuously for sixteen hours. For repairers and workmen moving about a colliery this lamp will be especially useful, and the light it gives is reflected back on the working face for a distance of twelve feet.

We mentioned the fact previously that owing to the small encouragement given in Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, classes for the teaching of Gaelic could not be supported, only an odd pupil attending. However, we are glad to see that a move has been made to try and remedy this apathy on the subject, classes having been formed for teachers to be taught the Gaelic. The teacher will then be in the position of imparting her knowledge to the younger generation, and in this way the Gaelic will not be permitted to get into disuse.

At the beginning of August a contingent of the London Scottish set out on a route march across Scotland, starting from Edinburgh and calling at most of the important historical and commercial centres. In Glasgow they were billeted at Maryhill Barracks, and very complete arrangements were made to entertain the men. Their visit to Stirling was perhaps, to many, the most memorable, because of its poignant historical associations, and all the officers and men seemed to be very much impressed. They were keen to see the Field of Bannockburn, and were shown the Borestone, with the Lion Rampant flying at the top of the pole, which marks the spot.

The appearance of these London Scots, in their hodden grey kilts, was truly magnificent, and one look at them was sufficient

proof of their ancestry. Only a Scot, or a descendent of a Scot, knows just how to swing the kilt.

Altogether the route march was voted a great success, blistered feet being practically the only physical complaint. To most of the men the beauty of our grand Scottish scenery was a revelation, although some of them are not strangers to their country, but merely resident in London. Anyhow, those who did not before know their native country, would no doubt go back with an added feeling of pride that they belong to Scotland. If the march inspired that patriotism and love of country, which after all is the backbone of any nation, especially at the present time, then a very good purpose has been served.

The toy industry has, we think, come to stay in Scotland, and will be able to hold its own against German competition. The two Aberdeen factories are in a flourishing condition and full up with orders. We are told the work is of an exceptionally high order, and the designs original and artistic. The difficulty of course, arises in the constant demand for new mechanical novelties, but so far the Aberdeen factories have been able to produce a sufficient quantity. We are confident there is a big future for this new line of business.

Consternation and indignation was felt all over Scotland when Sir Eric Geddes made the announcement on August 9th, that excursion trains would shortly be run in England, but that Scotland would not participate in the concession. When Mr. McCallum Scott, one of our most patriotic M. P.'s, tackled Sir Eric on the subject, and asked him why Scotland was omitted, he replied that it was not a question of nationality, that the Scottish companies could not supply locomotives. Sir Eric surely underestimated our intelligence when he expected us to swallow this explanation without question, as it was difficult to see why railways on this side of the Border should be so short of locomotives, when they were available elsewhere. However, such a dust was raised north of the Tweed that Scotland has now been included, but the fact remains that the original intention was to leave Scotland out, and it is just another warning to keep a strict eye on matters that concern us as a nation, lest they forget, at Parliament Headquarters, that we demand a say in the management of our own affairs, and if we don't get it we will want to know the reason why—like Ireland!

Scotland as a whole is at present "lying low and saying nufin'" like Br'er Fox, and watching how the cat jumps in Ireland; but there is not the slightest doubt there is a growing feeling in favor of Home Rule, which will gather strength as it grows. The Scottish Home Rule Association is certainly doing its bit—in fact it is on both day and night shift—and never misses an opportunity of trying to wake up the apathetic Scot to the clamant need for self government.

On August 6th, at Beaufort, Invernessshire, a Forestry School was opened by Lord Lovat. This marks a new and interesting era in afforestration in the Highlands. Lord Lovat, chairman of Commission said, in the course of his remarks that the Commissioners regarded training schools as of the greatest importance, not only with regard to public but also private forestry schemes. His Lordship spoke of the great need for training men in forestry in a practical way,, and with up-to-date ideas. The Forestry Commission had been looking about the country to establish some eight or eleven schools in the most desirable places. Forestry, he said, was the work without which the country could not live. Last year they had imported £72,000,000 worth of timber, and this year the bill would reach £100,000,000.

GRACE D. WILSON.
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The Scot in London

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, O. M., is an outstanding London Scot, and is held in affectionate regard by all members of the community. He is an old Parliamentary hand, but has always room in his big heart for special claims which affect Scots in London. A busy man in many things, he never adopts hasty or slip-shod methods, and always puts his best into his work. The Royal Scottish Corporation and similar institutions, are indebted to him for the practical help he has never grudged to them, and the nation is no less indebted to him for the work he has ungrudgingly given to its service. He is in his 73rd year, and is the oldest member of the House of Commons in point of actual service, for he entered Parliament as long ago as 1874. Were it not for the three weeks between his rejection in East Manchester and his election for the City of London, he would be the "father of the house."

Another typical London-Scot has passed over to the great majority, and it is a big loss to Scotland in London. Surgeon-General William Gerard Don M. D., has been an outstanding figure in the London-Scottish Community for many years, and he has died

at the age of 85. He took a leading part in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and presided at many of the management meetings: his skill was ever at the service of the Managing Governors, in cases where medical evidence was required, and he was a sympathetic member of the new Applicants' Committee. He was a Past President of the Caledonian Society of London, and was an exponent of Scottish song and story, whose place can hardly ever be filled. His was a unique personality, and he was looked up to with both affection and admiration. General Don was born at Stracathro, Forfarshire on 10th January, 1836, and loved to be known as a "Brechin bairn." After serving as a medical volunteer in the Flagship Duke of Wellington, in the Baltic fleet, and at the battle of Sveaborg in 1855, he took his doctor's degree of medicine at Edinburgh in 1857. Like many others he transferred to the army in 1858 and served in Central India during the Mutiny, and was mentioned in dispatches. During the next twenty-four years he served with units in various arms of the service, and on the staff: for seventeen years he was senior medical officer to the London Recruiting Staff, and retired in 1885. Since then he has been actively engaged in voluntary work connected with the Scottish Community, and with the various Scottish organizations in the metropolis.

Among the many Scottish organizations in London the Orkney and Shetland Society deserves a prominent niche. It was on 29th June, 1819, that five men of good will met at the Star Tavern, Gracechurch street, E. C., and solemnly formed themselves into a committee "with power to add to their number, such of their countrymen and others, who may feel an interest in relieving their fellow-creatures in distress—not confining their views to natives alone, but to all as far as their means of doing good can be extended." The reason for the proceeding was—"taking into consideration the difficulties, privations, and temptations to which natives of Orkney are exposed on their arrival in London, which are much heightened by their simplicity of manners, and inexperience of the world." These were the days of the worst type of land sharks who preyed on the arrivals at the Port of London and many an Orcadian was rescued before he had been, and sometimes after having been robbed of his all. In 1821, the Right Hon. Lord Dundas was elected president, and became an annual subscriber of ten guineas, and it was in accordance with his wishes that Shetland was added to the name of the society. The pressing needs of natives of Orkney and Shetland have been relieved for nearly a century, and the committee are proud of their boast that no worthy case has gone unaided. The society was also a rendezvous for captains, mates, and other ratings of seamen, who found it an admirable clearing house for letters, home news, and remittances, and many reunions took place under the guidance of the committee. In recent years, in addition to keeping up its reputation for benevolence, it has become a rallying centre for the scattered sons and daughters of Orkney and Shetland, resident in, or visiting the metropolis, and every winter social gatherings of various kinds are held to foster sentiment for the homeland, and knit together the wanderers from their native islands.

On May 5th, 1892, the Viking Club was founded as a literary branch of the Orkney and Shetland Society, and became a separate organization. The membership included all interested in Orkney and Shetland. Mr. Alfred W. Johnston was the first honorary secretary, and was largely responsible for extending the club to what it is to-day. The late Dr. John Rae, the Arctic explorer was the first honorary president, and many outstanding names connected with Norse research have appeared, and do still appear, on the roll of membership. The Old-lore series was begun in 1907, under the editorship of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, and there has been a regular quarter issue of *Miscellany and Records* dealing with Orkney, Shetland, Caithness, and Sutherland, which comprises the district of the old Norse Earldom of Orkney and the North.

One of the objects of the Old-lore series is to collect and elucidate the place names of the district, and H. M. Treasury have assisted the work in granting the use of Ordnance Survey maps, while committees have been appointed to collect and tabulate the names. Mr. A. W. Johnston was the actual founder of the club, but Mrs. Johnston has been a valuable co-adjutor. She was hon-convener from 1898, and it was in 1904 that she was elected honorary secretary, and much of the active work of the club is in her hands.

The great Jamboree at Olympia, with its hosts of Boy Scouts from all parts of the globe was right in acclaiming Sir Robert Baden Powell as Chief Scout of the World. It was a great occasion, and every one was sorry that the great show was over so soon. Had it been kept up for six weeks instead of one, it would have been a success all the time. On the last night of the show, Sir Robert ascended the dais, and stood between the flags of the U. K., and U. S. A., while a great company of boys stood round to pay homage to the founder. The Scout's oath was repeated in unison by representatives of twenty-two nations, and when the chief asked them if they would help in the work of reconciling peoples a mighty "Yes" was the unanimous response. The flags were dipped: all was quiet: the Last Post was sounded and a laurel wreath was hoisted on the flagpole to commemorate the Scouts of all nations who fell in the war, and every boy stood at the salute. The band from Denver (Colorado) struck up "Auld Lang Syne" and this universal anthem of friendship was sung by French, Siamese, Canadian, American, Czech, Roumanian, and the representatives of other nations, who linked their arms together, then broke into round after round

of cheering. There was a final big push, the Chief Scout was seized, and hoisted on the shoulders of the banner-bearers, and in triumph was borne round the hall.

Some three hundred Scottish Scouts attended a service at St. Columba's Church before leaving for their homes in the North, when the Rev. Dr. Fleming gave them an eloquent address. The Scottish contingent had been encamped at Richmond, and drove in motor wagons to Knightsbridge barracks, from whence they marched led by their pipers to the church. They made an imposing sight with their beautiful county flags, and their many-hued kilts. Every county in Scotland was represented, and practically every clan tartan was to be seen in the procession. After the service the Scouts mustered in front of the church, and then proceeded on an hour's march through part of the West End and Hyde Park, where they were greeted by huge crowds. Returning to the Church Hall a truly Scottish welcome awaited them, and generous hospitality was provided by friends of the church, organized by Miss Mary Blackwood. A drive in charabancs round the principal sights of the metropolis was part of an earlier entertainment. On Sunday night they returned to Richmond Camp, where they packed up and entrained for Glasgow. They carry with them a handsome cup presented to them by the Chief Scout—for the best display, and it was reckoned the premier trophy. The first prize for piping was won by the Greenock Scouts, and second honors went to the boys from St. Andrews. Scout Laurence Pullar, Perth, won the cup for an essay on kindness to animals, and also received a diploma for his exhibition of stamps. Prizes for wrestling and other items were secured by several of the Scottish contingent. They also carried with them the good wishes of their fellow-comrades of all nations, who in spite of the difficulties of language and customs made friends with all and sundry, and gave them a right royal send-off.

With a view to popularizing the regiment in the minds of Scottish youths who might be contemplating coming to reside in London, a smart contingent of the London-Scottish, under the command of Captain Douglas Lyall Grant, M. C., have had a march in Scotland. "Dougie" as he is always affectionately referred to, is a chip of the old block, as it was his much esteemed father Major W. Lyall Grant, who, twenty-two years ago, organized and commanded the first London-Scottish march in Scotland. "Dougie" joined the regiment in 1909, went to France in 1914, and served with distinction, eventually being appointed one of the landing officers at Boulogne. The senior chaplain of the regiment the Rev. Dr. Fleming, went North with the contingent, and delivered a stirring address at a special service in St. Giles Cathedral, where the Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson gave a hearty welcome to the officers and men. After the service the contingent was hospitably entertained by the Town Council of Edinburgh. The route taken for the march was westward from Edinburgh via South Queensferry, Linlithgow, Polmont, Stirling, Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Doune, Aberfoyl, Strathblane, to Glasgow, where they entrained for London. At every town and village popular and civic welcomes were extended to the officers and men, not only from the old portion of the population, but from everyone down even to the babes, who where held up in their mother's arms to lisp a God-speed to the "Gallant London-Scottish."

On Sunday, November 28th, the annual Scottish Festival Service will be held in St. Columba's Church. The sermon will be preached by the brave French liaison officer, the Rev. Lieutenant L. de Saint Andre, D. S. O., of Tours. M. de Saint Andre—whose name is itself a *Liaison* with Scotland and St. Andrew's Day celebration—was through the whole war as Liaison office between the French and British armies, and as such was present at nearly every big action fought by our troops up to April, 1918. He saw much of the Scottish troops during the war, and was in 1915 attached for some time to the 15th (Scottish) Division, commanded by General MacCracken. He also served under General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston. He was awarded the D. S. O. "for conspicuous gallantry on the 5th of May, 1915. During fighting on Hill 60, communication between Brigade Headquarters and the hill was cut off, and orderlies failed to get through. Lieutenant de Saint Andre volunteered to take a message which he succeeded in doing, and brought back the answer alone under the greatest difficulties, through heavy rifle and shell fire, and areas badly affected by gas, from which the orderly with him became asphyxiated, and he himself suffered greatly."

JOHN DOUGLAS, F. S. A., Scot.
6 St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, London, S. W. 13, England.

The Dead Exile

BY ALEXANDER MCKECHNIE

(For The Caledonian)

Oh, take him back to his dark loch side
And leave him there by the wind swept shore;
His requiem sung by the moaning tide
Shall be softly heard through deep Glenmore.

Oh, let the giant ship gently ride
Over the foaming billows crest.
Bearing him home she will softly glide,
Back, back to the land that he loved best.

And back where the nightbirds eerie cry
Will re-echo through the moonlit glade;
Back there where the winds will softly sigh
Over the grave where his bones are laid.

Then, take him back to his dark loch side
And leave him there by the wind swept shore;
His requiem sung by the moaning tide
Shall be softly heard through deep Glenmore.

Yonkers, N. Y.

The Pilgrim Centenary at Provincetown, Mass.

1620—1920

BY AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL
Author of "Myles Standish, the Man of the Hour," "The Land of the Maple Leaf," etc.

(For The Caledonian)

All roads led to Provincetown for days before the great celebration which took place there on the 28th, 29th and 30th of August, when people came by train, automobile, battleship and passenger boat, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims on American soil, after a stormy voyage of sixty-seven days in the *Mayflower*, just three hundred years ago. While it was Plymouth that they eventually chose as their abiding place, yet Provincetown justly claims her beautiful Cape Cod Bay as their first harbor, where they remained at anchor for five weeks, while Captain Myles Standish and sixteen other explored the land as a possible place of habitation, even though the expedition seemed a hazardous undertaking, for Bradford's history recounts that "The willingness of the persons was liked, but the thing itself, in regard to the danger, was rather permitted than approved." It was also in this harbor that the famous "Compact" was drawn up and signed the day before they made Myles Standish their captain, and the restless little band started out to explore. Here the women came ashore to do their much needed washing, and the present-day picture post cards show every woman bending over a washtub which is hoisted to the required height by being placed on a box or a bench. More than likely they were obliged to wash their clothes on flat stones at the edge of the pond or on the sandy beach, as is done to-day in many parts of Europe. It was here also that Dorothy Bradford, the young wife of William Bradford, who was afterward Governor of the Plymouth Colony, fell overboard and was drowned, and her body never recovered. This is not to be wondered at, for the Bay has a tide of nine feet, and is a vast place to-day as it was then when they recorded that "It is a harbour wherein a thousand sail of ships may safely ride." Her memory is perpetuated, however, for each day the commodious and comfortable passenger boat, *Dorothy Bradford*, arrives from Boston, bringing many a passenger, no doubt, who knows not why the ship is so named, and departing a few hours later with outgoing passengers who have visited this historical town and become familiar with the traditions of the Cape, and perhaps are better posted than those who are newly arrived.

Here, while in the harbor, the first child —Peregrine White—was born. Here also the son of Francis Billington shot off a gun in a cabin in which was stored a quantity of gunpowder, and with many people sitting about, but no one was hurt. It was during their first exploring trip on Cape Cod that Myles Standish and those with him discovered a quantity of Indian corn hidden in the earth, which fortunately, they took back to the ship with them, for they used it for seed the following Spring. It was this corn that was planted over the graves of their dead, (for over half of their number died that first winter from exposure and privation), to conceal from the Indians the fact that their remaining number was so few.

The 1920 Celebration

The celebration began with the arrival on August 27 of the American and French battleships in beautiful Cape Cod Bay—the *Florida*, commanded by Captain P. N. Olmstead, the *Delaware*, by Captain J. T. Tompkins, and the *Ville d'ys* by Captain M. de Ruffi Penteves Gevaudan.

Provincetown was a riot of color, with flags and bunting decorating every house, public building and edifice. The officers and sailors from the three ships soon became part of the throngs of people in the town's one principal street, uniting with visitors and citizens in giving the carnival spirit to this carnival scene. The band concert in front of the Town Hall and the dance within gave ample opportunities for introductions, whether formal or informal seemed unimportant, for the



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR
A descendant of Myles Standish, taken on the steps of the Pilgrim Monument, Provincetown, Mass.

hospitality of the port is the right of all sailor men.

On Saturday, the 28th, the British light cruiser *Constance*, commanded by Captain Edward C. Kennedy, steamed into the harbor and anchored near the U. S. and French warships and received their salutes. She had on board Captain Geoffrey Blake, Naval Attache at Washington, who came to represent British Ambassador Geddes. Not only was there a special meaning in the assembling of the *Florida*, *Delaware* and *Constance*, as will be related later, but opportunity for comparison of these great ships, which represent three hundred years of advancement in knowledge of ship-building, of great wealth with which to produce, of capacity for carrying 1,100 to 1,500 men, ammunition and men to be so trained in firing the ten huge guns on each ship that they came safely through the Battle of Jutland, the *Delaware* having been *nearly* torpedoed twice during the Great War—the comparison, I say, with the dauntless *Mayflower*, with a capacity of 102 souls. But for what are three hundred years given us if not to show just such advancement and achievement as this?

The ships extended a welcome to all visitors, sending their boats every half-hour for passengers, who were shown over the ships from top to bottom, and the school children received a special welcome. On returning from one of the warships to the wharf, I was reminded of those days when the *Mayflower* was anchored there, when Bradford wrote, "Every day we saw whales playing hard by us, of which in that place, if we had instruments and means to take them, we might have made a very rich return, which to our great grief we wanted." Nearly a century later, during the great whaling days, or years, for the whaling industry lasted nearly two hundred years, the Cape Cod whalefisher was the best in the world, and even Nantucket, which was considered the greatest whaling port in the world, frequently sent over to Cape Cod for their experts. But those days have passed and gone; the whaling industry is extinct, and there are no whales in these waters; but I saw a fishing boat alongside the wharf which was hoisting fish by means of a derrick, which were the largest I had ever seen. There were four of them, weighing about 400 pounds each, which had been caught in traps set for any sort of sea denizens that might wander in. They are called horse mackerel, although a better name would be king mackerel for this aristocrat of the sea for whom "might makes right."

During the afternoon a reception to the officers was held at the summer home of Rev. Dr. Mottet, to which the public was invited, and which was largely attended. In the evening the band concert and dance were repeated, the sailors again had shore leave, and the carnival spirit reigned in the moonlight, which turned Cape Cod Bay to a field of richest, rarest gold.

PROVINCETOWN AND MONUMENT

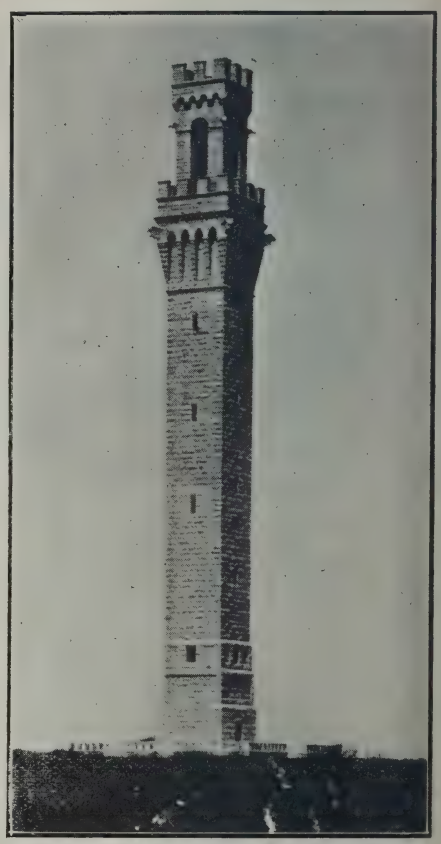
Cape Cod is a narrow strip of land shaped like an arm, terminating in a fist. Provincetown lies on the border of the Bay, on the very "fist" end. There are two long, parallel streets running along the bend of the Bay. Commercial street is the principal business and pleasure thoroughfare, as well as the residence section. It is three miles long, is well macadamized, and has a sidewalk on one side only, in the old-time English fashion. Bradford street is just back of Commercial, but is

not as long. There are several intersecting streets and lanes, some bearing such traditional names as "Standish, Allerton, Priscilla Alden Road, etc. Across the Cape's "fist," which is not wide, the ocean side is made up of extraordinarily high washed-out sand dunes, resembling chiseled cliffs, which are very artistic, for the power of the waves in a storm is tremendous, and their action devastating, and the cliffs rise high to repel their onslaught, and to protect the harbor and town on the far side, which consequently feel their invasion not at all.

On top of Town Hill, about mid-way between ocean and bay, stands the imposing mediaeval tower-like Monument to the Pilgrims. Rising to a height of 252 feet, it dominates the town, the waters of the bay and ocean, and serves as a landmark to mariners far out to sea. An inspiring sight on this evening of the 28th was the illumination of this monument by the searchlights of the ships, and which glorified this hallowed shrine. The flags with which it was decorated from top to bottom stood out in the evening breeze and seemed to wave a welcome to all who were privileged to behold the splendor of the sight.

The saying that "Times change and men change with them," is nowhere more apparent than here in Provincetown, for while the English touched here first, and later a colony of this sturdy race settled this and adjoining towns, yet to-day about two-thirds of the population is Portugese fishermen and their families, and it is a fishing town. Encountering so many of these rich-blooded, dark-hued, foreign-looking people, many of them conversing in their native tongue, and watching them from the old fishing wharfs bringing in their schooners filled with fish, was somewhat of a surprise to many of the *Mayflower* descendants, who had assembled from every State in the Union to do homage to their Pilgrim ancestors. But they found these Portugese people celebrating with them in spirit and in fact, and the flag of Portugal flew on many of the fishing craft by the side of the Stars and Stripes.

On Sunday, the 29th, all of the churches had special services, conducted by eminent Divines from far and near, among whom were Dr. Charles Eaton and Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York; Dr. Ellis, of London; Bishop John W. Hamilton, of Washington; Dr. Alexander Mann, of Boston; Dr. Charles W. Wendt, and the Rev. John L. Sewall, pastor of the Pilgrim Church, around which the greatest interest of the morning centered. The original church was built in 1714, and it is the oldest in the town. Part of the congregation on this occasion came from Truro in the costume of three hundred years ago, the men wearing burnished corselet over the Pilgrim costume, and carrying guns on their shoulders; while the women wore the flowing skirts, crossed kerchief and caps of those days, and sang as they marched into church. The pastor's sermon was a fitting tribute to the occasion. There were afternoon services in the Town Hall, and in the evening a union meeting in which most of the visiting clergy took part.



PILGRIM MEMORIAL MONUMENT
Provincetown, Mass.

Exercises were held in the afternoon by the National Society of Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution at the tablet marking the spot where the first landing was made, and the first exploring party started through the woods of "oak, pine, sassafras, juniper, birch, holly, ash and walnut," but to-day there are no trees of any consequence or quantity. There were two descendants of Myles Standish (besides myself) present, also descendants of John and Priscilla Alden, which gave a romantic atmosphere to the occasion.

Captain Tompkins of the *Delaware* entertained the official party unofficially during the afternoon, which was comprised of Mr. John A. Stewart, chairman of the Sulgrave Institution; Minister of the Netherlands M. de Beaufort; New York State Historian Dr. James Sullivan; Mrs. George Maynard Minor and Mrs. James L. Morris, President and Vice-President-Generals, respectively, of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mr. Pugsley, ex-President-General of the Sons of the American Revolution; Major and Mrs. Louis L. Seaman, President Emeritus of the China Society of America, and others, including the writer.

Parade and Formal Exercises

Monday, the 30th, was the crowning day the celebration, and the weather proved ideal for the carrying out of the open air program, which began with a parade comprised of floats representing the ship *Mayflower,* the Arts, the First Thanksgiving, the Signing of the Compact, and a very beautiful float with 800 red poppies on a field of white, representing Flanders Field. The artists who summer in Provincetown took an active part, and the men of the artists' organization known as the Beachcombers were painted and dressed as bloody pirates. The women artists, or Sail Lofters, were dressed as Pilgrim Mothers. The parade was headed by the marines and sailors from the *Florida* and *Delaware* and the deputy sheriffs. There were several bands, automobiles with delegates of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Colonial Dames and three filled with the descendants of Stephen Hopkins. Many school children marched in the procession.

In the reviewing stand were Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby and his staff, who arrived on board a U. S. destroyer; Lieutenant-Governor Channing H. Cox and staff; Congressman Joseph Walsh; Captain P. N. Olmstead of the *Florida*; Captain J. T. Tompkins of the *Delaware*; Captain Gevaudan of the *Ville d'ys*; Captain Geoffrey Blake of the British Embassy; Captain E. C. Kennedy of the British cruiser *Constance*, and Mrs. George Maynard Minor of the D. A. R.

Following the parade, there were patriotic exercises at the Monument of the Pilgrims. At present the monument is reached by a narrow street running out of Bradford street, which broadens as it winds around to the ocean side of the monument, which is on the highest point of land, and from which the view of the Bay is worth going many miles to see. On account of the high sand dunes, the ocean is only visible from the top, or from the windows on the way up. This historic Memorial Monument, for which the cornerstone was laid in 1907 by President Roosevelt, was dedicated by President Taft, amid impressive naval display and salute of guns in 1910, and now in 1920 was the scene of great tributes from other great men, whose sentiments echoed those of President Taft, when he said, "Governor Bradford, Elder Brewster, Captain Myles Standish are the types of men in whom as ancestors, either by blood, or by education and example as citizens, the American people may well take pride."

Secretary Colby brought the greetings of the President of the United States and said in part: "The United States needs the faith, simplicity and devotion of the Pilgrim Fathers. Civil and religious liberty are never permanently won. No one ever enjoys them who does not win them himself. Let each erect in his own heart a shrine to the heroic women and dauntless men who planted the blessed influence of Liberty. Provincetown is one of the world's greatest shrines, and we are celebrating here one of the world's greatest anniversaries. Here on this little wind-swept knoll, let each consecrate himself anew to the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Lieutenant-Governor Cox brought greetings from Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts, and delivered a splendid address.

Captain Geoffrey Blake represented the British Ambassador, and after paying a

tribute to the Pilgrims, said: "Strange to say, a happy chance has brought together three units of the Grand Fleet. You will remember that the *Florida* and the *Delaware* were two of the ships belonging to Admiral Rodman's squadron, which joined the Grand Fleet in the North Sea in the Fall of 1917, and became the famous Sixth Battle Squadron, and the British light cruiser *Constance* was one of the light cruisers which took part with them in their operations. I was privileged to serve in the Grand Fleet throughout the war, and when we were about to face our third winter in those cold northern mists, there stole in on us one bleak November day that gallant squadron with the Stars and Stripes showing bright against the dark clouds. It was a wonderful and inspiring sight. We then not only knew, but had before our eyes the fact, that your great power and spirit had joined us. And to-day as we look back on those times of strife and anxiety, it almost seems as if the spirit of those Pilgrim Fathers came back once more to us in those storm-swept ships. To us in the Navy, those things can never be forgotten—they are mile-stones in our lives, and in these times of grave unrest the remembrance of our joint endeavor stands out as a beacon to guide us on together—a beacon which pray God may never grow dim."

Dr. William H. de Beaufort, the Netherlands Minister, brought greetings from the Queen of Holland, and delivered a historical address linking the Pilgrims with his own land, where they sojourned for so many years, and from which place they departed to found their colony in the New World.

Mrs. George Maynard Minor, President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, had as her theme the Pilgrim Mothers. The following extract from her fine historical address shows the timeliness of it: "The Pilgrim Mothers did their full share of the work in their little State, but they had no part or parcel in the Compact. History makes but little mention of them, yet they helped to discover a world and to found a nation. Almost exactly three hundred years later women have entered upon their full measure of citizenship. They are now part and parcel of the government that their foremothers helped to establish. In all the intricate activities they have a full share. But with these rights have come vast responsibilities. The modern woman needs all the high qualities of the Pilgrim Mothers. The spirit of these women must live again in ourselves if we are to do our full duty toward the State—if we are to preserve and build up our homes and guard our children as they did when this land was a wilderness. These three hundred years have seen the gradual emancipation of women from the condition of mere chattels to that of human beings having equal rights to life, liberty and property under the law, and a voice at last in their own government. It remains to awake to a full realization of the duties that these privileges involve. Like the Pilgrim Mothers, we must be filled with the same spirit of service to the common cause, the same faith, courage and unselfish devotion that led them into a strange world and enabled them to build the homes that they have transmitted to us to preserve.

The Rev. Dr. Carter, of Brooklyn, had as his subject "The Pilgrims and Constitutional Liberty," and in closing said: "In the Name of God, Amen! Pilgrims and Progenitors! Aye—successors and descendants! We call you all to witness this day that we are signing a new Compact of freedom, of human rights and liberty to all. Inspired by you, O Pilgrim Fathers, and anxious to leave a similar heritage to you, O, our descendants, we pledge ourselves to smite injustice with a rod of iron; to bring order from disorder and cosmos out of chaos; to help the weak, deliver the oppressed, and make self-government possible to all. And as proof that we do not take these vows too lightly, and are not going forward in our own strength, but in the strength of the Almighty, most solemnly and reverently do we say—as did you of old, and as we trust you of the future will in your own high time and day: 'All this will we do In the Name of God, Amen'."

The remarks of Captain Gevaudan although in French, were warmly applauded.

Perhaps the most stirring part of the program was that of Dr. John H. Finley President of the New York State University and Commissioner of Education. After his very able address, he announced that

in the canteen which he carried he brought water from the River Jordan, obtained when he entered Jerusalem with General Allenby, which he would present to the Pilgrim Church. Its pastor, Rev. John L. Sewall, stepped forward, holding the ancient baptismal font made of pewter, from which many of the Pilgrim descendants have been baptized. Into it Dr. Finley poured the precious water from the river in which our Saviour was baptized. In accepting it, Dr. Sewall said:

"I thank you, honored sir, in behalf of that organization in our community which still perpetuates among us their faith and life, and I promise you that this water, mingled with that from the spring in yonder valley where first the Pilgrims drank the water of this new land, shall be used hereafter in consecration of the sons and daughters of true Pilgrims of to-day and to-morrow to the Pilgrims' faith and service."

In the evening a banquet was given at the Gifford House by the Sulgrave Institution, which was attended by the Tercentenary Committee, officers of the fleets, delegates of patriotic societies and guests. Mr. John A. Stewart, the Sulgrave Chairman, proposed the four-fold toast, "The President of the United States, the King of Great Britain, the President of France, and the Queen of Holland," and in his most genial manner introduced the speakers, who were Minister of the Netherlands M. de Beaufort, Captain Blake of the British Embassy, Captain Kennedy of the *Constance,* who spoke of the impressiveness and location-determining qualities of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument to ships at sea; the captains of the American and French ships, New York Historian Dr. James Sullivan, who spoke on "The Immigrant"; Miss Ethel Armes, who told of Community Center Works, and Mrs. James L. Morris, Vice-President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, followed by the benediction by Rev. Dr. Mottet.



LEFT TO RIGHT—Second from left, Captain P. N. Olmstead, captain of the *Florida;* Captain Geoffrey Blake, Naval Attache at Washington; Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby; Netherlands Minister, William H. deBeaufort; and John A. Stewart, chairman of the Sulgrave Institute.

The three days' celebration, under the direction and co-operation of the Provincetown Tercentenary Committee and the Sulgrave Institution, closed with a ball to the officers of the fleets, held in the Town Hall, and fireworks in Town Hall Park. Provincetown had performed a patriotic duty and paid loyal tribute to the forefathers in a worthy celebration, and had welcomed to her midst liberty-loving descendants and participants from every State of the Union, and from all lands, who had made this a pilgrimage to do homage at the Pilgrims' shrine.

The next morning the ships sailed away amid clouds of smoke, and the fishing boats in large numbers, which had withdrawn to make room for the battleships, closed in, and the Bay resumed its wonted appearance, but one of such charm that it is not difficult to understand why one meets artists with easel, camp-stool and palette of paints at every turn. In fact, as the sun sinks to rest it tinges the skeleton masts of the schooners with a deep orange, making them stand out in the gathering twilight as though brilliantly painted, and producing an effect utterly indescribable, which is undoubtedly unportrayable on any canvas.



A Wee Bit o' Heather

BY EMELIE M. CONNAL

(For The Caledonian)

'Tis juist a wee bit heather,
But it brings sweet thochts tae me
Of scenes o' hame and loved anes
Far, far ayont the sea.
Though in distant lands I wander
Frae Auld Scotland's dells sae free,
'Tis this bonnie bit o' heather
That wakes memories sweet o' thee.

Heather bells, oh waft your sweetness
Ower the michty main tae me,
Fill my longing eyes wi' gledness
Ever are my dreams o' thee.
And when the gloaming turns to darkness,
And I thy beauty may not see,
Wee bit heather, bear your sweetness,
Through the Vale of Peace for me.

Clan MacAuley and Its Chiefs

Clan Badge: Cranberry *(Muileag)*; or Scotch Fir (*Giuthas*).

The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the MacAulay Tartan are: Macaulay, MacPhedron, MacPheidiran.

The Arms of the Clan is: Red, two silver arrows in saltire, surmounted by a fess checky silver and red, between three gold buckles.

Crest: An antique boot, couped at the ankle, with a spur thereon proper.

Motto: Dulce periculum.

Very considerable doubt exists as to the origin of the MacAulay clan. The name might suggest descent from a Norwegian source, as it might mean "Son of Olaf," and the situation of the ancient stronghold of the chiefs, Ardincaple, at the mouth of the Gareloch in Dunbartonshire, might be used to support this theory. A similar sea-eyrie, Dunollie, near Oban, on the Argyllshire coast, is said to have been the "Fort of Olaf." Ardincaple is perhaps rather far up the Firth of Clyde to have been a fastness of the bold Norse conquerors who built the castles of Rothesay and Dunoon, but this fact is not conclusive against the suggestion. Another theory regarding the origin of the name MacAulay—as of Dunollie—is that it was derived from "ollamh," a physician. But whatever may be the resources of a Harley Street specialist at the present day, it is extremely unlikely that medicine man of the Highlands in the time of Somerled or Hakon, or even Robert the Bruce, would be able to build himself a stronghold like either Dunollie or Ardincaple.

The favorite tradition of the MacAulays themselves is that they are a branch of Clan Alpin, and therefore kin to the MacGregors. The only evidence in support of this idea, however, is the action of MacAulay of Ardincaple in 1591 and his descendant in 1694. In the former of these years the chief signed a bond of manrent with MacGregor of Glenstrae, in which he acknowledged himself a cadet of the MacGregor family, and agreed to pay Glenstrae the "calp," or tribute of cattle, in token of his superiority. And a century later, in 1694, in a similar bond to Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreac, the MacAulay of that time acknowledged the same descent from the House of MacGregor.

It looks, however, as if rather much reliance had been placed on these statements. The chief of 1694 seems merely to have copied the statement of his predecessor of 1591, and there is considerable reason to believe that the earlier statement may have been made for other reasons than mere zeal to elucidate a Highland genealogy. In 1591 the MacGregors were threatening to make things more than uncomfortable for their neighbors on the shores of Loch Lomond, Gareloch and Loch Long. They secured the alliance of the MacFarlanes of Arrochar, and it was possibly only to protect himself from their vengeance that MacAulay in 1591 found it prodent to sign the bond of manrent. He escaped, at any rate, from the fate which befell his neighbors, the Colquhouns. In the following year the MacGregors and MacFarlanes raided Colquhoun's lands, shut the chief up in his castle of Bannachra, and, aided by Colquhoun's servant when lighting his master up a stair, shot him dead through a loophole. Eleven years later, the MacGregors, in still greater force, again raided the lands of Luss, defeated the Colquhouns with great slaughter in Glenfruin, and destroyed all the Colquhoun possessions.

From such attacks the bond of manrent saved MacAulay and his lands of Ardincaple on the other side of the hill. The action of the Government of James VI which followed, seems to have recognized the fact that MacAulay, in signing the bond of manrent with MacGregor, had merely done so under *force majeure*, for, while MacGregor was executed and his clan proscribed, Sir Aulay MacAulay of Ardincaple and his clan were exempted from retribution.

For this exemption, according to Skene, MacAulay was indebted to the protection of the Earl of Lennox. The fact may be taken as evidence of a very different origin of the clan. Joseph Irving in his *History of Dunbartonshire*, states that the surname of the family was originally Ardincaple of that ilk. "A Celtic deriva-

tion," he says, "may be claimed for this family, founded on the agreement entered into between the chief of the clan Gregor and Ardincaple in 1591, when they describe themselves as originally descended from the same stock, 'M'Alpin of auld'; but the theory most in harmony with the annals of the house (of Ardincaple) fixes their descent from a younger son of the second Alwyn, Earl of Lennox." Alwyne or Aulay was a common Christian name in the Lennox family. The second and third of the early race of earls bore this name. The MacAulays, further, repeatedly appear in the deeds in the Lennox chartulary, and their relations with that house appear to have been fairly personal and close. If, as seems likely, they were really cadets of the Lennox family, they would claim kinship with James VI himself, who was the actual head of that house, and this would largely account for the fact that they escaped prosecution after the battle of Glenfruin, when their quondam allies, the MacGregors, were being everywhere relentlessly hunted down.

Another clan proved by undeniable documentary evidence to be descended from the Lennox family was that of MacAulay's neighbors, the MacFarlanes, who in similar fashion were coerced into an alliance by the MacGregors, and similarly escaped punishment after Glenfruin.

As if to show more unmistakably that the statement of kinship with the MacGregors inserted in the bond of manrent of 1591, was no more than a convenient fiction, Sir Aulay MacAulay, when the MacGregors were proscribed for their evil deeds, was one of those who took up their prosecution with most energy.

In view of all the facts, it would seem that the tradition attributing the origin of the house of Ardincaple to a younger son of an Earl of Lennox has the chief weight of evidence on its side. In any case the family was of consequence as early as the thirteenth century, for the name of Maurice de Arncaple appears on the Ragman Roll. Nisbet (vol. ii. appendix, p. 35) in his *Historical and Critical Remarks* on the Ragman Roll, states that MacAulay was not adopted as a surname till the time of James V. Alexander de Ardincaple, son of Aulay de Ardincaple, then adopted it as more suitable for the head of a clan than the feudal designation previously borne, of Ardincaple of that ilk.

Sir Aulay MacAulay, of the time of the battle of Glenfruin, died in December, 1617, and was succeeded by his cousin-german, Alexander. This chief's son, Walter, was twice sheriff of Dumbarton. The sheriff's son, Aulay MacAulay, though a member of the Episcopal Church, was by no means a Jacobite, but on the contrary, at the Revolution in 1689, raised a company of fencibles for the cause of William and Mary.

It was with this chief that the decline of the family began. He and his successors, as a result of their extravagant habits, were forced to part with one possession after another, till every acre of their once great territories was gone. Aulay MacAulay, twelfth and last chief, sold his roofless castle to John, fourth Duke of Argyll, and died a poor man about 1767.

Meanwhile, early in the eighteenth century, forced to migrate, probably by the impoverished state of their chief, a number of MacAulays settled in Caithness and Sutherland, while others passed into Argyllshire, where some of their descendants were afterward known by the name of MacPheideran. A number also migrated to Ireland, where their chief owned the estate of Glenarm in Antrim. Already, however, at an earlier date, another tribe of emigrants from Garelochside had moved further afield. It was from this race that the chief distinction of the clan was afterwards to come. Settling at Uig, in the southwest of Lewis, they engaged in constant feuds with the Morrisons of Ness at the north end of the island. In the days of James VI, when the Fife adventurers settled at Stornoway, in the first of those attempts to bring prosperity to the Lewis, of which the attempt of Lord Leverhulme is the latest example, an outstanding part in the strife that ensued was played by one of these MacAulays. This individual, known as Donald Cam, from his blindness in one eye, was renowned for his strength. His son, "the Man," or Tacksman, of Brenish, has had his feats commemorated in many songs and tales. His son again, Aulay MacAulay, was minister successively of Tiree and Coll and of Harris. Of the minister's six sons, five were educated for the ministry and one

(Continued on page 288)

The Settlement of Perth Amboy and East Jersey by the Scots

BY EX-CHIEF D. M'GREGOR
Perth Amboy Caledonian Club

(For The Caledonian)

Three distinct and definite attempts have been made to establish Scottish Colonies in America, the first in the Island of Nova Scotia, in 1622, under the direction of Sir William Alexander, first Earl of Stirling; the last in Darien, Isthmus of Panama, in 1698, at the instance and under the guidance of William Patterson, founder of the Bank of England. Both were failures, the latter being a disastrous one, both as to loss of life and treasure. Between these two, both in order of time and location, was the New Jersey settlement under the auspices of the Proprietors of East Jersey, in 1683-5, during the closing period of religious persecution in Scotland known as the Covenanting times.

William Penn and eleven other Quaker associates purchased East Jersey from the executors of the estate of Lord George Carteret, the original owner. Each of these twelve Proprietors sold one-half of their share, making twenty-four Proprietors in all, each holding one 24th share of the Province, among whom were James, Earl of Perth; John, Earl of Melfort; George, Viscount Tarbet; Robert Gordon of Cluny; Robert and David Barclay of Urie, and Gawen Lawrie, all prominent Scotsmen, and some of these men of "high prerogative" in the Kingdom.

As Penn and his Quaker associates were deeply concerned in the development of West Jersey and Pennsylvania as English Colonies, it was tacitly agreed that East Jersey should become a Scottish settlement, and with that end in view the Proprietors appointed as Governor of that Province, Robert Barclay of Urie, who was to the Scottish Quakers what William Penn was to those of England. He and his Scottish associates proceeded at once to carry out this plan.

The First Settlement

They chartered the ship *Exchange*, James Peacock master, which sailed from Leith on August 10, 1683, with the first consignment of about sixty settlers, including men, women and children, in charge of David Barclay, youngest brother of the Governor, along with the necessary provisions, live stock and farming utensils to the value of about $5,000. After a sixteen weeks' voyage, they landed at Perth Amboy about the middle of December, and made their homes in the three or four houses already built for their reception by Thomas Rudyard and Samuel Groome, the Proprietors' representatives, who had come out a year earlier as Secretary and Surveyor-General, respectively, and who were instructed to lay out a new capital on Amboy Point.

Gawen Lawrie arrived about the same time as David Barclay, and assumed the duties of Deputy Governor, to which office he had been appointed by his fellow countryman, Governor Barclay; he in turn appointed his son-in-law, William Haig, to be Surveyor and Receiver-General of the Province, filling a vacancy occasioned by the death of Samuel Groome.

Lawrie not being satisfied with the town plan as laid out by Groome, had it changed, under the supervision of William Haig, and probably at his suggestion; the plan they adopted being based on the original plan of Philadelphia, in the laying out of which Haig had an active part as one of the Commissioners sent out by Penn to put in effect his scheme for the colonization of Pennsylvania.

William Haig was born at Bemersyde, on the banks of the Tweed, and was of the same family from which is descended the illustrious Sir Douglas Haig, now Earl Haig of Bemersyde, who so gloriously and victoriously led the British forces as their Commander-in-Chief in the great World War.

The Name "Perth Amboy"

In order to emphasize the Scottish character of the settlement, Lawrie was

instructed to name the intended Capital of the Province New Perth, in honor of the most prominent of the Scottish Proprietors, the Earl of Perth, while at the same time it commemorated the name of Scotland's ancient Capital, where the Kings and Queens of Scotland were wont to be crowned on the royal throne of Scone. Common usage, however, associated the original Indian name of the locality, "Amboge" (Amboy) with its given name, and it gradually became better known as Perth Amboy, a name which was officially confirmed when Governor Robert Hunter, a native of Ayrshire, granted to it its City Charter in 1718, making it the first city of the State of New Jersey.

The year 1684 saw a large influx of Scottish settlers; at least two ships are on record as having arrived from Scotland bringing with them over 290 souls, among whom were many younger sons of prominent Scottish families, including Thomas and Charles Gordon of Straloch, Robert and Thomas Fullerton of Kinnebar, James Johnston of Spotswood, John Barclay of Urie, John Forbes and Andrew Alexander, who had been induced, largely through the influence of Robert Barclay, to take an interest in the Province by the purchase of fractional shares thereof.

So strongly did this opportunity appeal to Scottish people of means that before a year was over, one-half of the Proprietary interests passed into their hands by purchase from the English Proprietors, and by the year 1687 at least fifty Scotsmen owned fractional shares in the Province. Many of these cast their lot with the country and became planters therein, not only on account of the prospects of material benefit that might accrue to them, but also and more particularly on account of the civil and religious freedom guaranteed to them by the Proprietary Government, which had been denied them in their homeland.

Lord Neil and Archibald Campbell

The following year, 1685, known as the "killing time" in the annals of Scottish history, saw the accession of King James VII to the throne of Scotland, in opposition to whom the Earl of Argyle led an unsuccessful rebellion, in which he was captured and beheaded at the Edinburgh Cross. Many of his followers suffered a like punishment, while others were forced to flee the country for safety. His brother, Lord Neil Campbell and Lord Neil's son, Archibald, were among those who found it to be to their best interests to migrate to East Jersey, where he, in partnership with Robert Blackwood of Edinburgh, had purchased one-half of one full share of the Province. He secured passage for himself, his son and over fifty of his clan and friends, and landed at New Perth early in November, 1685. The Proprietors, thinking to add prestige to the Colony, appointed him to replace Gawen Lawrie as Deputy-Governor, which position he assumed in October, 1686, and built a home for himself on Water street, Perth Amboy, where he resided with his son during his term of office, which was, however, short. He was succeeded by Colonel Andrew Hamilton of Edinburgh, who later became the first Postmaster-General on this continent, and was the last of the Governors of New Jersey under the Proprietory Government.

In anticipation of the Argyle rebellion, of which he had been secretly informed, King James had ordered all the Covenanting prisoners who filled the jails of Glasgow, Stirling, Edinburgh and Leith to be removed to Dunotter Castle in Kincardineshire, where they suffered the tortures of the Whig vault, Scotland's Black Hole of Calcutta, for three months, until the excitement of the rebellion had subsided, when they were brought back to Leith and there offered their freedom on condition that they acknowledge the King's authority as supreme in matters spiritual as well as temporal; this the most of them refused to do, choosing rather the alternative of a life-long banishment from their native land, with all that separation from friends and kindred meant to those humble, honest, strong-minded men and women, in spite of which they bravely stuck to the principles for which they had fought and suffered, undauntedly adhering to the Covenant which they had signed with their own blood.

The Covenanters

Among those released from prison at that time was George Scott of Pitlochie, Fifeshire, a son of Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, who had been confined to Bass Rock prison for a period of five years, on account of his Covenanting activities, and was given his freedom on condition that he deport himself and family to the American

Plantations.. After carefully investigating the various colonies then established on this continent, that of East Jersey seemed best to him, and accordingly he decided to go thence; at the same time he conceived the idea of providing means for many of his fellow countrymen, who were in a similar position as himself, to go along with him, and chartered the *Henry and Francis* to transport himself and all those who cared to cast their lot with him. About 200 took advantage of this opportunity, including about 100 of the Dunnotter prisoners, who were *given* to him by the Government. They sailed from Leith on September 5, 1685, but were not long on the briny deep when a malignant fever broke out among them, and their weakened condition, due to the trials and tribulations they had passed through, rendered them easy victims of that malady, to which about sixty of them succumbed, and were consigned to a watery grave, including George Scott and his wife. The sad, sick and weary survivors of this voyage landed at Perth Amboy late in December, 1685, and were taken care of as best they could by their fellow countrymen of that town, and by the kind-hearted people of the adjoining town of Woodbridge.

Dr. John Johnstone, of Edinburgh was a passenger on this boat. On the death of George Scott, his father-in-law, the care of his fellow passengers fell on his young shoulders. He became an active and influential man in the public affairs of the Province and in New York. He was Mayor of New York City for six consecutive years, was Judge of the Supreme Court of East Jersey, and Speaker of the General Assembly, and was also one of the grantees of the City Charter of Perth Amboy and the Charter of the Saint Peter's Episcopal Church of that city.

The Rev. Archibald Riddell, a noted Covenanting preacher, and one who had suffered imprisonment for the cause, was also among the passengers on that ill-fated ship, and later became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Woodbridge; another passenger was James Dundas, son of Lord Dundas of Arniston, who was exiled for his faith, and who later married Janet, the daughter of Pastor Riddell of Woodbridge. They settled in Perth Amboy, where they resided on Smith street. After his death his wife and son, Robert, returned to Edinburgh, the latter becoming a merchant of that city, and was father of General Sir David Dundas, to whom the British Army is indebted for its first codified system of military tactics, and who became its Commander-in-Chief. Thus, while Edinburgh has the right to claim this military genius as its son, Perth Amboy has equally the right to claim him as its grandson.

The early history of Perth Amboy is thus closely identified with two of the noted Scottish families which have given distinguished leaders to the British Army, who have added so much to its efficiency and prestige.

Perth Amboy is also identified with another noted family which has figured, and is presently figuring, prominently in the arts of peace; Lord Thomas Drummond, great grandson of the first Earl of Melfort, one of the original Scots Proprietors of East Jersey, came out in 1768 to look after the family estates in Perth Amboy and elsewhere in New Jersey, and while here was elected the twelfth President of the St. Andrews Society of New York. He made persistent but ill appreciated efforts to bring about peace between Great Britain and the American Colonies in the early stages of the American Revolution. Another member of that family, Sir Eric Drummond, the present heir-apparent to the title of Earl of Perth, was on the motion of President Wilson appointed Secretary-in-Chief of the League of Nations.

The East Jersey Proprietors

In the year 1685 the East Jersey Board of Proprietors was established, consisting of the sixteen Proprietors or their Proxies then resident in the Province, who were all Scotsmen, excepting Rudyard and Warne, who were Englishmen. This body still exists and has its headquarters in Perth Amboy, the oldest organization of its kind in America.

While some of these early settlers continued to reside in Perth Amboy, many of them settled in plantations in the adjoining counties of Union, Middlesex, Somerset and Monmouth. The first of these plantations were located along the banks of Cedar Brook, extending from South Plainfield to Scotch Plains, among the owners of which were the Gordons, Fullertons, Forbes, Barclays, Cameron, Laing,

Frost, Campbell, Burnett and Alexanders.

Along the upper reaches of the Raritan River in Somerset County, plantations were taken up by Lord Neil Campbell, Earl of Melfort, John Campbell, Colonel Andrew Hamilton, James Dundas, Sir John Dalrymple, William Aickman and Rev. Archibald Riddell. On the South River, farms were laid out for Gawen Lawrie, Robert Burnett, T. Fullerton, C. Gordon, Robert Gordon, J. Forbes, Robert Hardie, R. Barclay and David Mudie. But by far the larger number settled on the fertile plains of Monmouth county, extending from the Raritan River south to Freehold, where they established the towns of New Aberdeen (now Matawan), Wickatunck, Toponemus and Freehold.

The First Churches

The first of the settlers being of the Quaker faith, it is natural to find that they were the first to have a place of worship in that territory. Their meeting house was located at Toponemus, about two and a half miles south of the present village of Wickatunck, it later becoming the meeting house of the Episcoplians, and, as was the custom, their burying-place was on the same plot surrounding the church. This church was later removed to Freehold, where it still serves the purpose, and bears the name of St. Peter's Episcopal Church.

The old Toponemus burying-ground was used as a place of interment as late as 1867; its gravestones are buried in the deep shadows of a dense wood and overgrown with weeds and brushwood, where with some difficulty we can pick out the last resting places of some of those early Scottish pioneers, such as John Reid, overseer of the first band of settlers who came out on the ship *Exchange*, along with those of his wife, daughter and son-in-law, John Anderson, who became President of the Governors' Council, and was at his death Acting Governor of the State.

The large influx of Covenanters brought about the early establishment of a Presbyterian Church, which was located about a mile and a half due north of the Toponemus Church, and about a mile to the south of Wickatunck, where they also had a burying-ground which is now known as the "Old Scots" grave-yard, and was used as a burial place until about forty years ago. It was in this church that the first recorded ordination of a Presbyterian minister in America took place, that of the young Scotsman, Rev. John Boyd, over whose grave the Synod of New Jersey erected a handsome monument about twenty years ago—the only object in this historical God's Acre which does not suffer from neglect. Like those of Toponemus, the gravestones are overrun with weeds, etc., and are not even sheltered from the elements, as the trees which once cast their mournful shadows over the remains of the departed are now mostly dead, their gaunt, bare trunks and limbs accentuating the character of the place.

This church was the forerunner of the "Old Tennant Church," around which cling lasting memories of the church's early struggles as it sought to inculcate the doctrine of "Peace on earth, good will to men." It has also figured in the tragedies of war, as the decisive Battle of Monmouth was fought in the fields close by, and its sheltering roof gave comfort and solace to many a wounded and dying soldier on that momentous day.

It is not within the scope of this article to enlarge upon the influence exercised by these men and their descendants in the development of this State and Nation; some of them have held the highest offices in the State, while many of their descendants took an active part in the War of the Revolution, showing themselves ever ready to defend the liberty for which their forefathers had fought and suffered; while among their descendants of the present day are to be found men holding positions of responsibility and influence in the various phases of the Nation's life and activities.

This year we celebrate the ter-centenary of the landing of the English Pilgrims on the storm-beaten shores of Massachusetts. All honor to the memory of those stern men and brave women whose deeds have been commemorated in song and story and visualized on canvas and eternal granite; yet while we fully recognize and acknowledge the great influence they and their descendants have exercised in the development of the Nation, is it not fitting and proper that some tangible recognition should be given our fellow countrymen who have likewise contributed to the development and prosperity of the Nation, and established an even wider range of free-

dom, both civil and religious, than did the Puritans of New England.

As Theodore Roosevelt has said: "While full credit has been awarded them (the Puritans), it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people whose preachers taught the creeds of Knox and Calvin," and as Whitelaw Reid has said, "While no man may presume to depreciate the Puritan or the Cavalier, . . . it is full time for the Scots in America to receive due recognition."

Let us therefore seek to revive and perpetuate the memory of those early Scottish Pilgrims who fought and suffered for conscience sake in their native land, and brought with them those high ideals of liberty which they planted and perpetuated in the land of their adoption.

It is fortunate indeed that the City of Perth Amboy has been able to rescue from the ruthless hand of progress the site of the first homes of those early Scottish pioneers, which has been dedicated for all time to come as the nucleus of a public park along the banks of the Raritan River, and which they have named Caledonia Park, in recognition of its historical associations.

It is felt that sufficient has been said to justify a movement which is about to be set on foot to erect a suitable monument in commemoration of those sons and daughters of Old Caledonia on this historic site in Caledonia Park, in the City of Perth Amboy, N. J., and it is hoped that it shall receive the cordial and substantial support of their fellow countrymen and those of Scottish descent now living and enjoying the fruits of their early struggles and sacrifices, and it is further hoped that means will be provided whereby the memorials of them that now exist and remind us of the historic past shall have the care and attention they deserve.

Burns in America

Glenriddel Manuscripts' Donor in Edinburgh

(For The Caledonian)

Mr. John Gribbel, of Philadelphia, who gave the Burns Glenriddel manuscripts to the Scottish Nation— in his own phrase —he "restored them to their owner"—was recently entertained at luncheon in the City Chambers by the Town Council of Edinburgh, and in the course of a speech in reply to the toast of his health, gave his impressions of the Scot at home and abroad, and an expression of America's debt to Burns. Bailie F. J. Robertson presided in the absence of the Lord-Provost, and the company also included Sir James Leishman, Scottish Board of Health; Sir Robert Cranston; Dr. John Harrison; the Rev. Dr. Maclean Watt; Mr. Hunter Sharp, American Consul; Mr. J. P. Croal; Dr. Hew Morrison; ex-Provost Brand, Portobello; Mr. George Williamson, president; Mr. Robert Duncan, vice-president; and Mr. Thomas Liddle, S. S. C., representing the Edinburgh Burns Club; Mr. J. A. Beddie, president; Mr. W. J. S. Dolling, vice-president, and Mr. R. D. G. McLaren, secretary Ninety Burns Club, and others.

On the call of the chairman, the toasts of "His Majesty the King" and "The President of the United Staes," were honored.

Message from Lord Rosebery

The chairman said that he had that morning received the following letter from Lord Rosebery, who was one of the trustees of the Glenriddel MSS.:

"Dear Bailie Robertson:

"As I wrote to the Lord Provost, it is a matter of sincere regret to me that I cannot have the honour of meeting Mr. Gribbel at his table.

"The war has not obliterated for a moment the debt which all Scotland owes to Mr. Gribbel for his rescue of the famous Burns books from the unworthy holders, and his name must endure with us as long as the Burns books endure, which, I hope, is for ever.

"I am sure that Edinburgh and Glasgow will rival each other in doing honour to Mr. Gribbel, and I sincerely hope I shall have the honour of meeting him before he leaves Great Britain. Yours sincerely,

"Rosebery."

The chairman proceeded to say that the Corporation of Edinburgh, which jealously restricted its official recognition to those who had rendered high service to the country and community, had resolved to admit to that honor the distinguished American citizen whom they welcomed that day. Their guest had been visiting many of the romantic spots hallowed by associations with Robert Burns and had been welcomed by many of the Burns Associations. Now he came to the old capital which Burns loved so well, to receive the final hall-mark of the Nation's gratitude. The chairman proceeded to indicate the history of the Glenriddel manuscripts from the time they were written by Burns, at the request of his friend Glenriddel,until they came into the possession of the Liverpool Athenaeum, and the intimation made in 1913, which startled the public, that the manuscript volumes had been offered for sale, and were in danger of leaving the country. In December, 1913, in Philadelphia, Mr. John Gribbel intimated that he was the owner of the manuscripts, and that he intended presenting them to Scotland. Mr. Gribbel had executed a deed of trust, and appointed the Lord-Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow and Lord Rosebery as trustees. He stipulated that the volumes were to remain in the possession of each Corporation for a period of five years, until such time as there was established in Scotland a national library. Mr. Gribbel's action had not only a national interest, but an international aspect. It had been said that Sir Thomas Lipton was the greatest ambassador we had sent to the United States, because he had cemented the friendship of the two peoples. Mr. Gribbel was one of the greatest ambassadors the United States had ever sent to Scotland. His action had not only created feelings of regard for himself, but of admiration for the great people he represented.

"Stolen Goods"

Mr. Gribbel, in the course of a racy and discursive reply, said a substantial portion of the inhabitants of America devoutly hoped that Sir Thomas Lipton would lift the cup. In America they dreaded monotony, and they would hold Sir Thomas in lasting remembrance if he would break the monotony of the history of the races of the America Cup. In London, the other day, he saw what he would never cease to be thankful for. On 4th July, when he went to Westminster in connection with the unveiling of the Lincoln statue, he saw on the flagstaff the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes side by side. He was not particularly sentimental, but he stood on the sidewalk and took off his hat, and said aloud—till a policeman looked around to see if he had a case on—"Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." In a deed of gift, it was provided that any city in Scotland that would erect a national library would become the custodian of the manuscripts. It would not hurt his feelings to have the City of Edinburgh erect that national library. The committee, making the search for the manuscripts, made a stir in the literary world in America that greatly impressed him. When, in November, a broker came to his office and told him that the manuscripts had been found hidden in a safe in Minnesota, and when he offered them to him, he said to him, "Tell your principals I have not the least wish for 'hem, and that I will never buy stolen goods." He told them he would not give him a punched sixpence for the manuscripts in order to put them in his own collection. The broker asked why. He told him the trail of dishonesty was on 'hem. It occurred to him, however, that there was a purpose for which he might purchase them with a clear conscience, and that was to restore them to their owner, for they never belonged to the people south of the Tweed. In sending them over, he said Scotland was welcome to her own.

America's Debt to Scotland

There was a great satisfaction in restoring these manuscripts. He had an intense enjoyment in doing a thing he liked to do. In some little measure, he, as an American citizen, also was helping to show some evidence of the depth of appreciation his country owed to Scotland. As he looked at the history of his country and saw one hundred and forty-four years of uninterrupted sympa'hy and understanding, and when he considered what his country owed to Scotland for the blood that was in Alexander Hamilton, who founded the fiscal system on which the United States Treasury is operating to-day, and of James



JOHN GRIBBEL

Wilson, who, with Alexander Hamilton, had more to do with the Constitution of the United States than any other person, and when he considers the debt they owed Robert Burns, he dropped his hands and hung his head, and said that debt had not yet begun to be paid. He recalled that when the deepest crises fell upon Abraham Lincoln he was found either with his Bible in his hand or his volume of Robert Burns. When he recalled what the public school meant to the United States, with its stream of racial blood pouring into it from the four corners of the universe, and with a political system such as theirs, to take it and handle it and purify it, and unify it—and when he considered that the melting-pot through which the people must pass was the public school, and when he remembered that it was John Knox that gave the public school to the world, the debt to Scotland seemed larger than it ever did before. Mr. Gribbel proceeded to comment on the emigration of the Ulster Scots to the various districts of the United States, mentioning that the third emigration settled in Philadelphia. When the armistice was signed and the American fleet sailed out of the Firth of Forth, the British fleet was lined up for thirty miles out to sea, in double column, with every sailor, officer and man on the deck, and in the rigging, singing to his countrymen as they went homewards, "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?" There were things that treaties and negotiations and

statesmen could never accomplish. That body of British tars on that fleet, singing the song of Robert Burns, did for the cementing of the American people with the British people more than all the treaties ever made.

Scots as Optimists

The two strains of blood that came to the United States that had far more influence than any others were the Scots and the Huguenots. The Scot was never a pessimist. Those who could stand the weather he had seen during the past three weeks with never a bit of depression could never be pessimists. An old friend assured him that it never rained in Scotland, but sometimes it was a little "saft." The Scot was always a reasonable optimist. A friend of his who was a professor at Yale, defined an optimist as a man who bought something from a Jew with the expectation of selling to a Scot and making a profit. An honored Senator of the United States told him that an optimist in the United States was a man that still carried a corkscrew. He had got up early that morning to get a glimpse of sunshine on Princes Street. He wished to say to them that the city was more beautiful than ever. From their city had come the greatest compliment he had ever received. In *The Scotsman* there had appeared an article in which it was observed that although Mr. Gribbel had no Scots blood in his veins, he was fit to be a Scotsman.

British-American Concord

The world's greatest need to-day was that misunderstandings—and they were only misunderstandings—should be removed between Great Britain and the United States. The heart of the United States throbbed in unison with the heart of the United Kingdom. They should not listen to the barking dogs that occasionally sent dispatches across the Atlantic, giving a wrong impression of the state of things in the United States. If they would grant a closer understanding and sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, they would give civilization a life insurance policy, and if they would grant that closer sympathy and understanding, they could trust the League of Nations that would grow out of that. He did not worry about the League of Nations, but he did worry about these two great English-speaking peoples understanding one another. Come weal or come woe, be the results of the elections now proceeding in America what they might, the heart of his country was wrapped up in and fully occupied by an ambition to see Great Britain and the United States marching in the forefront of civilization to save civilization.

Dr. Maclean Watt proposed the health of the chairman and the proceedings then terminated.

After the luncheon, Mr. Gribbel made a number of visits in the city. Accompanied by Bailie Robertson, Sir Robert Cranston and Mr. Drummond, the Lord-Provost's secretary, he visited the Castle, from which, in the favorable weather conditions, a magnificent view was obtainable; drove down the Royal Mile and went out to Redford. The American visitor was greatly interested in his sight-seeing expedition, his previous visit to Edinburgh having been made many years ago.

The British Empire's Glory

The glories of the flag of Great Britain, a flag that for a thousand years has braved the tempest and the storm. The drum-beat of Britain is heard around the world, and its flag floats over an Empire on which the sun never sets. This flag stands for representative government, law, order, civil and religious rights, and security of person and property. Wherever this flag floats, whether over the British Isles, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt or the Islands of the Sea, men are safe and free.

It was a tragic moment when Great Britain decided to enter the World War. An ultimatum had been sent to the Imperial Government of Germany, and the time fixed for midnight on a certain August day. The Cabinet assembled and waited in silence. The ticking of the clock became oppressive. At midnight, Earl Grey (I think it was) rose and said, "Gentlemen, it is war." The little army of Britain was mobilized and the fleet rushed to the North Sea.

The entrance of Great Britain into the war because she recognized the inviolability of her allegiance to Belgium, will forever stand in striking contrast to the action of Germany in word and act designating a solemn treaty as but a "scrap of paper."

The sight of the British flag sets one to singing "Britannia Rules the Waves" and "Scots Wha Hae." May the flag of our motherland long wave over the free peoples of the British Empire.

David G. Wylie, D.D.

The Gates of Righteousness

In his sermon, March 21st, Dr. Kelman, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, made the following reference to the decision in the Senate on Friday, March 19th, to refuse to ratify the Treaty and so enter into the League of Nations:

"The hearts of many of us are sore to-day and bleeding. Forgive me if I offend you by trespassing beyond my bounds. I am not an American. I am but a stranger among you, a Britsh man who loves you well. But I was here three years ago at the time when my nation and its allies were falling in tens of thousands at the storming of the gates of international righteousness. I saw those gates swing open for you also when you entered the war. How you and your sons sprang forward into them! With what a shout, with what devotion, reckless of consequences, you sprang into the breach that day!

"Oh, my brothers, I am not here to criticise your politics. Doubtless there are difficulties and complexities which I do not understand. But listen to the cry of the world borne to you to-day across every ocean—the torn, bleeding, hungering, ruined world. It cries for righteousness, for international righteousness, and the end of war. It was that you sprang to, and it was for that you gave your sons. Surely every man in this continent who remembered that day turned pale when he heard the shutting of that gate but yesterday. It was the gate before which, storming it, so many of your sons have died. I am no politician, but I only see the world weary to death, longing for new life, standing to-day aghast before that closed door of yours. Yes, and I see this great nation standing there, longing to enter in, and yet unable now. I only hear the cry from the heart and conscience of America, *Open unto me the gates of righteousness.*"

Premiers' Message to the Empire

The New Year's message from the Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth is reprinted here as a spontaneous and significant manifesto, deserving of more attention than it has yet received:

"To our fellow-citizens of the British Empire.

"The war, in shaking the very foundations of ordered civilization, has driven all thoughtful men to examine the bases of national and international life.

"It has become clear to-day, both through the arbitrament of war and through the tests of rebuilding a life of peace, that neither education, science, diplomacy, nor commercial prosperity, when allied with a belief in material force as the ultimate power, are real foundations for the ordered development of the world's life. These things are in themselves simply the tools of the spirit that handles them. Even the hope that lies before the world of a life of peace, protected and developed by a League of Nations, is itself dependent on something deeper and more fundamental still. The co-operation which the League of Nations explicitly exists to foster will become operative in so far as the consenting peoples have the spirit of good-will. And the spirit of good-will among men rests on spiritual forces; the hope of a 'brotherhood of humanity' reposes on the deeper spiritual fact of the 'Fatherhood of God.' In the recognition of the fact of that Fatherhood and of the Divine purpose for the world which are central to the message of Christianity, we shall discover the ultimate foundation for the reconstruction of an ordered and harmonious life for all men. That recognition cannot be imposed by Government. It can only come as an act of free consent on the part of individual men everywhere.

"Responsible as we are in our separate spheres for a share in the guidance of the British Empire as it faces the problems of the future, we believe that in the acceptance of those spiritual principles lies the sure basis of world peace. We would therefore commend to our fellow-citizens the necessity that men of good-will who are everywhere reviewing their personal responsibilities in relation to the reconstruction of civilization should consider also the eternal validity and truth of those spiritual forces which are in fact the one hope for a permanent foundation for world peace.

"D. LLOYD GEORGE, United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.
"W. M. HUGHES, Australia.
"R. L. BORDEN, Canada.
"L. BOTHA, South Africa.
"R. A. SQUIRES, Newfoundland.
"W. J. MASSEY, New Zealand."

The above appeal was issued through the "National Laymen's Missionary Movement" of Great Britain, and was countersigned by, among others, the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O. M., whose influence and Christian sympathies in international matters are widely known. Lord Bryce says, in part:

"No elevation comes to the spirit of a nation except through the thoughts and feelings and wills of the individuals who compose the nation. Each needs to realize that he is called upon, not only to increase his faith, but to apply it, showing forth his faith by his works, trying to help others even more by his example than by any precepts. Never was there a time in English or in Scottish history when it was more necessary for our people to recur for guidance to the teachings of the Gospel, seeking justice, adding to justice sympathy, and through both trying to reach brotherhood and concord."

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Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Twenty-second Annual Convention of the Daughters of Scotia

One of the most successful conventions of the Daughters of Scotia was held in Pittsburgh, Pa., September 14-15, at the Fort Pitt Hotel.

On Monday evening, the 13th, a reception and collation was given for the incoming delegates and Daughters of Scotia in general. Songs by Miss Margaret Roy, of Jersey City and reading by Mrs. Richardson, of Braddock and other merriment was rendered.

The grand session was opened on Tuesday morning by a welcome from Chief Daughter Jeannie Milnie. She said in part:

> "Another year has rolled away,
> How fast the sands have run
> Again we celebrate the day
> We first met as one."

"It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to this twenty-second annual convention. We feel honored that Pittsburgh was the city chosen to hold this convention, and we trust the delegates may derive some pleasure viewing the city as well as gaining something of interest to take back from the meetings of the convention. We welcome you because you have come here to forge new links into our chain of friendship and love. We welcome you because we have looked forward to this convention as a meeting of the loved ones of our Fraternal Order. And at the opening of this session, may we not wish each other happiness, that beautiful gift of the spirit, which we all seek, some by different roads, perhaps, but all seeking for that bright rainbow of promise. It was 'Burns' who said, 'The best laid schemes of mice and men aft gang aglee.' We haven't schemed exactly to make this an excellent convention, but we surely have planned to make it such. however, all our planning will be of little avail; if the delegates do not co-operate with us.

"Your co-operation is necessary therefore to help us over any discomfort or difficulty which may be experienced as the convention proceeds. One gets out of anything in proportion to which she puts into it. It is well then at the beginning of this convention to keep the word co-operation in mind, and surely at the close of this, the twenty-second annual convention, may we go back to our several lodges with an earnest desire to make the 'Daughters of Scotia' one of the leading women's organizations in these United States.

"And again may I repeat that old sweet word 'Welcome.' Welcome to all."

We also had words of welcome from Mayor Babcock, of Pittsburgh, who was delighted with the enthusiasm and dignity of the occasion. Jane D. Wildman, Grand Chief Daughter, called upon Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, who congratulated our Order on its wonderful success and on the neat appearance of the sisters at the convention. (Delegates all wore white). He brought to them the best wishes from the Order of Scottish Clans and said he was honored by being invited to Pittsburgh to be with us on this occasion. Business was then started and closed at one p. m. for lunch, resuming again at 2:15.

On Tuesday evening a banquet was given. There were present about six hundred guests. Dr. MacGowan of the Bellefield Presbyterian Church, gave a brief address. Mr. Hugh Prentice, Royal Deputy, of Pittsburgh, was toastmaster and gave a toast to the Daughters of Scotia, which was responded to by the chairman of the Convention Committee. Mrs. Eliz. Fristoe. Our big brother, Walter Scott, was again with us and spoke to us in his own delightful way. A fine concert followed. The Caledonian Troupe of Dancers was enthusiastically received and was called back several times. Other artists were: Mrs. Margaret Mitchell, Mrs. Helen McDonald, Miss Hepburn, Mr. Scott Johnston, Mr. R. M. Brown, and Mr. Ian Forbes gave a humerous selection.

On Wednesday morning, session opened at 9:30 o'clock, when Mr. Scott said a few words for the good of our Order and asking us to work hand in hand with the clansmen and to spread out so as to gain membership for both by working together.

Session closed at one p. m., opening again at 2:15.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Grand Chief Daughter, Margaret Spence; Grand Sub Chief Daughter, Christina Laird; Grand Past Chief Daughter,

Jane D. Wildman; Grand Chaplain, Sister Nellie Forbes; Grand Financial and Recording Secretary, Sister E. Scott; Grand Treasurer, Sister Leslie; Grand Conductor, Sister Spear; Grand Trustees, P. G. C. D. Christina Bruce, P. G. C. D. Nellie Hayden and P. G. C. D. Mary Wallace.

On Wednesday evening there was a grand ball. The grand march was headed by Walter Scott and our Grand Chief Daughter, Margaret Spence, other Grand officers in rank following, the Convention Committee coming next. Floor managers were John Blackhall, George Keilor, Harry Mitchell and Tom Fraser. The Grand officers were introduced by Mrs. Margaret Mitchell, vice president of the Convention Committee, and some beautiful flowers were given. The grand march was resplendent with the braw kiltie lads and the ladies with their beautiful bouquets.

The next convention will be held in Roxbury, Mass. MRS. JANET PHILLIPS,
Secretary Convention Committee.

NOTES OF THE CONVENTION

Delegates were present from all parts of the United States, representing nearly a hundred lodges.

The convention was opened by Mrs. Elizabeth Fristoe, of Pittsburgh, president of the Convention Committee, after which Grand Chief Daughter Jane D. Wildman presided.

The convention presented a beautiful sight, all the women wearing white as they did, and the Royal Stewart sashes of the Grand Lodge officers adding color to the picture.

At noon on Tuesday, Royal Tanist Walter Scott entertained the Grand Officers of the lodge at luncheon.

The principal talks at the banquet, Tuesday evening were made by the Rev. Robert A. MacGowan, of Pittsburgh, Royal Deputy Hugh Prentice, Grand Chief Daughter Jane D. Wildman and Royal Tanist Walter Scott, of New York. Several songs were rendered during the evening, and the Highland dancing was unsurpassed. Representatives from the Local Committee and the Grand Officers were present, and the Royal Tanist had the surprise of his life when Grand Chief Daughter Wildman, in behalf of Clan Cameron No. 120, presented him with a silver coffee set as a mark of their appreciation and welcome, and as a souvenir of his visit to Pittsburgh. Royal Tanist Scott was visibly affected by this evidence of warm friendship.

At the Wednesday morning session, "Big Brother" Walter Scott (as he was called) and George D. Bone were escorted into the hall, and with due ceremony were made honorary members of the Grand Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia—Mr. Bone because of being one of the organizers of the D. O. S., and Mr. Scott on account of his many acts of kindness to the D. O. S.. Gold badges were presented to both. Mr. Joseph Andrews, of New Haven, was also made an honorary member as the other organizer, but was not present owing to his advanced age.

Wednesday evening the grand reception and ball took place. The ballroom was beautifully decorated, and was packed to suffocation. The grand march, which was beautifully arranged by those in charge, was led by Grand Chief Daughter Margaret Spence and Honorary Member Walter Scott, who were preceded by the pipers. The Grand Lodge officers and the committee followed, about four hundred couples taking part. The Highland dancing was enjoyed by all, particularly the triple sword dance. A large bouquet of flowers was presented to all the Grand Officers, who were afterwards introduced to those assembled, as was Colonel Scott, who on leaving for New York was given three hearty cheers.

The Local Committee was headed by Mrs. Elizabeth Fristoe, president; Mrs. Margaret Mitchell, vice president; Mrs. A. Duncan, treasurer, and Mrs. Janet Phillips, secretary. They, and their associates, worked from early to late, and were untiring in their efforts to make everybody feel at home. They set a shining example as an entertainment committee.

One of the great characteristics of the convention was the co-operation and kindly spirit shown by all, and the happy smiles on the faces indicated that everyone was enjoying the convention and their visit to Pittsburgh.

New York Caledonian Club Games

The sixty-fourth annual picnic and games of the club on Labor Day, at Celtic Park, L. I., were the means of bringing together the largest crowd seen at a Scottish gathering around New York in years. The celebration really began at the club house the previous Saturday night, where a large number of visitors assembled and were received by the ladies of the New York Caledonians in the committee room. Refreshments for which the New York ladies are noted throughout the country were served in unlimited quantities. Later an official welcome was tendered to all by Chief James R. Donaldson in the club hall, and responded to by chiefs of many Caledonian Clubs and Colonel Walter Scott of the New York Scottish. Songs of Scotland were sung, after which the floor was cleared and dancing indulged in until midnight.

When Caledonian heads were stuck out of windows Labor Day morning to get an idea of the weather there was little indication of the kind hoped for. However, the turnout for the parade was as large as in recent years and a fine showing was made as the kilties under command of Chief Donaldson marched down Broadway and through Thirty-fourth street to the ferry.

After the grounds were reached, Chief Donaldson tendered a hearty welcome to the visitors and reviewed the Highland Guard, New York Caledonian Club. Captain William G. Reid and Colonel Scott, acting as the chief's aide. The Lovat Pipe and Drum Band, Pipe Major Angus M. Fraser, and the Forbes Brass Band, Clansmen Joseph Forbes furnished the music for the parade. The games

were begun and everything looked well for an enjoyable day, but the outing was marred for many by bands of ruffians who whenever they got anyone alone and in a secluded corner, assaulted them without mercy, using hurling sticks for the purpose. Never having to contend with such a condition before, nothing of the kind was expected this year and the committee was entirely unprepared for it. Action to suppress them was taken by the committee, and it was satisfying to know that some of the disturbers "got theirs," but when darkness came on the police considered the situation dangerous and ordered the park cleared. When the time for the sixty-fifth annual games arrives measures will be taken to make another such outbreak impossible. The winners of the different events were as follows:

One Mile Walk, Handicap—Won by H. Lolson, 92nd street Y. M. H. A., 45 seconds; L. Labowitz, Pastime A. C. (scratch), second; I. Bosken, American W. A. (15 seconds), third. Time, 7 minutes 32 2-5 seconds.

100 Yard Run, Novice—Won by O. F. Anderson, Knights of St. Antony; J. Ostendorf, St. Anselm's A. C., second; F. Williams, unattached, third. Time, 11 1-5 seconds.

880 Yard Novice—Won by W. Goodwin, unattached; I. Cavaugh, Rotary Club, second; P. Meyer, Mohawk A. C., third. Time, 2 minutes 8 1-5 seconds.

300 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by V. Lally, St. Anselm's A. C., 8 yards; G. Bisgier, Glencoe A. C. (12 yards), second; D. Hart, St. Christopher A. C. (17 yards), third. Time, 34 1-5 seconds.

1,000 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by W. Crunden, Knights of St. Antony, 40 yards; J. Rockwell, Central Y. M. C. A. (24 yards), second; C. Beagan, St. Anselm's A. C. (40 yards), third. Time, 2 minutes 20 3-5 seconds.

Two Mile Run, Handicap—Won by G. Williams, St. Christopher A. C., 135 yards; A. Maack, Knights of St. Antony (200 yards), second; J. E. O'Conner, St. Anselm's A. C. (100 yards), third. Time, 9 minutes 45 4-5 seconds.

One Mile Relay Race, Handicap—Won by Paulist A. C., 61 yards; Morningside A. C. (71 yards), second; Knights of St. Antony (69 yards), third. Time, 3 minutes 31 2-5 seconds.

Running High Jump, Handicap—Won by Dan Shea, Pastime A. C. (7 inches), with an actual jump of 5 feet 6 inches; E. Benziger, St. Anselm's A. C. (4 inches), second, with an actual jump of 5 feet 8 inches; B. Lauder, Alpha P. C. C. (6 inches), third, with an actual jump of 5 feet 6 inches.

Putting 12 Pound Shot, Handicap—Won by J. Taggart, Glencoe A. C. (6 feet), with an actual put of 44 feet 8¾ inches; G. Faust, Morningside A. S. (6½ feet), second, with an actual put of 43 feet 10¾ inches; J. Arneth, Paulist A. C. (7½ feet), third, with an actual put of 42 feet 10½ inches.

CALEDONIAN CONTESTS

Highland Fling Dancing, girls between 12 and 16 years of age—Won by Miss Irene Roth; Helen Don, second; Jessie Nugent, third.

Highland Dress Competition, open for men—Won by Angus M. Fraser; Robert M. Barnard, second; J. Moir, third.

Highland Dress Competition, Closed—Won by Angus M. Fraser; Robert M. Barnard, second; Peter F. Gray, third.

Bagpipe Playing—Won by Walter Armstrong; Murdock MacKenzie, second; Murdo Elder, third.

Highland Dress, for boys under 12—Won by Andrew Galloway; Andrew Booth, second; John M. Cowie, third.

100 Yard Dash, boys, members' sons—Won by Fred Magee; W. Carrick, second; Robert MacKenzie, third.

Bagpipe Playing—Won by John Fraser; Murdo Elder, second; Irene Roth, third.

Quoits—John MacFarlane, first; John Fairhurst, second; Thomas Ross, third.

The football game was called off on account of darkness. The semi-finals and final will be run off as soon as the committee can secure grounds and a suitable date.

Too much praise cannot be accorded the ladies of the New York Caledonians who devoted the day to the sale of programs, thereby adding materially to the profits. Mrs. Montgomery, of Scranton, Pa., was a volunteer assistant whose services were much appreciated.

Skye Association, New York

The New York Skye Association reopened their monthly meetings for the winter season in their new moot room at Chelsea Casino, 248 West Fourteenth street, Saturday evening, September 11. Although early in the season for reopening, the large moot-room was well filled with enthusiastic Skye folk from all parts of New Jersey, as well as New York State. The president, Mr. Murdo MacPherson, was in the chair. He gave a very warm welcome to the members, stating the reason for the change from the old lodge room was to have larger accommodations, and a more central and convenient headquarters for the Seafaring Skyemen, as a large number of Skyemen are at present at sea and they pay a short visit occasionally to New York. We wish to welcome all of them and make them feel at home while they are in port and give a send-off with pleasant memories.

The association's pipers gave a selection, while four husky Skyemen were escorted to the chair for initiation. All the members are busy arranging for the Lewis and Skye Association's annual concert and ball to be held at Palm Gardens, November 5. During the World War the Lewis & Skye gave all their proceedings to both the American and British Red Cross. MURDOCH MACLEOD.

Hon. James Wilson

In James Wilson, former Secretary of Agriculture, who died at his home in Traer, Iowa, August 26, passed a typical figure of the best in American-Scottish citizenship. He was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, August 16, 1835, and came to the United States in 1851. Writing editorially upon his notable and honorable career, the New York *Sun* said: "He was Scotch by birth and a farmer by choice. He applied all the persistence of his blood and all the practical knowledge of his calling to the Department of Agriculture. He had 2,500 subordinates when he went in and 14,000 when he went out. When he took office Congress was appropriating only $3,000,000 a year to his department. His coaxing eventually raised the figure eight fold.

"The national forest system, the soil survey, the experimental stations in our island possessions, farm demonstrations—all these were developed under James Wilson's supervision. He was a fine example of the energetic public servant."

New York Caledonian Club

The regular monthly meeting of the club was held in the club house, September 14, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. Andrew McLeod, Hugh Clow, William S. Swanson, John McGregor and I. M. Baird were elected members and five names were received for the consideration of the investigating committee. A committee was appointed to investigate the outrages at Celtic Park on Labor Day, with instructions to report back at the October meeting. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported the death of Ex-Club Piper William G. Sorlie and a letter expressing the sympathy of the members signed by the Chief and Fourth Chieftain, was ordered sent Mrs. Sorlie and family. It was announced that Clansman William Tyfe had been the victim of a mysterious assault and for a time he was considered in a serious condition but happily had managed to get by the danger point.

BOWLING ON THE GREEN

A return match between the Van Cortlandt Park and the Brooklyn Bowling Green Clubs was rolled on the first named club's green, Saturday afternoon, September 25, and resulted in a contest where there was some particularly five playing. Four rinks aside fought for their respective clubs and after three hours of exciting play the score was announced as follows:

Van Cortlandt	Skip	Rink	Brooklyn	
Thomas Wigby	23	1	A. Bennett	15
J. Broatch	6	2	D. Dyer	31
David Templeman	12	3	M. McNeill	23
William Crawford	32	4	W. Purvis, Sr.	16
Total.....	73		Total.....	85

Majority for Brooklyn, 12 shots.

The Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club will continue play every Saturday afternoon during October, on its own green near the curlers' pond at Van Cortlandt and intends to close for the season Tuesday, November 2d, Election Day.

Four members of the Van Cortlandt Club, David Dewar, George Reid, Francis Dykes and Alexander Tasker, unable to get into the regular game because there were not enough Brooklyn men to go round, started one of their own—Scotland vs. America. At the outset the game promised to be close, but their early training on oatmeal parraitch told and the Scottish team made up of Messrs. Dewar and Reid, scored a walk-over. They ran up a total of thirty-five shots while seventeen was all Frank and Sandy could muster for the good old U. S. A.

SAD DEATH OF WILLIAM G. SORLIE

William G. Sorlie, well known throughout the United States and Canada as a Highland dancer, died in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, Saturday, September 4, after being struck by an automobile. He had left his home for a walk in Riverside Drive and was crossing Broadway at Ninety-first street when struck, dying five hours later, without recovering consciousness. Mr. Sorlie, who was a native of Auchterarder, Perthshire, and was admitted to membership in the New York Caledonian Club, April, 1888. From that day until the day of his death he gave his services freely to the club and never wavered in his loyalty to the organization. As a token of their appreciation of his aid on many occasions, the Highland Guard presented him with a solid silver loving cup. For two years he held the office of club piper. The news of his death cast a gloom over his many friends gathered in New York for the Labor Day games at which he was to have been a judge of dancing. A large delegation from the club, headed by Chief Donaldson, Colonel Walter Scott and many other sorrowing friends, attended the funeral services held at his late residence, 115 West Eighty-ninth street, on Wednesday evening, September 8. The greatest sympathy is felt for Mrs. Sorlie, a daughter and son who survive.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Connecticut Valley Scotch Irish Society

The Connecticut Valley Scotch-Irish Society held their annual picnic on the 18th inst. There was a good representative gathering of the society and a few out-of-town friends, among whom was the president (Mr. Sterritt) of the American-British Alliance. Refreshments were served on the grounds. The Springfield Kiltie Band was in attendance and the Stuart Tartan made a very attractive and interesting spectacle as the band paraded through "Van Horn Park. The weather was ideal, the customary athletic events being entered into with all the energy of youth—and of Ulster youth, at that. The tea boiler and buns were the only elements wanting to make one feel at home again in "Down" or "Armagh." The skirl o' the pipes in the familiar airs of "The Cock o' the North," "Bonnie Dundee," "Hieland Laddie," etc., awakened the dormant memories of many a hard fought field where British supremacy was in jeopardy. It would almost seem that your correspondent on a former occasion, was correct when he stated, that "Scotch-Irish" was a misnomer and that the proper name for this society should be "The Connecticut Valley Society of Ulster Scots."

The officers of the society are: George P. Murphy, chairman; Joseph McClelland, vice-chairman; S. J. Cordner, treasurer; W. J. McCombe, secretary, 25 Portland street.

(Signed) BESSBROOK.

The team of American Boy Scouts from Miami, Florida, at the great Boy Scout "Jamboree," in London, on August 3, set a world's record in trek-cart competition. Eight of the American youths competing against a similar Welsh team covered 500 yards over obstacles with a two wheeled trek-cart loaded with eight sand bags weighing 400 pounds in 2 minutes 53 3-5 seconds. The teams had to unload their carts, get them over a wall, reload them and run through a pool of water. The Welsh boys took more than 4 minutes to accomplish the task.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CALEDONIAN

A TRUMPET CALL TO DUTY

Sounded by New York Caledonian Club

WHEREAS, We, the members of the New York Caledonian Club in regular monthly meeting assembled, in the double realization of our obligation as citizens of the United States and of the duty we owe to the Scottish people, to whom we proudly acknowledge our kinship, having watched with concern the propoganda and activities and actions of the organization known as Sinn Fein, and

WHEREAS, We conceive it to be our plain duty to promote goodwill and understanding, and to devote ourselves to the preservation of an enduring peace, between the peoples of th United States and of the British Empire, firmly convinced that on such a consummation depends the security, happiness and prosperity of civilization, and

WHEREAS, It is our conviction, based upon mature consideration of undisputed evidence, that Sinn Fein, both in Ireland and in the United States, is determined upon a course involving misunderstanding and embroilment between the two great branches of the English-speaking race; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we denounce Sinn Fein for the cowardly, unscrupulous, treacherous and criminal methods that characterize its actions and declare ourselves in stern and uncompromising opposition to it and all of its works; and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of this resolution be sent to each and every organization in America which, like our own, is composed of men of Scottish birth and descent.

At the regular monthly meeting of the New York Caledonian Club, held on the evening of September 14th, the Anti-Sinn Fein resolution was introduced by Clansman William Taylor, whose remarks received close attention from a large attendance of the members.

Clansman Taylor said:

HONORED CHIEF AND CLANSMEN:

In moving the adoption of the resolution which has just been read, I am keenly conscious of my humble limitations. The significance and importance of the subject should be done justice to by an orator, well informed, gifted and inspired by a pure patriotism. However there come times in the lives of all when one feels that he must give expression to his thoughts and convictions or, remaining silent, lose somewhat in his sense of self-respect. Such a moment is upon me now and I am confident that this feeling is shared by the clansmen here assembled.

At the outset I would lay down a proposition which should be fixed on our minds, for it is the sheet anchor to whatever discussion may ensue. This proposition is to my mind self-evident, namely, that so long as the New York Caledonian Club bears its time-honored name and retains its peculiar character it must take interest and concern over matters vitally affecting the welfare and security of the Scottish people. When, if ever, the day comes that the club shall cease to evince such interest and concern, then there shall remain not a single valid reason for its continued existence, for it shall have fundamentally changed in character and shall have forfeited all right to its name. This proposition, it need hardly be said, is subordinated to and in harmony with our obligations as citizens of the United States—obligations accepted eagerly and gladly and which we try to live up to in spirit and in truth.

We come now to the question. How does Sinn Fein affect the people of Scotland and the people of Scottish blood in America. The answer is as plain as the road to market. In Ireland, Sinn Fein is the avowed enemy of Great Britain, while in the United States it is deliberately and ceaselessly working to embroil the two great branches of the English-speaking race. In such a situation of course our people in Scotland, and we in the United States are as inseparably involved as are the English people themselves.

Too long has there persisted among us an unwillingness to face unwelcome, unpalatable, unfavorable facts. Too long have we maintained an attitude of indifference and contempt. Sinn Fein propaganda, backed by millions of American dollars, has been effectually making the most of the situation. We have been playing into the hands of the enemy. Our attitude of silent indifference, contempt, apathy or whatever it may be, has actually favored him. It is high time that we looked at facts squarely and asserted ourselves as men true to our traditions and to the people we sprang from.

It is not my intention to go back into history nor to attempt a discussion of the Irish question, although in passing, it should be said that the legitimate Irish cause always had its warmest friends and supporters in Scotland. I am going to deal simply with objective facts—with conditions not theories, and with their unmistakable significance.

I will ask you to cast back your memories no farther than the war. I will ask you to remember in this moment the appalling sacrifice of Scotland. There is hardly a home in the old country that has not been touched. There is hardly a Scottish mother that does not contemplate, with what bitterness of heart, the broken life that was in all the glory of young manhood or does not silently weep over the memory of the well-beloved who went forth to war to return no more. Lives there a man with a drop of Scottish blood in his veins who would forget this, who would seek to evade the vigilant duty imposed upon him by the supreme sacrifice of his heroic brothers? I am no sentimentalist. I stick to unforgettable facts. Scotland performed her part in the war in fullest measure, but at a cost that never can be repaired. In spirit, in men, in treasure, she

gave to the utmost. The flower of her manhood is gone. It is probably the sober truth to say that her contribution relative to her resources, was greater than that of any other unit of the British Empire. When one considers the appalling sum of her dead and wounded and then the figure of the Irish enlistment—an enlistment made up mainly of North of Ireland men—the sardonic irony of the Sinn Fein agitation is brought home to him in full force.

What did Sinn Fein do in the war? In Ireland it was at first secretly and later openly opposing loyal Irishmen, to whom all praise and honor be accorded, men who were disposed to the leadership of the late John Redmond, solemnly pledged to the cause of the Allies; in America, without any serious attempt at concealment, it was intrigning and working hand-in-hand with Germany's agents up to the very moment this nation in sheer defense of her self-respect at last joined the war. The Dublin "Rebellion" on Easter Monday, 1916, was timed and directed from the City of Berlin.

It was a deliberate and quite intelligent effort to hamstring the Allies at a critical moment; at a time when civilization was fighting with its back to the wall; at a time when it appeared as if the Germans would defeat the French disastrously at Verdun; at a time when re-inforcements were desperately needed at the front. This so-called "Rebellion" was not a failure as most folk think; on the contrary it was a complete success for it achieved the objective of its leaders, which was to hold in Ireland at a critical moment a considerable body of troops. It was not a "Rebellion" at all, but an act of treachery—treachery to the British Army and to each and every one of the Allied nations and unspeakably foul treachery to the Irishmen who were fighting in the British Army. It should not be forgotten that the so-called "President of the Irish Republic" won his spurs in this action and was captain of a company of these despicable traitors.

I quote to you a few words of the "Proclamation" which was posted upon that Easter Monday when the Sinn Fein's white, green and orange flag was hoisted over the Dublin Post Office. "Having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, Ireland now seizes that moment, and supported by her exiled children in America *and by gallant allies in Europe*," etc. We have in these words undisputed and indisputable testimony from Sinn Fein itself as to the nature and character of its acts. While this was going on in Ireland, Sinn Fein in America was doing its "bit." The leader at that time—he who has since been cast from grace and characterized as a "traitor" by his own brethren—he who disgraces the bench of the Supreme Court of the State of New York by his presence upon it—was plotting with Bernstorff to achieve the destruction of London by Zeppelins to take place at the same time as the Dublin "Rebellion." In New York and other large centres the work of Germany's Secret Service was ably carried out by hundreds of Sinn Feiners most prominent among them being that cowardly blackguard who was later tried for treason in New York, although not convicted. In short had Sinn Fein been actively engaged on the side of the Germans on the very battlefields of France, it would probably have inflicted less damage on the Allied cause than it did inflict by its treachery.

I have not covered the phase of Sinn Fein activities during the war and time would not permit of a real attempt to do so, but your memories have doubtless been sufficiently stimulated by what I have said to furnish you with a mass of evidence quite as damning as I have mentioned.

Now let us briefly consider the activities of Sinn Fein since the war ended. In Ireland, despite the fact that during the war the people reached an unprecedented degree of prosperity and had absolutely no serious grievances save political, there has been carried on a system of terrorism which serves to confirm the impression one gets of the character of Sinn Feiners by their war-time activities. Since January 1, 1919, there have been almost 2,000 cold-blooded outrages committed by Sinn Fein. These many years we have been "fed up" on *the fighting Irish;* we have had advertised to us since the memory of man what gallant fighters the Irish are. But from a glance at the Sinn Fein list of outrages it would appear that the favorite Sinn Fein ways of fighting is to shoot unsuspecting and inoffensive people in the back; to rob, assault and murder and not even to spare women and young folk. At last the Catholic Church awakened to its duty and Cardinal Logue expressed the denunciation of the church in plain and proper terms. To show you how wofully mistaken are these credulous folk who believe the Sinn Fein movement to be wholly inspired by patriotism, let me quote some typical instances of outrages described in the "Statement of Southern Loyalists," published in the *Irish Times* of April 16, 1920. There the speaker quoted at length, showing crimes classified as follows: "Intimidation of Landowners," an example under this head being the case of a widow who was obliged under threat of death to sell her land *for a fraction of its value.* "Terrorization of Farmers"—an example under this head being the case of a farmer named Flynn at Tubber, County Westmeath. In this case an armed band entered the house, dragged the family from bed and compelled the father, mother and daughter to sit in the yard while they shot the son. They then robbed Flynn of £156/16s, and made him promise to give up his farm. "Organized opposition to Legitimate Sale." The policy of Sinn Fein is evidently to expropriate the land on their own terms. While owners and occupiers are terrorized into wishing to give up the land, the right of free sale is denied them. "Collections for Sinn Fein loan" made by armed bands who forcibly exact the "loan" and charge for the collection of it, thus, for exam-

ple, a demand is made on a small farmer for £3—£1 for the loan and £2 for their trouble in collecting it. "Position of Demobilized Soldiers." Deplorable in the South and West of Ireland. A land owner murdered because he was giving land to settle on to these men who had seen service. Employers taking ex-soldiers, boycotted; men are left wthout work and their lives made intolerable, compelled to join Sinn Fein to escape persecution or to leave their native places and go to England or to districts where they are unknown. (The foregoing is simply a brief summary of Clansman Taylor's lengthy quotation from the "Statement of the Southern Loyalists.")

In conclusion, I need hardly remind you of the Sinn Fein activities in this country since Armistice Day. The Bond Sale of $10,000,000—the gratuitously affronting resolutions in both houses of Congress aimed at Great Britain—the lying, mendacious and ceaseless propaganda directed by men, many of whom never saw Ireland and who fatten on "Ireland's grievances," the deliberate intent to breed misunderstanding and to bring about embroilment if possible between this country and our folks at home. It would be sheer folly to longer ignore the dangerous possibilites of the situation. It is high time for men of Scottish birth and descent to declare themselves. The time for action is now.

The resolution was immediately seconded and carried by a unanimous vote.

Chicago Notes

The reunion service at the Scotch-Westminster Presbyterian Church, Sangamon and Adams streets, took place Sunday, September 26, at 10:30 a. m. Rev. James MacLagan, who was pastor of this church for seventeen years, preached the sermon. It is probably one of the last purely Scottish services in the old church building.

William Douglas, born forty-four years ago in Falkirk, Scotland, passed away after being three years a patient in the tuberculosis ward of the County Hospital. Two brothers, one in Canada and one in Australia, survive him, but he got out of touch with them by his long illness. The funeral service was conducted September 9, by Chaplain James MacLagan and interment was in the Illinois St. Andrew Society lot in Rosehill Cemetery.

Major General Leonard Wood was the principal speaker at the opening monthly luncheon of the Canadian Club, September 8, and made a stirring and thought-provoking address. He was enthusiastically received and at the close the assembled guests passed a vote of thanks to General Wood, and stood up and sang, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Not content with this tribute, on motion of Major John A. Boak, the General was made an honorary life member of the Canadian Club.

An Interesting Relic



This ancient tombstone of the Clann Fhearghuis of Stra-chur Chiefs was removed from the grave of His Excellency The Chief Iain An Gleann Mor and placed in the Stra-chur Parish Church wall in 1903. This ancient Royal Family has the protecting care of a mysterious bird or spirit called the Brideag Chlann Fhearghuis. This and the following roster of the household of an ancient Clann Chief are printed through the courtesy of Seumas, Chief of Clann Fhearghuis of Strachur.

Household and Personal Retainers of a Highland Chief

Ard Ghillean an Tighe (Gentlemen of the Household).

Am Bard (The Bard). This is generally a hereditary position.

An Seanachaidh (Historian and Orator). At table he sits among the chiefs of families and takes precedence of the Doctors of Medicine. It is his duty to keep clan registers, enter its records, genealogies and family history; also to pronounce the addresses of ceremony at public assemblies and to deliver the birthday, inauguration and funeral orations of the chief.

An Clarsair (The Harper). This is generally a hereditary office.



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Contralto

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Am Marischal Tighe (The Seneschal). In every chief's household there are two, the principal of which is well versed in the genealogies and precedences of all the clans. At table he assigns to each guest his place by touching the appointed seat with his white wand of office.

Am Fear Sporain (The Treasurer). Hereditary position.

Am Fear Brataich (The Standard Bearer). Hereditary position.

Am Piobaire (The Piper). Hereditary office.

An Gille Mor (The Sword or Armour-bearer), whose duty it is to carry the "clogaid," or helmet, and the "claidheamh-dalaimh" or two-handed sword of the chief. He attends the person of the chief day and night and is chosen for his strength and courage.

An Gille-coise (The Henchman). This retainer is in continual attendance upon the chief. He stands fully armed behind the chair of the chief at meal-time.

An Luchd-Tighe (The Body Guard). These are all young gentlemen chosen from the finest youths of the clan and each has one or more attendants of his own. The members of his body guard are all well trained in the use of the sword, the target and the bow, and are adepts in wrestling, swimming, leaping and dancing; and those of the seacoast and of the isles are versed in sounding and navigation duties of seamanship, and the management of the "biorlinns," or galleys. The "Luchd-tighe" always attends the chief when he goes abroad, and when his residence is on an island, in a lake, they have barracks and a guard-house on the mainland for keeping open the access to the chief's castle.

Am Fear Fardaiche (The Quartermaster). His duties are to provide lodging for all attendants at home and abroad.

An Gille-cuaiche (The Cup-Bearer). There are several cup-bearers in the service of a Highland Chief. The duty of the principal one is to taste the contents of the cup before it is carried around the table. The office is hereditary.

An Gocaman (The Warder).

An Frithear (The Forester). Who looks after the forests of the clan country.

An Gille-Cas-Fhliuch (A retainer, whose duty it is to carry the chief over the fords when the chief is travelling on foot).

An Gille-Comhsreang (This is a guide who, at dangerous precipices, leads the chief's horse by a long rein).

An Gille-Trusairneis (The Baggageman), who has charge of the sumpter horses.

An Leine-Chneas (A Privy Counselor).

An Gille-Sguain (The Train-Bearer). Whose duty it is to brush the dew away before his royal master.

An Gille Chlarsair (The Harper's Attendant), who carries his harp.

Gille Phiobaire (The Piper's Attendant), who carries the pipes, presents them to the piper, when he is about to play, and receives them again when the piper has concluded his performance. This attendant is only, however, attached to pipers of the first rank.

An Gille-Ruith (The Running Footman).

An Cleasaiche (The Court Jester).

Rev. Andrew Burrows, D. D.

Rev. Andrew Burrows, D.D., for several years a regular contributor to THE CALEDONIAN, died at his home in Hamilton, Bermuda, August 18, 1920. Dr. Burrows was born in Ireland, of Scottish parents, in the year 1838. He was educated at Queen's and Trinity Universities, Ireland, and received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of New York. He was ordained on June 29, 1864, and was pastor in Tullamore and Waterford, Ireland, for twelve years. He was the first pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Truro, where he was inducted July 25, 1876, and ministered for eight years. From Truro he went to the United States where he was pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Boston, for four years. In 1891, he accepted a call to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Bermuda, where he labored faithfully for seventeen years. On his retirement he was appointed Pastor Emeritus. Though no longer pastor of the congregation he yet had its interests ever near to his heart. The Halifax Presbytery celebrated his Ministerial Jubilee in 1914. During his pastorate in Bermuda, he held the position of Chaplain to the Presbyterian troops in the garrison; also was Chaplain in the navy, holding services for the blue-jackets on H. M. ships when the fleet lay at the Dockyard, Bermuda.

A funeral service was held at his home in Hamilton, conducted by Rev. Benjamin Hills, M.A., B.D., who is at present supplying St. Andrew's Church, and Rev. N. M. Guy M.A., pastor of Wesley Methodist Church. The remains were then conveyed to Christ Church, Warwick, where the Revs. J. Gilfillan, M.A. and Dr. F. L. Patton officiated. Burial was in Christ Church cemetery. The funeral was one of the most notable in Bermuda for many years. The whole community mourned; the flags were all at half mast, even on the Parliament buildings, a recognition usually afforded only to Government officials.

Dr. Burrows was a scholarly and eloquent preacher, and a genial and interesting companion. He is survived by his wife, two sons—Norman, a banker in Toronto, and the Rev. Leo Burrows, pastor of Appleton Memorial Church, Wisconsin—and one daughter, Harriet, wife of Dr. Langdon, now in Carolina.

REMINISCENCES (W. M. L.)

I made the first of fourteen visits to Bermuda in 1893, armed with an introduction from Dr. Patton to Dr. Burrows, and knew him then as a friend to the stranger. He had been there a few years, and placed his knowledge of the islands at my disposal. In 1899, I entered his family, and saw him as a devoted and affectionate husband and father; patient with the weak and erring, and charitable to those who differed from him; endeavoring to appreciate their position, even though his views did not coincide with it. I heard him as a herald of the gospel; with commanding voice, earnest and faithful in his devotion to the Lord, and to the salvation and edification of souls. I saw him as a pastor, eager to comfort the sorrowing, and to warn the wanderer.

Always loyal to his friends, in that circle he held in high regard the late Dr. MacDougall, whose recent death was a shock to him; and likewise, Mrs. MacDougall. Among his acquaintances he counted Howard Crosby, the pastor of my boyhood, and James McCosh, the preceptor of my youth.

In theology, I would call him a staunch conservative,—in these days he might be considered "old-fashioned." But he was not too conservative to adopt a new truth when quite convinced of it. In early life he had not been impressed with the doctrine of our Lord's Return,—like so many who have read the Bible, through a lifetime, and yet failed to see some things in it. How the "blessed hope" was first brought before him I do not know; but he was deeply interested, and became one of the few who love and long for the appearing of our Lord in His glory. And now, after over half a century's honored service in four countries, on three sides—we might say—of the Atlantic, he has gone to await his reward,—the crown to be given when the Lord comes. Although, like numberless Christians in the nearly two millenniums past, he has fallen asleep in Jesus without the fruition of that hope, his spirit has gone to the better land, and his body awaits the descent of his Lord with the summons to life eternal.

The students of Flora Macdonald College have raised and sent to D. A. MacDonald, chairman Kilmuir Parish Council, Isle of Skye, $25.00 toward defraying the expense of replacing the marble slab affixed to Flora Macdonald's monument in Kilmuir churchyard, Skye, wrenched from its fastenings during a recent storm. President C. G. Vardell after telling the story of the famous Scottish heroine to the students assembled for chapel service presented the appeal which met with an immediate 100 per cent. response.

Mrs. Agnes W. Leitch died in Philadelphia, September 6, in her 84th year. She was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, the daughter of James Watson and Jessie Inglis Watson and came to Philadelphia in her early life. She was the widow of the late William Leitch, who was prominent in Scottish-American circles and at one time Chief of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia. She is survived by two children and numerous grandchildren.

After preaching in the five continents of the world, the Rev. John McNeill, D.D., known as "the Scottish Evangelist," on Sunday, September 19, began his pastorate of the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, Broadway and 174th street, New York city. He succeeds the Rev. Dr. Daniel Hoffman Martin, who died last December.

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS

A Great Drive to Increase Our Order's Membership, Widen Its Field, and Extend Its Beneficient Influence

If we would absolutely assure the perpetuity of our splendid order, we, of this generation, must send forth a Fiery Cross to lead in every direction the greatest drive for new members which the Order of Scottish Clans has ever undertaken.

We cannot rest upon what we have done, because not to go forward is to stand still. We must not be willing to simply live in the past, no matter how glorious our past history may be. Ours is to-day, and we should never put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day. We cannot command nor can we control the future, but we can do a great deal to make the future of our order secure and it is our duty as well as it is our present need to do everything we possibly can to assure the future successful continuance of our order in an increasing, widening area.

In every city and town throughout this great Republic and Canada wherever a clan of our order is established, it has been a centre from which has radiated some of the best and most pleasurable social influences, besides fulfilling its beneficent field as a fraternal organization. It should, therefore, be a pleasure as well as a duty to every member of the order, knowing as we all do the benefits of membership therein, the many steadfast friendships that have resulted therefrom, and the need of the work which it has been doing during more than forty years past, to join whole-souled, with heart and hand, in any movement which would give promise of doubling our membership in a comparatively short while.

GREAT DRIVE FOR MEMBERSHIP

With that ever to be desired purpose in view, it has been suggested by the Royal Executive that we now start a great drive, that we advertise the Order of Scottish Clans as it never was advertised before; that, by every honorable and effective means, we bring into our great clanship every desirable man who by blood and descent is eligible for membership in our order. And, mind ye, there never was a time when men and women of Scottish blood in this country were prouder of their Scottish descent, or had mair reason to be; therefore our *drive* for membership could not be made at a more opportune time.

To do this on the scale which the Royal Executive purposes it should be done, money will be needed, but this should be readily forthcoming from our nineteen thousand members and their families, added to and assisted, it may be, in our Great Drive by the Daughters of Scotia and other practically affiliated societies comprised of our womenfolk. We should have no trouble in raising in the course of a year one hundred thousand dollars, which is the amount we desire. If this were equally divided, it would mean only that each of our nineteen thousand members would pledge himself to contribute at least five dollars to the fund, and as much more as his heart prompted or his pocket could stand. (It does not seem too much to ask this minimum of five dollars of any clansman who is interested in our future when we realize that it means only about *ten cents a week for one year.*) This can be done by individual subscription, and by collective work on the part of the clans holding fairs, bazars, concerts, etc., the proceeds of which would be pledged towards our great drive fund to be used by the Royal Executive for publicity purposes—for advertising the Order of Scottish Clans in every possible way that would likely be effective so that we might increase the membership of clans already established and plant clans in fertile soil where our foot has never yet trod.

NOW IS THE TIME

The summer season has now drawn to a close and the Royal Executive is very hopeful—if this urgent request on our part is heartily responded to and money flows in beginning with this month of October and continuing all through the winter (to be used *only* for the purpose stated)—that when the royal Clan meets in convention in Brooklyn next August (the 15th day of which month—1921—will mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of one of Scotland's greatest sons, Sir Walter Scott), we may show a most gratifying increase in our total membership. If we can not double it within the year, we should be able to add at least fifty per cent. to it.

SPLENDID OFFER

A short time ago Royal Tanist Walter Scott stated to the other members of the Royal Executive that when, as a result of the drive, ninety-five thousand dollars had been contributed, which as already stated would mean only five dollars per member, he would add

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five thousand dollars, thus completing the total of one hundred thousand dollars which we would have for expenditure in this proposed publicity campaign. His faith, however, in the raising of the entire amount is so great that he now agrees when the subscriptions received by the Royal Treasurer amount to five thousand dollars to add five per cent. or two hundred fifty dollars thereto, and to so add to each five thousand dollars received, making at the last an extra payment of two hundred and fifty dollars to complete his personal contribution of five thousand dollars.

All contributions, whether by individual clansmen, by clans, or by what are practically affiliated societies, should be sent to the Royal Treasurer for the Publicity Fund of the Great Drive, and we urge that the members begin to-day to make their contributions. Do not wait for to-morrow. We cannot begin to carry out any of our plans until we have funds in hand, and as fast as contributions are received it is our purpose to make them effective as speedily as possible.

There is nae folk like oor ain folk, and we are very hopeful that every clansman will contribute his quota and a wee bit mair, so that our Great Drive for membership may be made most effective.

Yours in Faith, Loyalty, and Courage,
ALEXANDER G. FINDLAY, Royal Chief,
JOHN HILL, Past Royal Chief,
GEORGE A. JOHNSON, M. D., Royal Physician,
WALTER SCOTT, Royal Tanist,
THOMAS W. FORSYTH, Royal Counselor,
THOMAS R. P. GIBB, Royal Secretary,
DUNCAN MACINNES, Royal Treasurer.

Stevenson Society of America

Rev. Charles R. Erdman, of Princeton Theological Seminary, delivered a splendid address at the annual meeting of the Stevenson Society of America, at the Stevenson Cottage, Saranac Lake, New York, August 28.

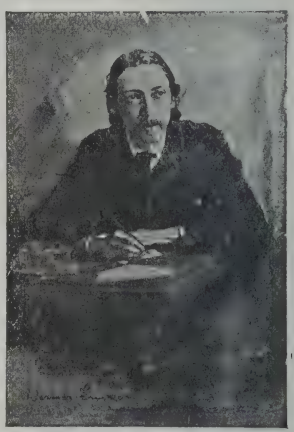
All the former officers were re-elected, as follows: Dr. H. M. Kinghorn, president; Dr. Lawrason Brown, vice president; Livingston Chapman, secretary; F. W. O. Werry, treasurer.

Livingston Chapman gave the annual report of the secretary. Since the last annual meeting 37 members have been added to the roll, making the total number to date 252. It was on November 17, 1919, that it was decided to apply for articles of incorporation under the name of the Stevenson Society of America, and it was soon afterward that the necessary legal steps were completed. On April 5, 1920, the new constitution and by-laws were adopted.

In his report Mr. Chapman pointed out the aims of the society. He announced a generous gift of $2,500 from Colonel Walter Scott as the nucleus of a Memorial Fund which will be used to purchase the Stevenson cottage and make it a permanent memorial.

F. W. O. Werry, the treasurer, then gave his report. The receipts for the year amounted to $3,597.01. The disbursements were $887.75, leaving a balance of $2,709.26.

In the absence of Dr. Kinghorn, the president, Dr. Lawrason Brown presided, and after the reports were read and approved, he read three telegrams which were received by



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

the society, Saturday. The first was from Dr. Kinghorn expressing his best wishes for a successful meeting and his regrets at being unable to be present.

Colonel Walter Scott sent this telegram: "Would that I could be with you in person to-day to enjoy the atmosphere that surrounds the shrine of Stevenson, but can be present only in spirit. My best wishes for everything that you may do that helps to keep alive the memory of one who belongs to the world."

A suggestion was made to the society by Stephen Chalmers, for many years secretary of the society, that an effort be made to have the Stevenson Society of America become affiliated with the Stevenson Society of Edinburgh, Scotland. The matter was referred to the officers.

Long ago, when Mr. Lloyd George used to drive on his legal rounds in a high dogcart, one day he gave a lift to a little girl who was walking home from school. The child, though she was all smiles, met the future Prime Minister's merry questions and artful openings of conversation with persistent silence. "Your little girl has lost her tongue this morning, Mrs. Hughes," he said as he drew up at her parents' door. "Mary," remonstrated the mother, abashed by her daughter's bad manners, "why don't you speak and thank Mr. Lloyd George for his kindness?" "Indeed, indeed, I wanted to," she answered with the fluency of a tap suddenly turned on, but I remember hearing father tell you the other day that if you open your mouth to him it costs him six and eightpence.

Royal Tanist Walter Scott Entertains Clansmen of Pittsburgh

Royal Tanist Walter Scott, while attending the convention of the Daughters of Scotia in Pittsburgh, was invited by representatives of Clan Cameron, No. 120, and the Past Chiefs' Association to attend a gathering of the Clan on Thursday night, but it was impossible for him to remain in Pittsburgh until that date. However, he intimated to Royal Deputies Hugh Prentice and John F. Rae that if it were possible he would like to meet a few of the members of the different clans, and some of the officers of the Past Chiefs' Association. By the use of the telephone they were able to gather twenty-two clansmen for luncheon at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Wednesday noon, many of them officers representing Clans Nos. 120, 162, 229, 215, 161, 197, 159, 59 and 31.

After the lunch, short talks were made by George D. Bone, John F. Rae and Hugh Prentice. The Royal Tanist then delivered a general talk on the Order of Scottish Clans and the Daughters of Scotia, laying before them in detail the matter of the Hundred Thousand Dollar Advertising Fund of the Order of Scottish Clans. He received a cordial handshake from everyone present, and a pledge not only to subscribe themselves, but to be representatives in their particular clans to advocate the carrying out of this wonderful drive to help perpetuate the Order of Scottish Clans.

Philadelphia Letter

Business in our Scottish Societies has been in a great measure at a stand still during the heated term, giving way to field sports and aquatic enjoyment in the lang simmer nichts. The auld Scots Thistle Society, conservative to a fault, broke away and took a vacation during July and August. The Clansmen of the O. S. C. realize that we are now on the threshold of fall and are buckling on their armour to rivalry in securing new members for their respective clans.

The delegation which attended the New York games on Labor Day, upon their return told a huge joke about how they had sat in the grand stand at Celtic Park the entire afternoon with the flag of the Irish Republic floating over head. As might be expected, sundry Donnybrook sport was indulged in to vary the program of events,, but the entire program was finished ere the 5,000 Scots left the park at twilight for home. Our enterprising morning paper, *The Inquirer*, next day came out with a caption in big print that "Twelve Irishmen routed 500 Scot picknickers for invading Celtic Park, Long Island." Subsequent clippings from New York papers received were counterparts in the correspondents' pro-Irish attempt to belittle the Scot in figures that attended and to rob him of his good name for bravery. The really comic side to the episode was, in the court scene, where half a dozen specimens of the Sinn Fein appeared before an Irish magistrate charged with disorderly conduct, a bunch of Irish policemen as witnesses, and were discharged with a reprimand, doubtless to avoid any self-imposed starvation on this side of the pond, forbye a reward for their political affiliation.

The MacGregors of Frankford, O. S. C., held their initial sports and games at the Tacony ball field, Saturday afternoon, September 11. The attendance surpassed all expectations, the weather being ideal. Twelve events appeared upon the program, handsome prizes donated by Royal Tanist Walter Scott, were awarded the winners of best dressed men and juveniles in costume, bag pipe playing and Highland dancing. Many were the entries and eagerly contested were the events. There were foot races and "place kick," the latter open to all football players, but the interest of the throng seemed centered in the dancing by the "wee tots," of which there were quite a bunch, Secretary Alexander Nicol is deserving of much credit for his painstaking and tactful manner of bringing an obscure clan into such prominence and setting a pace for its numerical and financial success. The other clans and Caledonian Club were much in evidence, numerous clansmen of the different organizations wearing the Highland costume. At the refreshment stand the Daughters of Scotia were exceedingly helpful.

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Detroit's Annual Scottish Gathering

There was but one path Detroit Scots took on the morning of August the 19th, and that led to the dock where gaily decked pleasure boats awaited them to take them to Bob Lo (Bois Blanc) Island on the Canadian side where the St. Andrew's Society holds its annual picnic and games, and a braw morning it was.

Down Woodward avenue marched the International Pipe Band playing "The Blue Bonnets Over the Border," an appropriate tune for the day, while thousands followed behind, men, women and children, kilted, plaided an a'. Salutations in Doric and the good Gaelic passing across the lines as friend recognized friend. Boat after boat left the pier loaded to the uppermost decks till over fourteen thousand Scots and their friends left to invade Canada with all the banners of peace.

Bob Lo Island with its old Indian traditions, is a fitting and romantic spot to hold Scotia's Highland games. A select corner of it is fenced off for the athletic sports and Highland piping and dancing where the cream of the Middle West are welcomed and lured by the big money prizes given to winners by Detroit St. Andrew's Society.

Under canopies of green leaves and in shady nooks along the beach, tables are set for the picnickers by the owners of the island and every table groaned on the 19th from the bounteous plenty of many baskets, carried by the happy Scot, while thousands sat in merry groups on the well-kept green velvety grass. Nothing intoxicating is allowed on the island, but lots of hot water for tea is supplied gratis by the island and there is a big rush for it when the Scots are oot for a day.

The games started promptly at one o'clock. Judges, starters an' a', well dined an' tead, got to their positions with knowing look and critical eye ready for a long afternoon, mostly pleasure spiced with argument.

Most of the judges of piping and dancing were outsiders. Among them were: John Grant of Chicago, James Inverarity, Windsor, Ontario, the Rev. Mr. McKillop and Donald McMillen, of Dutton, Ontario, with such competent men of Detroit as John Cameron, Dr. Fowler, Alex Watson, D. T. Rodgers, Robert Rankin and others. The program was long but well carried through and though it is hard sometimes to convince a piper that he is not the best, yet all went home well satisfied. Those who carried off first, second and third prizes were: Best dressed Highlander, Walter Sinclair; best dressed girls in Highland costume, Catherine McLeod, Mildred Whitely, Leita Sellery; bagpipe, marches, strathspeys and reels, Donald Graham, Duncan McPhail, John Ross; Highland Fling, Bruce Cameron, Duncan McPhail, W. A. MacPherson; Sword Dance, Alexander Fraser, Bruce Cameron, Duncan McPhail.

There were also many events for boys and girls in dancing and piping; such girls and boys as Catherine McLeod, Jessie Charlestone of Chicago; Campbell Griggs and Ross MacPherson getting firsts.

There was also running, jumping, tossing the caber, tug-of-war and quoits; Thomas Fairbairn, over eighty-three years old, winning the silver cup given by one of the members, for the winner in quoits of three years running.

Well it was a grand day with a glorious ending, and boats that passed to Lake Erie heard the thrilling music of Scotia's pipes from the decks of the pleasure boats as they returned to Detroit with tired but happy sons and daughters of Auld Scotia, pleased with a real Scotch holiday.

The following week all the best movie houses showed on their screens Scotland's Highland Gathering, August 19, 1920,, where many "saw oorsel's as ithers see us."

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.
1794 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Boston Letter

Already there is quite noticeable an interest as to what the coming season may develop in British societies, as evidenced by the attendances at the meetings of the various societies during September. One may also discern a general feeling among the members for closer union and mutual co-operation between the societies, due in a great measure to Sinn Fein activities in this locality.

Men and women of British birth or descent are very much awake to the crisis threatening the two countries by Sinn Fein Irish Americans, and as citizens of this great republic they realize that they must exercise their rights as citizens to combat the insidious, damnable attempts made to create enmity and strife between the two great English speaking nations. It is causing them to take an interest in public matters such as they never took before. They realize that by their voice, by their means, and chiefly by the ballot, they must crush this hideous monster so that it may never again raise its ugly venomous head in a country where it has no business to be. Co-operation among the various societies has been made possible to a certain extent through the American British Federation, which is an affiliation of the British societies—Scottish, English, Welsh and Canadian, but it is the feeling of the directorate of the federation that co-operation can be made more general and effective, and the large attendance at the September meeting gave evidence that it will be so.

BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB

The club held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, September 14, instead of the usual first Tuesday of the month, on account of the officers attending the New York Caledonian Club games on Labor Day, Chief Abercrombie presided. The following members received their life membership certificates: John Green, William Sterling, Alexander Trotter, Harry M. Fisher, Alexander McKie, Andrew McCraw. The Games Committee presented a partial report of the picnic and games at Caledonian Grove, on August 5th.

Chief Abercrombie spoke briefly on the visit of the chief and chieftains to the New York Caledonian Club.

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS

This very active society held its regular monthly business meeting on Tuesday, September 14, and despite the meeting of the Caledonian Club on the same evening, there was a splendid attendance. President Thomas J. Merritt, presided. Arrangements were made for the coming season and the Entertainment Committee reported that the social features would be on a larger and more comprehensive scale than formerly. Treasurer W. Lawson Reid stated that honorary member Colonel Walter Scott was very much interested in the development of the association and its social features which were proving so helpful in building up the membership. It was his desire to assist the association in developing the entertainment feature, and that the association would hear from the Colonel himself regarding the matter. At the social meeting to be held on the fourth Tuesday of September, the Ladies' Auxiliary will hold an indoor picnic and the association will hold a dance at Parker Memorial hall on Friday evening, October 15.

Drilling started out most encouraging last month. During the winter, speakers will be procured to make addresses on current topics.

Past President Captain George A. Mitchell and Treasurer W. Lawson Reid represented the association at the New York Caledonian Club games on Labor Day, and briefly told of the warm reception they received and the enjoyable time spent with friends and acquaintances in the club.

AMERICAN BRITISH FEDERATION

A general meeting of the Federation was held at Bates Hall, Y. M. C. A. Building, Huntington avenue, on Thursday evening, September 16. President S. A. Starratt was in the chair. The attendance was large and enthusiastic. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Randolph Wellford Smith, vice president of the Loyal Coalition. It might be well to state here that the Loyal Coalition is a citizens' organization for the conservation of American ideals and traditions, and for the continuance of friendship wth our allies of the entente.

Its purposes are: First—To carry on an educational campaign against all hyphenated activity which seeks to dominate this country, disrupt our relations with friendly nations, *especially with the British Commonwealth*, and annul the good results of the World War. Second—To furnish speakers for public meetings. Third—To organize branches of this work throughout the country.

Mr. Smith told some of the inside facts of the Coalition's work at Washington, Chicago and San Francisco recently. Through the efforts of the Coalition the Mason-Hamilton bill became defunct, and no Irish planks appeared in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties. He exposed the workings of the Sinn Fein hosts, and asserted that the awakening is near at hand. "The Sinn Fein cry for freedom is a swan song. The world is beginning to see clearly through the whole distracting and discordant plot to beget a war between the American and British people and against all that is best in humanity. It is perhaps meet and right that Boston should see the light first. The enlightening information is dawning upon the people of the Hub of the Universe that the Sinn Fein of this locale were back of the police strike. And it is a safe prediction that when Massachusetts, by far the most dangerously inoculated State of the Union is cleansed of Sinn Feinism, the rest of the country will take warning, and the peace and goodwill of the two great English-speaking nations will be no longer endangered."

"The names of immortals sweeping across the great silences were not too sacred to be trailed through the dust. Even Washington and Jefferson have been dragged into the Sinn Fein mire. The saving grace of the sage of Monticello was his distrust and dislike of the hyphenates of his day and time, and there are few school children who do not recall the stern premonitory command of the father of his country on the eve of one of his greatest battles, after hundreds of Irishmen had deserted to the enemy: 'Put none but Americans on guard to-night.'"

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EDITH HALLETT FRANK

Evidences are not wanting of a keen and altogether praiseworthy rivalry existing among the various organizations to raise the standard of Scottish music and to engage only such artists as are capable of doing full justice to our beautiful songs. A step forward in this direction was noticeable last season and in the ensuing season this tendency will be more marked than ever.

Among the artists heard last season, Edith Hallett Frank easily occupied a position in the very front rank. Her voice is one that lingers in the memory. It is remarkably pure and flexible and of even quality throughout its entire wide compass. There are few singers indeed appearing at Scottish concerts who can render so effectively the simple old songs that find an echo in every heart; that open the flood-gates of memory and, for the moment, transport us back to the days of Auld Lang Syne. Surely a great achievement. Edith Hallett Frank does this because the prime equipment of the real artist—sympathy and understanding—are hers in generous measure. She is a consummate artist both as an interpreter and in the use of her voice, while her enunciation is faultless. Recently at a great gatherng of the Masonic Fraternity in Carnegie Hall, New York, Miss Frank evoked an enthusiastic demonstration and her rendering of Scottish songs at the last concert of the New York Caledonian Club will not quickly be forgotten. It remains to be said that added to her possession of remarkable vocal powers, Miss Frank presents a winsome appearance and is a blythe and charming personality.

Rhode Island Letter

The principal topic of discussion at most of the clan meetings at present is how to make them attractive so as to secure the attendance of a large audience. Winter programes are being drawn up with that idea in view. Certainly some arrangements must be made, if the membership is to be maintained and clansmen drawn to their moots not merely to pay their contributions, but to take an active interest in the business and welfare of the order. Clan Fraser in Pawtucket is trying to gain such interest by joining a Bowling League; Clan Cameron of Providence is adopting the system of visiting neighboring clans and before this letter is in print, will have made the journey to Fall River, Mass., with the probability of a return visit to Providence arranged for. This is a good plan and one worthy of adoption because it removes the idea of isolation from clan members when they find they are able to mix with clansmen of other cities. I might suggest here that a larger portion of the evenings should be given over to "good of the order" so that clansmen could have the opportunity of making friends with their neighbors.

While on this strain, there seems to me to be a weakness in the fact that there is only one degree in the Order of Scottish Clans. After once being initiated there is nothing further for a member to do, no higher step to take so as to advance further in "clanship" such as is the case in some other well known orders. To me this seems to lead to the lack of interest by young members and finally to either lapsing or being content to send their monthly contribution by friendly clansmen. Going through the same "rigamarole" month by month, without any change, listening to the same few regular attenders is very apt to pall upon one and soon has the effect of tiring young members. There is no question the spirit is weakening in certain directions in Rhode Island. It is extremely difficult to get members to parade now-a-days. It may be a tendency of the times that the desire to march through a city displaying one's colors has departed from clansmen. If so, it is a pity, especially so when the parade is the annual one to church service. It is an indication of indifference and that is always the opening of the gate that leads along the path which terminates in decay.

Prizes are being offered to those who bring in a certain number of candidates during the half-year, but of what avail is this if these new members only come once or twice and

then cease to come at all. It was thought that when the boys came back from France we would have glorious meetings, for these young fellows would have so much to tell as to create an interest all their own, but this idea never materialized. The returned boys were not talkers, that is to say they did not care to stand before an audience and tell what they did or saw. In private conversation, now and then, and when least expected, they would come out with some remark that, in turn, would need amplifying and then we learned something, but otherwise we gained no information as to how the "Kaiser was canned," and what our boys did towards that end. Whether it would be possible to revive the system of giving written papers on certain subjects as obtained before the war and help to swell the audience on such occasions or not, is a question worth considering before the long winter evenings are with us. It is certain some steps must be taken by the Frasers of Pawtucket if they wish to regain the high standard of interest that once was theirs. The other clans, if smaller, are much better attended in proportion to their membership than their big brother who a few years ago captured so many prizes from the Royal Clan and also from Colonel Walter Scott. JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, accompanied by the Duchess and other members of the vice regal family, left Ottawa, September 7, for an extended trip to the west.

New Publications

A St. Andrew's Treasury of Scottish Verse. Selected and arranged by Mrs. Alexander Lawson and Alexander Lawson, M. A., D. D. (*Macmillan*).

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kindred nobility of the humbler." To this is due much of the prevailing tenderness of Scottish poetry, and the constant willingness to deal with lowly vocations and relations.

When I Was a Boy in Scotland. By George McPherson Hunter. (*Lothrop, Lee & Shepard*).

The author has made of this a very readable little book—one that will be read with fond recollections by many others than those for whom it is primarily intended, the boys and girls of the United States. To read it is to know a real Scots lad, at work and at play. The author was born in Glasgow, grew up a Scot, after some years as a sailor completed his education in the United States, and is now a clergyman in Dover, N. J.

Follow The Little Pictures. A Story of Buried Treasure. By Alan Graham. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

A well told mystery story which centers around the search for a fortune in gold, collected to present to Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745, which had been securely buried when those in the plan were forced to flee the country. The scene is laid at Hopeton, in Ayrshire, Scotland, and the interest centers in the struggle for the possession and interpretation of an old cipher which is the key to the treasure.

Clan MacAulay

(*Continued from page 287*)

to deal with lowly vocations and relations."

for the Bar. One of these sons, Kenneth, minister of Ardnamurchan, wrote the *History of St. Kilda,* praised by Dr. Johnson. Another, the eldest, the Rev. John MacAulay, A. M., was minister of Inverary, where he encountered Dr. Johnson, and afterwards of Cardross on the Clyde. He had three distinguished sons. One became a general in the East India Company's service. Another, known by his literary works, was made vicar of Rothley by Thomas Babington, M. P., who had married his sister. A third, Zachary, became notable as a member of the Anti-Slavery Society, under its auspices became Governor of Sierra Leone, and had his efforts recognized by a monument in Westminster Abbey. The account of his experience when his colony of liberated slaves was visited by a warship of the French Revolutionaries, reads curiously like an episode from Soviet Russia in 1920. Zachary married Selina Mills, the daughter of a Bristol bookseller, and their son was Thomas Babington, Lord MacAulay, M. P. for Edinburgh, author of *Lays of Ancient Rome, The History of England,* and some of the most brilliant essays in the English language.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CALEDONIAN, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1920.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles C. Stoddard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Caledonian and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publishers—Caledonian Publishing Company, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Charles C. Stoddard, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager—R. S. MacDougall, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

Caledonian Publishing Company, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

CHARLES C. STODDARD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1920.

M. B. KEEFE,
Notary Public,
New York County, No. 194,
County Reg No. 2069.
Queens Co. Clerk No. 1904.
(My Commission expires March 30th, 1922.)
Form 3526.—Ed. 1916.

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The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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ALSO several notable Scots of the United States and Canada have contributed interesting and important articles on various lines in which Scots have excelled. Mr. A. Barton Hepburn has written on *"The Scottish Influence in American Banking and Finance"*; Sir James Alexander Grant on *"Scots in the Exploration, Settlement and Development of Canada"*; Dr. John Huston Finley on *"The Land We Live In"*; Rev. Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie on *"The Scottish Influence On the American Pulpit"*; John Findley Wallace, *"Scots in American Engineering"*; Hon. Charles P. McClelland, *"Scots in American Politics"*; Dr. George S. Carson, Halifax, *"The Makers of New Scotland"*; Malcolm Parsons, St. John's, *"Scots in Newfoundland,"* etc.

THE book is of the greatest value to the friends, relatives and descendants of those appearing in it, *and to patriotic Scots everywhere,* as a means of tracing their lineage to the individuals of this great American-Scottish family of merit and worth. Special attention has been given in the biographies to FAMILY HISTORY and GENEALOGY. The book is not for the present alone, but will increase in value as years go by, as the only reliable source of this historical and geneaological information.

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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

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Current Events

Domestic

The population of continental United States, as announced by the Director of the Census, on October 7, is 105,683,108, an increase of 13,710,842, or 14.9 per cent. since 1910.

Frederic C. Penfield, former American Ambassador to Austria, received the decoration of Honorary Knight of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George from the British Government. The decoration was accompanied by a citation which said that it was "for service which Mr. Penfield rendered while in charge of British interests in Austria during the war and for looking after British prisoners, assisting many of the men out of his own pocket."

Special services were held at the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday, October 31, to commorate the 35th anniversary of the installation of its pastor, Rev. John F. Carson, D.D. Central Church was Dr. Carson's first pastorate following his graduation from the theological seminary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg, in 1885. It is one of the largest Presbyterian Churches in the United States, having a membership of 3,212. Dr. Carson was moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1911 and 1912. He was for ten years president of the Stony Brook Assembly and was chairman of the Presbyterian National Service Commission.

Charles McCallon Alexander, the noted evangelist, successor to the late Ira B. Sankey, died in London, October 13. He was born in Maryville, Tenn., October 24, 1867.

Co-operating with the French Government, the junior section of the American Red Cross will finance the erection and operation of a model hospital for children at St. Mihiel, France, in memory of the first great American battle effort of the war.

Major-General Marie Emile Fayolle, who represented Marshal Foch at the recent convention of the American Legion, in describing the impressions received during his stay in America declared he was deeply touched with the warm and spontaneous welcome he received. General Fayolle asserted on his return to France that France enjoys great prestige in the United States and expressed the belief that it was to France's best interest to appreciate and draw closer her union with America.

Rev. John Kelman, D.D., of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, was given the degree of Doctor of Letters, at the annual Founders' Day of Lafayette College, October 20. The college announces that the $1,000,000 endowment fund has been oversubscribed by more than $57,000. Ground has been broken for a new $300,000 gymnasium.

Mrs. William B. Wilson, wife of the United States Secretary of Labor, died in Washington, D. C., October 13. Mrs. Wilson who was Miss Agnes Williamson, was born at Mary Hill, Scotland, December 27, 1859. She came with her parents to Arnot, Pa., in 1871.

In connection with the Committee of One Hundred on Ireland, exploited by a New York publication, Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador, has written expressing the opinion that the truth about the Irish situation cannot be established until there has been "a period of quiet in Ireland." He added that his Government would take no steps to prevent witnesses from coming here from Ireland to testify in the inquiry, nor would it take positive steps to facilitate the inquiry.

A guarantee has been made by the finance committee of the General Assembly Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Church to make good an obligation of $1,000,000, which it pledged to the Interchurch campaign. Samuel S. Palmer, moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, was one of those at the conference. It was stated that the members regarded the promise to the managers of the Interchurch campaign as a debt of honor.

Charles King Morrison, son of the late George Austin Morrison, of New York, died October 18, in his 54th year. He was a graduate of Harvard University and Columbia Law School. He was a member of the Harvard Club, the Metropolitan Club, the St. Andrew's Society, Sons of the Revolution and the Society of 1812.

Theodorus MacLeod, retired lawyer and Civil War veteran, died October 18, at the home of his nephew, Sinclair Adam, in Clifton, N. J., where he had been making his home since his retirement from the legal department of the customs service ten years ago. Mr. MacLeod was the son of the Rev. John Neil MacLeod, pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Manhattan during the Civil War period and very prominent in church circles at that time.

Canadian

Automobile registrations in Canada in 1919 aggregated 341,396—practically five times the number in 1914. Prince Edward Island made the largest proportionate growth in registrations (3,019 per cent.), whereas Ontario showed the greatest actual increase (113,080 more registrations), as between these two years. In 1920, Canada has imported from the United States 2,267 freight automobiles, valued at $3,811,139, and 10,802 passenger automobiles, valued at $11,196,327,- the total imports of motor vehicles from Great Britain in the same period were only $28,079.

Thomas Birkett, former Mayor of Ottawa, and one time member of the House of Commons, died in Ottawa, October 21, in his 76th year.

Recent investigation of the oil-shale areas of Albert County, New Brunswick, have produced samples yielding at the rate of sixty imperial gallons to the ton.

A nautical school is to be built at Windsor, Ontario, to accommodate 500 boys.

Professor John L. Bray, a graduate in mining of the Massachusetts Institution of Technology and Professor E. Douglas Baker have been appointed to the chairs in mining and mechanical engineering respectively, in the Technical College, Halifax, in the places of Professor Graham and Ayers resigned.

The Governors of Dalhousie University have appointed as business manager of the institution, William Lindsay Harper, who for years held responsible positions with the Royal Bank in Nova Scotia, and more recently was Secretary-Treasurer of the contracting firm of Falconer and MacDonald Ltd.

A Dominion land surveyor, returned from an exploration trip to the Mackenzie River country, reports coming across a herd of wild buffalo numbering more than a thousand. He was told by the Indians, also, that there was another herd farther north.

More than three thousand buildings have been erected in Canada this year under the Dominion and Provincial Housing schemes. This total will be increased by the end of the year by the continuance of building in sections of the country where climatic conditions permit it. More houses have been built under the Canadian Housing scheme, it is said, than under that in operation in Great Britain.

The number of immigrants during the first six months of the present year was 68.857, of whom 37,261 were from the United Kingdom and 25,183 were from the United States. Those coming from the United States are almost entirely prairie farmers thoroughly familiar with the most up-to-date methods of farming Western lands. They have brought with them cash to the amount of six million dollars and household goods and farming implements to the value of two millions.

British

The Prince of Wales made a triumphant entry into London, October 11, on his return from his six months' tour of the empire. The Prince travelled from Portsmouth in the royal train with his brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, and was tendered ovations by great crowds throughout the journey. The King and Queen, Princess Mary and the Dowager Queen Alexandra, other members of the royal family, Premier Lloyd George and several members of the Cabinet were at Victoria station. Wales with his two brothers proceeded to Buckingham in the carriage, with a mounted escort along streets blazing with flags and bunting and overflowing with crowds estimated at hundreds of thousands.

James Duncan, Fern Villa, Inverness, one of the best known commercial travellers in the North of Scotland, died September 28, in his 76th year.

The Sex-Centenary of the Declaration of Scottish Independence was elaborately celebrated at Arbroath the week of September 11.

The famous Illingworth mills, the largest worsted spinning mills in England and the oldest of their kind in Bradford, England, have recently been sold. The price paid was $3,795,870, in addition to stocks on hand. The firm of Daniel Illingworth & Sons dates back to 1802, which was a year before Bradford had any organized local government.

The pre-war glories of the great Northern Meeting were more than revived during the second week of September, and no one present enjoyed the occasion more than the young Duke of York and Earl of Inverness. The Western Race Meeting at Ayr was scarcely less brilliant, attracting a notable company. An attendance of 500 at the opening ball was a record. The Perth Hunt races and balls were revived after an interval of seven years due to the war and were a notable success.

Princess Mary paid a notable visit to Dundee in September, where she inspected the Girl Guides and Girls' Guildry.

In July last the British people suffered the almost incredible loss of 908,000 working days because of industrial disputes. Negotiation, promptly and generously conducted on both sides, could generally have averted this fertile source of increase in prices.

More than 750 merchant ships are tied up in British ports due to low freight rates and the general slump in ocean traffic.

Another Scottish estate announced for sale is that of Boath, on which part of the town of Nairn is built. About a thousand acres in extent, it has belonged to the ancestors of Sir Frederick Dunbar, Bart., for more than three centuries. Eight thousand acres of the great properties belonging to the young Countess of Seafield have also been placed upon the market.



ABBEY OF ABERBROTHOCK, ARBROATH

The scene in September, 1920, of the picturesque and impressive ceremonies celebrating the sex-centenary of the Declaration of Scottish Independence.

The first number of the *Lloyd George Liberal Magazine*, a monthly, has been issued in London. It will support the Government policy. The initial number contains a special interview with the premier in defence of the coalition Government.

Castlelambert House, Athenry, stated to be the birthplace of Sir Edward Carson, has been burned, presumably by Sinn Feiners.

A project is on foot—and is, in fact, already taking concrete form—for the utilization of the water power now running to waste in the watershed of the Tay, with a view to generating an increased supply of electrical energy for the counties of Forfar, Perth and Fife. The scheme is proposed by a group of business men and financiers, who have been investigating the possibilities of Lochs Ericht and Garry. It is claimed that from these two lochs alone 100,000 horsepower can be developed with little difficulty, and this would be sufficient to furnish power and light to the three counties before mentioned. One of the noteworthy features of this new scheme is that there will be little damage to either sporting or agricultural interests. It is believed that there will be light, heat, and power available for the three counties (which embrace the cities of Dundee, Perth, Forfar, Arbroath, and Montrose) not only for the requirements of today but allowing for future expansion. It is understood that the company will not sell the power to the consumer, but will bring it down to the various local authorities, who will buy it and distribute it themselves.

Agreements have been reached toward settlement of the great British coal strike, which began October 16, and involved more than 1,000,000 coal miners. A conservative estimate of the cost to the country, up to the first week in November, including losses of production in the mines, wages, railway earnings, reduction of output in other trades and general effect on business, totals up to £300,000,000. Other estimates go so far as to put the total cost directly and indirectly, of a three weeks' strike at not far below £500,000,000.

Incomplete returns of the voting on the liquor question in Scotland, November 2d, show that 149 districts desire no change in the present law which permits the sale of liquor; 24 voted in favor of a reduction in licenses, while 18 voted dry. Official results in Glasgow show a victory for the "wets." Four wards voted "dry," nine for limited licenses and 24 for no change which means that 94 licenses will be cancelled throughout the city out of a total of 1,600. In Dennistoun prohibition was defeated by four votes. Virtually all the working class areas remain "wet" and also the central city districts. Aberdeen voted "wet" by two to one. Other towns voting "no change" were Hawick, Dalkeith, Auchtermuchty, Falkland, Arbroath, Montrose, Tayport, Kerriemuir, St. Andrews, Alloa, Girvan, Stonehaven, Grangemouth, Bridge of Allan, Dunoon, Lanark, Helensburgh, Barr Head, Bonnybrigg, Loanhead and Stirling. Three areas which voted "dry" are Sanquhar, a rural constituency, and Kilsyth and Kirkintilloch, mining centres.

The 20th annual gathering of the Clan Lamont Society, held at Dunoon on August 28, was largely attended. The meeting took place round the Clan Lamont Memorial, on the spot where more than 200 of the name were massacred in 1546.

Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel gave birth to a son at 8 Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh, September 29.

A party of archaeologists who have been searching for some time in the Isle of Risga, in Loch Sunart, for prehistoric relics, have discovered what is believed to be a sacred isle of a date long before the Christian era. The rock sculpturing of the priestly leaders of long past ages have been found, and the lines of the walls of their homes and temples have been traced. The excavations reveal rows of black circular spots where uprights stood.

Through the personal efforts of Consul General Thomas Sammons, at Melbourne, Australia, there has been inaugurated a 'Get-Together Club," whose object shall be the promotion of friendship and the removal of misunderstandings between nationals of Great Britain, the Dominions, especially the Commonwealth of Australia, and the United States. Mr. Sammons has been elected president of the club, while foremost Americans, Britishers, Australians, and Canadians hold other offices.

Ground was broken in New York city, October 12, for the great vehicular tunnel to connect New York and New Jersey. It will take four years to build it and the estimated cost of $29,000,000 borne equally by the two States, will be met by toll charges for twenty years. The expected number of vehicles using it annually, will be 5,600,000 in 1924; 22,000,000 by 1943. The tunnels will be twin cast iron tubes each 29 feet in diameter, which is six feet more than the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels; roadways, 20 feet wide, to accommodate two lines of traffic in each direction; three roadways in each direction at the approaches. Estimated time of horse drawn vehicle to pass through tunnel, 40 minutes. Engineers believe such vehicles as carriers of merchandise will have disappeared by 1934.

Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States will visit Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, North Carolina, on January 14th and deliver an address before the faculty and students. The ambassador, himself a Scot, is greatly interested in the institution which bears the name of the Scottish heroine. The Secretary of the United States Navy, the Hon. Josephus Daniels visited the college on October 13, and in company with three hundred Scotch lassies, picked cotton in an immense field not far from the campus. The Secretary expressed pleasure in seeing the girls rendering a service helping to save the crop of a farmer stricken with pneumonia.

In compiling the new London Telephone Directory, shortly to be issued, the postal authorities have decided to eliminate all the hyphens; to lump the Ormesby-Smiths and the Fottleton-Smiths, and the Somerby-Smiths all together under plain Smith, and the hyphens are annoyed. And no wonder. Was there ever such a blow at our social status? If you sit quiet and still, you can hear the lady with the lorgnette and three superfluous chins tremble with pent-up rage, and the beads on her bonnet rattle in sympathy. "It's pure Bolshevism," you can hear her murmur, "the thin edge of the wedge. And after all these years of moving in the best circles, we are to be among the common herd again. It's dreadful."

One cannot but sympathise with her, for it isn't everyone who can suppo t a hyphen. A double-barrelled name means a tradesmen's entrance, a card with "Second Thursdays" in the corner, and an unaffected way in telling acquaintances that the "Pilkington," in "Pilkington-Broon," is "from Charlie's side, the Kirkintulloch Pilkingtons, you know." You never see Mr. Battersby-Bubblington in his shirt sleeves trimming the privet hedge, or Mrs. Wellington- Boote taking in the fish at the front door. These things are not done. If they were the hyphen would simply pack up and leave. And to think the telephone authorities are about to strike a blow at all this greatness ! ! ! ! Words fail me when I attempt to express my indignation.—*Inverness Courier.*

It takes an earthquake to wake up the average American and make him realize there is such a place as Scotland. Witness the following from a Philadelphia newspaper: "The nervous reader who is already pretty well convinced that the world is in a sad state of upset will find confirmation of his pessimism in a report from Comrie, County of Perth, Scotland. An earthquake turned up there the other day and shook the quiet Scots folk out of their beds. This, to the average person, will be a sure sign that even the earthquakes are thrown out of their customary course. But it just happens that this is not the case. Although it is true that rock-ribbed Scotland is not a favorite haunt for earth-tremors, the gazetteers tell us that in the little town of Comrie earthquake shocks are of frequent occurrence. So this one, probably, attracted little attention."

"The world never moved so fast before," says the Kaw Valley Philosopher in the *Kansas City Star.* "We have winter ice on the Fourth of July, spring vegetables on Christmas; we buy our straw hats in February and our felt hats in August; we get our Sunday paper on Saturday night, and our magazines a month ahead of time. If we telephone a man in San Francisco from New York he hears our voice about four hours before we speak, and if some one in Japan sends us a cablegram to-morrow we get it to-day."

The Scot in London

On the invitation of the London Robert Burns Club the Burns Federation has held its annual meeting for 1920 in the Metropolis, and the gathering was an outstanding event to the Scots of London. It is the first time in its twenty-nine years' history that the Federation has visited the capital of the Empire, and ninety delegates were present. The bulk of these came from Scotland, but there were also representatives from overseas, and several from the larger Burns Clubs in England. The various meetings filled up two days, and much was crowded into the time available. The president of the London Robert Burns Club, Mr. L. G. Sloan, J. P., is well known in London and America, as the head of the company which bears his name, and which controls the Waterman "Ideal" fountain pen, and, to mark the occasion in a fitting manner, he invited all the delegates and some others to a sumptuous banquet in the Vintner's Hall. The history of the Vintners goes back to the Thirteenth Century, and many distinguished guests have been received in the historic hall. It is on record that five kings dined together as the guests of the company on an historic occasion, and tradition has it that the gold plate used then is the same as adorned the tables in honor of the Burns Federation.

In a happy and appropriate speech, Mr. Sloan welcomed his guests, and referred to the fact that he was occupying a chair which had been saved from the great fire in London in 1666, when the Vintners' Hall of that day fell a prey to the flames. He pointed out that of the 277 clubs linked with the Federation, the London Robert Burns Club was No. 1 on the roll. Graceful reference was made to Mr. McNaught, the president of the Federation, of which he might be called the grand old man, and to the vast amount of energy he had given as a voluntary and enthusiastic worker on behalf of the cult of Burns. The motto of the London Club for 1920-21 was—

> "The social, kindly, honest man,
> Whate'er he be—
> 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
> And none but he,"

and it was in that spirit that they welcomed the Federation representatives to London.

The writer of this letter was called on to propose the toast of "The Burns Federation," and referred to the Ancient Caledonian Society of London which existed a century ago, for the purpose of celebrating great events in Scottish history. The society has long ceased to exist, and the only celebration which has survived is the birthday of Robert Burns. The present Caledonian Society came into existence in 1837 and carried on the Burns Anniversary celebration alone until 1868, when the London Robert Burns Club came into existence. After that they moved in parallel lines, and now by the intermingling of members the two celebrations had been united into one. It was in that spirit that the societies in London were meeting each other and it was the spirit in which they joined in welcoming the members of the Burns Federation. The warrant for it was in the words of the Master Poet—

> "But ye whom social pleasure charms,
> Whose heart the tide of kindness warms,
> Who hold your being on the terms
> 'Each aid the others'
> Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
> My friends, my brothers."

While we admired many poets, we all loved Burns, and in spite of his faults we continued to love him, and there was no better standard by which the poet could be judged than was set up by William Watson—

> "Not ours to gauge the more or less,
> The will's defect, the blood's excess,
> The earthly humors that oppress
> The radiant mind:
> His greatness, not his littleness,
> Concerns mankind."

If Burns were present, as his shade might be, he would express himself in words akin to those of Shakespeare—"My spirit is thine, the better part of me." Allan Ramsay, Robert Ferguson and Robert Burns had done much to purify Scottish poetry and song, and to preserve the Scottish vernacular language. Without them our language would have been poor indeed, and by their help we had a great heritage, because the loss of a language usually meant the loss of nationality, succeeded by the loss of independence. In replying to the toast, Mr. McNaught pointed out that the idea of a Federation originated on the Thames Embankment nearly forty years ago by a chance meeting of three Scotsmen, but it was worked out and put into shape in Kilmarnock by another trinity comprising Provost Mackay, Captain Sneddon, and himself, and from that small beginning there were now clubs on the roll from all parts of the Empire, Canada, the United States of America, Africa, and the Australasian Colonies. The large and representative meeting in the greatest city in the world was a palpable proof of its success and present strength, which he was confident would continue to be added to as the years went on. He trusted the traditions of the Federation would be handed down and acted upon by the younger members, so that the record of future achievements would completely eclipse that of the past.

Mr. Thomas Amos M. A. in a racy speech proposed "The London Robert Burns Club" to which Mr. William Will, past president,

replied with an admirable speech. He pointed out that if all the past presidents of the club present that night were to speak in their own different ways, it would be found that their different words would convey the same message—they would show that they were all actuated by the desire to so conduct the business as to be a credit to the Federation and to keep the star of Robert Burns ever before their eyes, as the bright particular star in the literary firmament. In the Capital of the Auld Enemy it was necessary to keep the lion rampant, as the hoary belief still existed that Scotsmen had but two grand passions, the consumption of whisky, and the preservation of money, and that a Burns Club dinner was simply an excuse for the consumption of enormous quantities of whisky and haggis, but those who had the good repute and welfare of their native land at heart could affirm that the Scots maintained in their public life in London such a bearing that the great populace of the Metropolis could not avoid showing the respect for Scotland which was Scotland's due. This was ever the object of the Council of the London Robert Burns Club, and if it was necessary to ward off the slings and arrows of outrageous cockneys, they must go forward in their work with similar high ideals. They should maintain the literary atmosphere in which the club was born, and pursue the progressive tenor of their way and headed by men such as Mr. Sloan, the ideal head of the "Ideal" fountain pen, and the ideal head of the ideal Burns Club, they would go from success to success, and that success would assist in proclaiming the greatness of the Burns Federation, the greatness of Scotland, and the greatness as a poet and a prophet of Scotland's darling child, the titular head of the Federation.

During the evening the host presented each of his guests with a gold mounted "Ideal" fountain pen, and a great occasion was brought to a close by the whole gathering forming a circle round the hall and singing—"Auld Lang Syne."

The second day's proceedings began at 10:30, when the delegates met in the Savoy Gardens on the Thames embankment at the statue of Robert Burns, where the president of the Federation placed a massive wreath of heather and holly on the base of the monument. Incidentally it may be remembered that the statue is after the Nasmyth portrait, and represents the poet wrapt in a plaid, the folds of which hang gracefully over the shoulders, and on the solid base of granite there is the inscription:

"Robert Burns 1759-1796

The poetic genius of my countrymen found me at the plough and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she inspired me."

At 11:30 a business meeting was held at the Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane Court E. C., when the secretary's and treasurer's annual reports were read, and approved. Reference was made to the cost of publishing the *Burns Chronicle*, and it was decided that the price should in future be 3/- per copy. The recent visit of Mr. John Gribbel of Philadelphia was suitably referred to, and it was recorded that the dinner given in his honour at Glasgow was attended by 130 delegates, representing the most important clubs in the Federation. A Scottish Album containing an illuminated address and thirty-six sketches by famous Scottish artists, were presented to him, and under the guidance of the Federation he had visited most of the places in the land of Burns associated with the life of the poet. He received civic receptions in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock and Dumfries, and was entertained by the National Burns Club, the Burns House, and the Roseberry Burns Club, Glasgow, and he was the recipient of many gifts from Burnsians, who appreciated his disinterested and magnanimous conduct in restoring the Glenriddell MSS to Scotland. It was noted that "Wherever he went Mr. Gribbel left the happiest memories. He was a true disciple of our National Bard, and an ardent admirer of Scotland. No Ambassador who has ever come from the United States could have been more earnest in his wish to see a closer and more intimate feeling between Britain and his country." And the record was completed by the following tribute: "We were grateful for his gift, were more than grateful for his uplifting presence among us, and we sincerely hope he may long live to have happy memories of his visit to Scotland."

Mr. Albert Douglas, delegate from Washington, offered to complete a full index of the thirty volumes of the *Burns Chronicle*, including the volume to be issued in January, 1921, and so that it might be issued to all subscribers to the *Chronicle*, he offered £25 towards the cost of printing it. Colonel Murray J. P. of Galashiels, offered a further contribution, and Sir Alexander Gibb C.B. E., C.B., C.E., of Dunfermline agreed to make up whatever balance was required, so that the index could be published free of all cost to the Federation. It was agreed that the annual meeting should be held in Dunfermline in 1921, and in Birmingham in 1922, where the clubs promised hospitality.

Luncheon was served to the delegates and friends in Anderton's Hotel, and it was announced that in honour of the visit a sum of £100 had been given to the Federation by an anonymous donor.

After luncheon the party proceeded in five omnibuses to the Royal Caledonian Schools at Bushey, Herts, about sixteen miles from London. The visitors were met at the gates by Mr. P. D. Graham, secretary, and the band of boy pipers, and were escorted to the entrance through lines of the boys and girls all dressed in their Royal Stewart tartans. A "March past" was executed and Mr. Sloan, accompanied by Mrs. Sloan, took the salute. Exhibitions of swimming and diving, games,

and dancing were given by the boys and girls and it was a characteristic Scottish entertainment. Tea was served in the dining hall, where Sir William Noble, vice president of the London Robert Burns Club who represented the directors of the schools extend a cordial welcome to all present. It was announced that in order to mark the occasion an anonymous gift of £100 had been handed to the secretary for the benefit of the funds of the institution, and the delegates, on the suggestion of Major Innes M. B. E., treasurer of the Burns Federation, made a collection and handed over £50 towards the school funds.

A concert was afterwards given in the great hall, where songs were contributed by the boys and girls, and Miss Bessie Fraser from Sydney, New South Wales, the Scottish Australian prime-donna gave several Scottish songs. The home journey to London was begun about 7:30, and the visitors left amid the skirl of the pipes, and the singing of "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?" Trafalgar Square was reached about nine p. m., and the remark of a delegate seemed to fit the occasion, when he aptly described it as "The end of a perfect day."

Thus finished the meetings of the Burns Federation in London, and it is certain they will remain memorable to everyone who had the privilege of taking a part in them.

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Our Glasgow Letter

We feel rather proud—in Scotland—to claim Miss Maryan Elmar as one of us, as she is undoubtedly making a name for herself in the world of Grand Opera. She, and some of her associates, gave a Command Recital at Balmoral Castle recently before the King and Queen, and were greatly appreciated. After an exquisite rendering of "Comin' Through the Rye," the King specially requested an encore, and seemed greatly delighted with her further rendering of "Robin Adair" and "Annie Laurie."

Many worthy causes and institutions have benefited by the will of Dame Margaret Currie of Garth, Aberfeldy, widow of Sir Donald Currie, formerly head of the Union Castle Line of Steamers. The value of the estate is £37,671, and among other bequests was included £500 each to the U. F. Church Central Fund, The Colonial Scheme of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, The Salvation Army, British and Foreign Bible Society, Glasgow Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, etc.

We must mention, with respectful regret, the death of Lord Murray of Elibank. He is suitably eulogised in the following few words from the *Glasgow Record*, "The dead Peer was one of those rare men whose personal charm and urbanity earn for them the deep and unswerving esteem of even those whose views are in the sharpest contrast. It was the possession of this quality above all others that made Lord Murray so winning in life, and his death so poignant. London has seen little and heard less of Lord Murray during the past four or five years. Nevertheless he did a good deal of what we euphemistically termed 'war work' in an unostentatious, but very effective way. But it was as the architect of the newer Liberalism—so tragically to be eclipsed when the storm broke over Europe—that Lord Murray will be best remembered. His service to the nation's industrial expansion, and the Empire's interests as a whole, were no less successfully rendered. The country has need of such men as he—sane, broad balanced, and with a large and all perceiving vision. And never was the need more urgent or imperative than to-day, when we mourn his passing."

There is no doubt that the cause of Liberalism at present under a cloud—owes much to this peerless Peer, and we wish he might have been spared to shed the light of his wisdom where, in the future, it will be so badly needed.

An interesting personality has just passed away in the person of Mrs. David Scott, who was a daughter of William Thom, the Weaver Poet of Inverurie. Mrs. Scott's death severs the last link with one of the most fascinating and pathetic figures in Scottish literature. His "Mitherless Bairn" is perhaps his best known poem, and one with an irresistably human appeal, but he wrote many other poems of a quality rare and beautiful.

There are almost continuous discussions as to who is the oldest person in Scotland. The latest claimant is Mrs. Margaret Geddes, of Fordyce, Banffshire, who has just completed her 104th year. She still retains all her faculties, and takes a positive delight in being able to recall such happenings in the national life of Scotland as the Disruption of 1843, at which time she was a young woman of about twenty-six or twenty-seven.

We hear, however, of a doctor in Camppeltown, who is now well over ninety years of age, and is still in active medical practice. He has no assistant, and does most of his visits on foot. He attributes his good health to walking, for one thing, so here is a recipe for good health, for what it is worth.

Mrs. Nisbet Hamilton Oglivy of Biel, East Lothian, has left, in her will, some very famous pictures, whereby it is expected that both the National and National Portrait Galleries of Scotland will benefit to some considerable extent. In the list of pictures are included examples of Van Goyen, Cuyp, De Heem, and other Dutch masters. Also pictures by Spanish, French and late Italian painters, including two fine Venetian Views by Guardi; landscapes by Gainsborough, Crome and Thomson of Duddingston; and a series of portraits, some of them of historical interest, by Antonio More, Van Dyck, Lely, Allan Ramsay, Gainsborough and Lawrence.

Scottish galleries are already rich in fine works of art, but Mrs. Oglivy's gift will nevertheless be greatly appreciated.

We would like to pay tribute to the efforts of the Scottish Home Rule Association, which is determined it will leave no stone unturned in the endeavour to secure self government for Scotland. This endeavour is no mean one, when one considers the apathy of the Scottish people to their own interests. However, we are glad to notice an ever increasing membership of the association, which is so far encouraging.

On Saturday, 4th September, the association held a remarkable meeting at the Wallace Monument, Elderslie, Paisley, the birthplace of the great national patriot. It was the 615th anniversary of the martyrdom of Wallace, and therefore the occasion was a very fitting one. At a time like the present, when efforts are being made to obliterate Scotland altogether and merge her into England, it is good to know that there is a live association out for the purpose of preventing this.

The principal speaker at the anniversary meeting was Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who has travelled far and seen much since he was so prominently in public life some twenty years or so ago. We cannot do better than give some excerpts from his inspiring speech for the benefit of our 'brither Scot' abroad. He said there was a certain fitness in his being there on the 615th Anniversary of the slaughter of Wallace, because, at least, tradition said that he was lineally descended from that Sir John de Graeme who was slain at Falkirk. It was perhaps the only real qualification he had for addressing them; but it was a proud thought—that a man lived in Scotland that day who was descended from the man who gave his life beside the national hero more than six hundred years ago. That monument—and he regretted that it was not a statue—stood on the place where Wallace was born. In the heart of the man who was born where they stood that day there beat the great impulse for freedom, the great hatred of tyranny and oppression that had beat throughout the ages. Our national hero is gone; he has taken his place beside the patriots of the world—beside Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Bolivar; beside all the men who have struggled and apparently failed, but not really failed, because no generous thought that ever came into the world is really lost—it persists through the ages, and bears fruit in places where one would not look for it. Even in England the heroic struggle of Wallace had a considerable effect—and in Scotland? Why he made Scotland; he is Scotland; he is the symbol of all that is best and purest and truest and most heroic in our national life. You cannot figure to yourselves Scotland without Wallace. He prepared the way, and is preparing the way, with your assistance, for a National Legislature in Edinburgh. He is a man whose memory can never die. So long as grass grows green or water runs, or whilst the mist curls through the corries of the hills, the memory of Wallace will live.

Mr. Cunningham Graham proceeded to deal with the case for a National Legislature in Scotland. He admitted that his first reason was sentimental, for man did not live by bread alone. The whole history of the Union between Scotland and England was one mainly of the venality of the Scottish nobility and the stupidity of the whole Scottish nation. It shocked him to see their old national Parliament, which for centuries had resounded to the eloquence of the representatives of Scotland, and wherein Fletcher of Saltoun made his last grand protest, delivered over as it was to a mere Court of Law, where lawyers walked up and down looking for cases. He said he would like to "see the Temple purged" and to see once again legislators sitting in the House legislating for Scottish affairs.

Another aspect was that the Acts of the old Scottish Parliament were singularly short and sufficient and written in language that everyone could understand. To-day they spent months in taking out and putting in, and in changing an "if" for a "but" and so on, till they had spent months in doing what might have been accomplished in three or four days, and at the end of it they required an English lawyer to tell them what it meant. Further, when Scottish affairs were being discussed he had often seen an English member come to the door of the Chamber, look in, say "My God, the Bagpipes!" and then go away, but it did not prevent the same man from coming in at a division and voting down the Scottish members upon an issue with which he was absolutely unacquainted. There were many things a Scottish Parliament could do: of course it could not change the face of the world or redress all the ills to which humanity was heir, but it could check the insolence of Jacks-in-office, and curtail the law's delays, and bring again the national sentiment into their legislation. Above all, a National Parliament was their right taken from them by fraud. In a National Parliament they would have their Scottish affairs settled by men with the same feelings and the same instincts as those for whom they were legislating. That, he thought, one of the strong-

(Continued on page 336)

Old World St. Andrews

What a requiem in its setting is the fair little township of St. Andrews! An old-world fantasy, it looks out on the grey waters of the North Sea like the mellow chiaroscuro of an old painting. Through its nooks and crannies the sunbeams of a summer's day play hide and seek, lighting up those torches of delicate detail which make old-world things so dear to the heart. It opens out before you in dreamy silhouette, its quaint-looking houses, ruined towers, and kirk steeples limned in sweet apparition against the sky line. Along the shore, the green grass slopes down to the murmuring wave, and out beyond is the famous bay, stretching to the coast line of Forfarshire, some fourteen miles distant. You turn your eyes to the sea, and there it lies, a wide expanse of ripping blue. Far out you catch a glimpse of the Inchcape Rock, with the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which Southey has enshrined for all time with the memory of Sir Ralph the Rover. Here and there against the faint horizon you discern the white and brown sails of the fishing boats. And as if to complete the picture, the hills rise gently behind into the "Backbone of Fife."

A City of Charm

There is a delicious pleasure in lingering in so enchanting a sphere, and the sweet little city is full of such indelible charm. It whispers to you of memorable days down the long passage of the years, for the centuries have left to it a wallet of reminiscences, as to most Scottish towns. Perhaps you have never rested by its ruined castle, which overhangs the water, or wandered in the shade of the ivy-covered ruins of the Black Friars' Chapel in the High Street. In such places the voices and faces of old companions in the history books come back. And it is but a short way off to foregather within the shades of others still more beloved, 'mid the broken pillars of its once stately Cathedral, or along the banks of the soft-flowing Eden—

Dreaming among green fields its summer dream,
Which takes whate'er the gracious hours will bring
Into its quiet bosom.

Round St. Andrews there has gathered a whole world of literary recollections. Its ancient University, the chapel and tower of St. Regulus, the famous links, bright with the glossiest of summer coatings, and its other profuse fragments of ancient architecture, are resonant with names. And those names make autobiographies to be known and remembered.

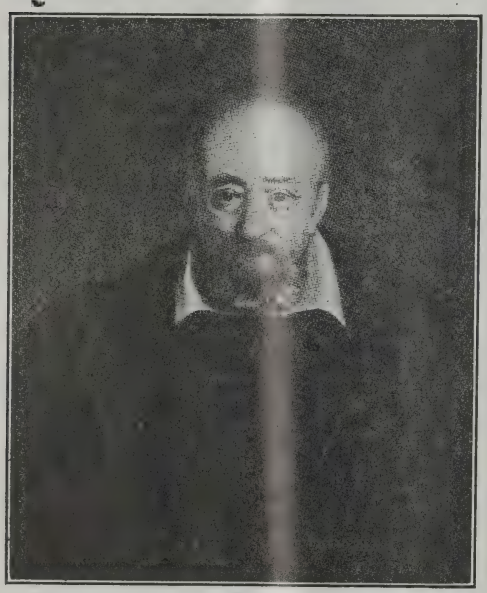
A Favored Haunt

In the long list of associations that enshrine the old town, the most intimate still retain a permanent charm. They record the quiet movements of many unwritten lives, who chanted their verses and wrote their letters in the solitude of forgotten days, for here, as elsewhere, snatches of song and prose have floated languidly by the water's edge through the twilight of the years. Here, in monastic seclusion the shaven monks and hooded friars of early times penned their long epistles, folding them carefully away that other eyes might read. From the days when St. Serf came wandering to the Eden, so minutely told in the pages of the good Abbot Adaman, St. Andrews has been a favored haunt of the pilgrim. You know the story of St. Regulas and how he came with the relic of St. Andrew on his head. You know, also, that the little city has memories of Bishop Kennedy, Patrick Hamilton, and that "maist godlie, learned and noble Scots martyr, Mr. George Wishart." But do you know that it was in the peaceful retirement of St. Leonard's College James Melville studied, that John Knox lectured, and George Buchanan held sway as Principal. If you are acquainted with Tennant's *Papistry Storm'd*, you will remember the picture he gives of

Saint Leonard's topmost tower,
Dan George Buchanan, douce and meek,
Was reading, by his windock-cheek
(After a three-hours' spele at Greek),
His Hebrew Bible richt.

Again, look down the spacious thoroughfare of South street, if you would view the pathway along which treaded the great reformer from his lodging in the Abbey to the Town Church. "I saw him every

day of his doctrine (writes an old chronicler) go hulie and fear (warily) with a furring of matrichs about his neck, a staff in the ane hand, and gude, godly Richard Bellenden, his servant, holding up the other oxter." Nor can you saunter in the vicinity of St. Mary's College without recalling that within the quiet of its academic interior, another Melville, Andrew of that ilk, courted the muses during his too brief leisure hours. Here, also, you get the most touching personal associations of Samuel Rutherford. Over



George Buchanan

the venerable building he presided "with love and gentle pride" in the heyday of his career, shedding the light of his influence, and the old place is fragrant still with its memory. You may see his grave in the shadow of the ruined Abbey, and resting there, look through the centuries with tender reflections on the fine, faithful soul whose deeds and works are mellowed chapters in the annals of Scottish story.

Notable Visitors

But the little town is full of whispered recollections. Though they lie in a far past, their fascination draws you to look upon the vestige and spirit forms they recall. And a summer's day, perhaps, when the rays of the sun gleam rejoicingly, lighting up the dingiest corners, is the best time to conjure up such visions. In the quaint old streets, or by the borderlands of soft, green, undulating holms, you may behold in imagination a princely procession, for, from the days when the world was still young, there have come to the Cathedral City by the sea notable visitors in endless line. To name all who glide before the glancing eye would be as tiresome as it would be unprofitable, yet the pages of some tint the sphere of fancy in a manner that cannot be overlooked. You get a charming antique view of the St. Andrews of a vanished age in the portraitures of Daniel Defoe, Pennant and Saint Fond. Maplike, they spread it out before you like some gigantic canvas, a series of picturesque tableaux, and it is withal pleasant to co-evalise with these long-faded pictures, now veiled, alas! for the most part in the unfrequented corners of the circulating libraries. To look with another—Macky, who came ajourneying to St. Andrews in 1723, and saw it "much like Bruges in Flanders, its colleges and fine steeples making a goodly appearance"—climb to the bartizan of the tower of the parish church and survey, with silent and observant note, the scene beneath, for Bruges before the war was a city to be loved. There lie the same old-fashioned lanes and wynds; yonder the same stepped gables and cobbled pathways, and all around are the numerous spires glistening in the sunlight. Or, walk by the banks of the Eden Water, and you will tell yourself that here, as well as under the trees of the Bequinage peace has built a tranquil nest. It was this charm that inspired the bardic spirits of G. M. Berkeley and Robert Ferguson. And roaming idly through its highways and by-ways, there comes to you many other sentiments from the graphic pens of early visitors, none more notable than that of James Boswell, who made the town a place of call when traveling with Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides.

Johnson and Boswell

A golden halo lingers in the trail of those distinguished travelers. The engaging picture of that dusky August evening of 1773, when the rattle of their postchaise broke in on the quietude of the old High Street, is an oft-told tale. It is one upon which memory loves to dwell. It recreates your mental eye, and as you follow in their

footsteps beckons back those scenes and communings—literary treasures for all time—which give you more clearly a vista of their wanderings. You walk in the shade of the ancient Abbey and remember the story of the aged plane tree maligned by Johnson as the only tree in Fife older than himself. You stand by the remains of the castle and look across the waters of the bay to the far horizon, the same to-day as when Boswell and Johnson surveyed the scene. You saunter amid the broken pillars of the Cathedral, and hear again the "solemn echo" of the great charm of litterature's feet as he paced up and down the cloisters. How his gruff, sonorous voice must have reverberated along the silent passages and through the crumbling interiors. And the cawing of the startled rooks would but lend a desolating effect to the melancholy silence. which is all-pervading. As you stroll among these venerable ruins, a myriad of thoughts steal down upon you. It is pleasant to think of the great English litterateur "wrapped up in contemplation" here, or talking about retirement from the world. It is pleasant to think of him in the grounds of the priory, and among the gravestones. In so restful a calm you interpret to the full the tenderness of his thoughts when he speaks of never seeing a monastery "but I could fall on my knees and kiss the pavement." One likes to think, too, of the last visit of Sir Walter Scott, when he sat among these same gravestones and dreamed of his first love—

When before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to be ascended? (he writes). I sat down on a gravestone, and recollected the first visit I made to St. Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feelings and my fortunes have since taken place!—some for the better, many for the worse. I remembered the name I then carved in runic characters on the turf beside the Castle Gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart.

Robert Chambers and Hugh Miller

The little chapel beneath the tower will draw you thither, for within its dim interior sleeps all that's mortal of Robert Chambers. The Cathedral was a favorite haunt of the celebrated antiquary, and he loved it with a deep and envying love. So did Hugh Miller and Robert Ferguson. You catch a glimpse of that love in "Recollections of Ferguson." You know how Miller, in his sketch, comes upon Ferguson in the ruins, "busied with his pencil and his tablets, and muttering, as he went, in a half-audible voice what, from the inflection of the tones, seemed to be verse." You know how the unfortunate poet tells Miller that the dream of his life is to gain celebrity as a writer, and as they loitered along the



Hugh Miller

shore, "the hills that rise on the opposite side of the Firth stretched their undulating line of azure under a gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold." It must have been a sight similar to this that caught the eye of John Knox when, "hanging tired over his car in the French galley, he saw the white steeples of St. Andrews rising out of the sea in the mist of the summer morning."

Fergusson and Johnson

The tragedy of Fergusson was yet to come when he lingered by the relics of the Cathedral. He was a dreamer midst restful surroundings, weaving his dreams by the wave-kissed shore. A vulgar Scots rhymer, he was called by his fellow-students. But if he did nothing of any particular merit at St. Andrews, his address "To the Principal and Professors of the University" leaves no doubt as to how he would have treated Dr. Johnson—

St. Andrews town may look right gawsy,
Hie grass will grow up to her cawsy,
Nor wa'-flow'rs of a yellow dye,
Glour dowy o'er her ruins high,
Sin Samy's head weel pang'd wi' lear
Has seen the Alma Mater there:
Regents, my winsome Billy boys!
'Bout him you've made an unco noise;
But hear, my lads! gin I'd been there,

How I wad trimm'd the bill o' fare!
For ne'er sic surly wight as he
Had met wi sic respect frae me.
Mind ye what Sam, the lying loun!
Has in his Dictionar laid down,
That aits in England are a feast
To cow an' horse, an' sicken beast,
While in Scots ground this growth was common.
To gust the gab o' man an' woman.
Tak tent, ye Regents! then an' hear
My list o' gudely hameil gear.

Included in his "hamil gear" are "A haggis fat," "A gude sheep's head."

And white and bloody puddin's routh,
To gar the doctor skirl o' drouth.
. . . . .
Then let his wisdom girn and snarl
O'er a weel-tostit girdle fare,
An' learn that, mangre o' his wame,
Ill bairns are aye best heard at hame.

A. K. H. B. and His Friends

Like Fergusson, you, too, become a dreamer, as these whispered confidences come stealing to the mind. There is a pensive pleasure in treading these old and familiar Scottish paths, with their memories grave and gay, gilded with the lustre of the long silent years. And you wander along them, like to the shadows of days gone by; Carlyle, I fancy, must have been thinking of these things when he said to Dr. Boyd, "Grand place, St. Andrews. You have there the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland in good and clear condition." So must Dean Stanley when he delivered that enthusiastic eulogy on the indescribable charm of "my own St. Andrews." The gentle A. K. H. B. himself is all about the historic little city, and these are charming pictures you get of him with Charles Kingsley in the manse, and with Froude, the historian; Tulloch and Principal Shairp at Magus Moor. It was of this same moor that Sir Walter Scott, on one occasion, while going over it, so told his tale of the assassination that he "frightened away the night's sleep of one of his fellow-travelers." Then there is that memorable afternoon on the links with Miss Oliphant, and the walk by the Eden's banks with Dean Stanley. All of them pleasant reminiscences to the recluse in his quiet hours. Not so pleasant, however is his recollection of Anthony Trollope. Trollope, with his wife, was on a visit to John Blackwood, of magazine fame, at Strathtyrum, where a dinner was given in his honor, and "filled with the enthusiasm of one who had very rarely met a popular author, I entered Strathtyrum that day."

The sight of the great novelist was a blow He was singularly unkempt, and his clothe were very wrinkled and ill-made. His man ner was a further blow. We listened for th melodious accents which were due from thos lips: but they did not come. Indeed, he wa the only man I had heard swear in decen society for uncounted years. The swearing which was repeated, was the most disagree able of all: the actual asserverating, by th holiest name, of some trumpery statement How could that man have written the well remembered sentences which had charmed me through these years? Then, by way o making himself pleasant in a gathering o Scotsmen, he proceeded (the ladies being gone, and we all gathered to hear him) to vilipend our beloved Sir Walter. Mr. Trollope said that if any of Sir Walter's novels were offered to any London publisher of the present day, it would be at once rejected. We listened humbly. Then it was asked whether this was because time had gone on and Sir Walter grown old-fashioned. "Not a bit: it is just because they are so dull." Possibly it was wilfulness on the part of the critic, or a desire to give his auditors a slap in the face; for I have in after time read a page of Trollope's on which Scott was praised highly.

Other Memories

Many other literary recollections, recent and old-world, haunt St. Andrews. You find in the heart of the city, in the shadows by the Eden Water, on the links, on the long grey highway, some sweet memorial of a vanished pilgrim. It may be the sight of the University, with its long list of resounding names. It may be the tablets on the somewhat stunted fountain, in memory of George Whyte Melville, the novelist. It may even be a fond remembrance of the fascinating pages of Andrew Lang, or of that touching letter of James T. Fields, the American publisher, in which he tells us that "it seems like a dream sometimes that I have roamed around your most interesting old city, with good Robert Chambers, to point out all the wonders of the place." Strolling haphazardly, the voices of the past come back. If Aytoun really thought that "Hell was a quiet and friendly place to live in compared with St. Andrews," there have been others, as we have seen, who left kinder reminiscences behind them. One likes to walk with those who have recorded such memories. And in the quiet of the evening, when the sun goes down and the ancient towers and ruins of the town stand clearly silhouetted in the softening light of speeding day, it is pleasant to think of them and of their beautiful, tender appeals.—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

Running For Office

BY JAMES KENNEDY

(For The Caledonian)

James Kennedy, engineer, editor, author, poet is a native of Aberlemno, Forfarshire, Scotland. He learned the machinist's trade in Dundee, and came to America at an early age, and worked at locomotive construction and repairs on some of the principal railroads in America. In 1875, he was graduated with honors in the literary courses of the High School, West 13th street, New York. He had charge of a department in the locomotive shops of the New York Elevated railroad from 1879 to 1902. In 1883, the first steam locomotive built at the company's works, and from which the succeeding locomotives were modelled, was constructed under Mr. Kennedy's superintendence. He was Chief Cashier in the Water Department of New York city, 1902-3, and Deputy Superintendent of Elections in 1904. He became associated editor of *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* in 1905, managing editor in 1910.



As a writer in verse in the Scottish dialect, Mr. Kennedy is conceded to be the chief of the modern Scottish poets, and has also shown an admirable facility in English. A peculiar kind of worldly-wise humour gives point to his character sketches. His ruling passion as exhibited in his more serious verses is an intense love of Scotland, and all things Scottish, a faithful attachment to his adopted country, and an abiding belief in the brotherhood of humanity. All the characteristics of true Scottish poetry—simplicity, tenderness, pathos and humour are found in his work. Time has deepened and broadened his poetic faculty, an excellent example being his nobly stirring verses on the occasion of the six-hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, which he delivered on the battlefield. There he met a most enthusiastic reception, not only at Stirling, but at the Liberal Club, Edinburgh, and in the town Council of Dundee, and at other places in Scotland.

Why is it that the dreams of our youth and the opinions of our early manhood vanish, and life becomes a contradiction? I know not; but that I should be nominated for Alderman in an east side New York district seems dream-like. I have walked like one in a strange land, and lived in a new planet, where the blare of trumpets and the flash of bombs blending with the multitudinous murmurs of the night, seem a kind of delirium born of madness.

The path led on by easy stages. The Reform Union is for good government; so am I, and I enrolled. They needed a chairman, and "Barkis is willin'." The enrollment proceeded rapidly and the conventions approached. Fusionist conferences fused harmoniously, and in regard to the Aldermanic nomination I was "it."

On the morrow, before I had time for reflection, a delegation of three citizens called on me, and the spokesman briefly announced that they had opened a "keg" at Schneider's, and if I had time to call —I replied that they were opening a "barrel" at headquarters the same evening, and I was sorry, but—this was enough. I could "see" them later; the Headquarters "barrel" must be seen to above everything. A certain worthy accosted me and desired *to see me personally*. Conceiving no other method by which I could come within the range of his visual organism, we "personally" proceeded to an unfrequented corner of a dark street, and assuming an air of political mystery, he assured me in a confidential whisper that the "brew" at Schneider's was not fit to drink. The "Owl's Nest" was *the* place.

After he had delivered himself of this ponderous statement, we emerged into lighter surroundings and presently met a swarthy Italian who had heard the result of the nominating conventions. He grasped my hands in both of his and assured me of his warm support. A clammy sweat was on his hands, and he held on as he wrestled with his broken English, and finally let us understand that he had just left the smallpox hospital. My friend who had given the important information about the quality of Schneider's brew suddenly remembered an engagement and vanished. I endeavored to extricate myself from the tentacles of

the convalescing smallpox patient, but it was not without a struggle.

No one previously ever used to notice me; I could walk along the street meditating on the vanity of human life without disturbance. It is not pleasant being constantly clutched like a malefactor. One humbly wants a promise that when I am elected I will put him on the "cars." He did not state whether it was merely as a passenger or in some official capacity, but he will likely inform me more fully at some subsequent visitation.

An ardent supporter begged me to project my mind into the undiscovered future and think of a job that would suit him. He had been looking for something since 1869. He had no friends except a lean dog that seemed a strange compound between a fretful porcupine and a shattered fragment of an abandoned hoop-skirt. One could study anatomy on the dog, and moral philosophy on the man. Nothing better than the dog catcher came into my mind, and modestly hinting that there might be some vacancies in that department, the owner of the dog brightened up at the thought and assured me that his dog was acquainted with about three hundred and sixty-five other dogs, and all he would have to do would be to walk along, and his dog would bring out all the loose-living dogs, and he could in his mind's eye "see their finish."

The names of warm supporters were put in a book; some of these names have burned themselves into the memory forever. Carbolic Assida is one; he is an editor in embryo. He had a double sheet printed in fine Etruscan, full of inverted commas. It was all Runic to me. He had both the fusion and straight tickets printed in full, and was willing, for a consideration, to lift the straight ticket out of the form and make "pi" of it. I wrote a letter for him to take to Headquarters, where, no doubt, they will gleefully make "pi" of him; nobody had ever heard of his paper before, and nobody will likely ever hear of it again.

Angelo Giammotista is another name memorable because it means the Angelic John the Baptist; the bearer of it looked as if he had not seen water since his baptism fifty years ago.

Sometimes there was an urgent call to go out and see some gentleman whose "support" was said to be valuable. I called on one of them; it was fortunate that an able-bodied lieutenant accompanied me. The supporter was so glad to see me; he summoned his wife and family and ordered them to bring "these parcels out." It began to look like the unpacking of some publishing establishment; piles of papers and prints of men and animals and black-faced type a foot high calling on all and sundry to vote for honest government. He had kept the stuff for four years and now relieved himself on us. We were laden down like two Kentucky mules. When we emerged into the street, a gale of wind, accompanied with a driving rain, swept us along, the great sheets of paper acting as sails. They soon became utterly unmanageable, and we finally came to anchor. At the corner of the street there was a great opening into which a wilderness of waters was rushing tumultuously, and "Uncle Sam," "Victory" and "Honesty" and "Capacity" and all those words treasured for years vanished, and we scudded to Headquarters under bare poles.

A cold caught me, and a friend said that if I put a piece of paper across my chest, no wind or weather could affect me. I tried a piece of something, and it so happened that it was a collection of portraits of candidates. In a day or two, when I was changing some under-garments, the discovery was made that the physiognomies of our "splendid candidates" were tatooed on my skin. Few indeed will take them as near to their hearts as I have done.

The procuring of five hundred signatures to a petition to put the names of independent candidates on the election ballot is a serious matter. The only flash of humor I observed was in the case of an illiterate but willing voter who could not write. The law does not make allowance for marking; the signature must be in the handwriting of the person named. He was a hod-carrier, and the ingenious notary put the pen into the hand of the hardened son of toil; then grasping the hand with both of his own, tried it on a blank piece of paper. The notary begged the hod-carrier to slacken his hold on the pen, to relax his muscles, to ease up on his flexors, but the unyielding metacarpals tightened at the unusual task, and the result looked like a map of the annexed district.

Speaking at open-air meetings is rich in incident. Meetings in small halls are no earthly use; the audiences are entirely composed of partisans who politically see with one eye only. Outside, all sorts of men and women congregate; some thick-skinned and impenetrable as the rhinoceros, others are there who never think of thinking for themselves at all. Sometimes the breath of battle is in the air. A shovelful of small pebbles came down from a high roof at a meeting, and rattled all over the audience like grapeshot. Sometimes it is a decayed apple, and usually the line of trajectory is no better than the work of a sixteenth century artillerist; they could not hit the end of a house at fifty yards. A dead cat came somersaulting through the air like chain shot, and fell harmlessly at the door of a butcher. Voices hoarse and vehement break out in the audience, and they are minded no more than the occasional barking of a stray dog.

On one occasion the lie direct was hurled at me by a hard-looking citizen, accompanied with some sulphuric observations. The audience was in a tumult; a dozen men were high in oath, and a posse of policemen crushed a path through the surging mob. During the pause occasioned by the interruption, an old joke came wandering out of the forgotten by-ways of my memory. It had long ears and whiskers on it, and when silence settled upon the multitude, I let go the old "gag" at my antagonist. "My friend," I observed, "you have made me do what an angel did. On one occasion the Bible tells us that an angel made an ass speak. I have made a bigger jackass speak this evening." A wave of merriment swept over the sea of faces, and I resumed the thread of my discourse.

Open-air audiences are nervous and changeable; in halls they are patient and long-suffering. At an Italian meeting, where, in company with a little preacher, we were talking to a crowd of first voters, the preacher, translating my remarks, and thus alternately we were getting along pleasantly, when a Headquarters spellbinder, full of importance, came in. He had run for office some years before, and took more pride in his defeat than most men take in victory. He so loved to hear the echo of his own voice that he hated to hear anyone else speak. We gave way to the great man, and the little preacher endeavored to explain the necessity of the translating arrangement. The spellbinder waved him aside with a commanding sweep of the arm and sailed in. This was about 8:30; we left him alone in his glory. Passing that way about 9:45, he was still at it; returning at the close of the evening's campaign, on the way to the local headquarters, the sonorous murmur of his voice was cleaving the silence at 10:30. He had recited the whole history of New York City from the Revolution to the Consolidation Act.

The story of the spellbinder, and the sufferings of the sons of sunny Italy were being told at Headquarters, amid much merriment, when presently the telephone bell rang. It was no laughing matter. A city judge had decided that there was no provision in the new City Charter for the names of Aldermanic candidates being placed on independent columns on official ballots. The Court of Appeals had promptly reversed the decision. The Bureau of Elections had refused to print the names until some injunction was removed. The Supreme Court was appealed to, and all candidates had to appear at Headquarters and sign affidavits and swear out complaints. I complained bitterly by telephone, but to no purpose; a midnight journey must be made, and we sped to the rallying point.

A motley collection of carriages with glaring lanterns like fiery eyeballs, automobiles with bespectacled fiends, like ogres, grinning in front of them; smaller vehicles, push-carts and wheelbarrows were there with cargoes of candidates, apples, bananas and other raw material. Inside, all was bustle, and signing of documents, noise, jabber and threatenings, loud and deep; conferences low and indistinct. Presently it was our turn and we were out under the stars again. The spangled heavens were luminous in the glory of the brilliant gems that glowed on the black brow of night, and wondering if the stars in their courses were fighting against us or the enemy, and thus meditating, we drifted homeward, knowing that however robed in mystery the night might be, the morning cometh.

The House of Douglas

PART I

ARMS: Silver, a man's red heart crowned with an imperial crown gold, on a blue chief three silver stars. (The original arms were: silver, on a blue chief three silver stars. It was, "Good Sir James" of Bruce's time who added the bloody heart).

CREST: On a chapeau, a green salamander in flames proper.

MOTTO: *Jamais arriere.*

VARIATIONS

The Marquis of Queensberry bears ARMS: Quarterly: first and fourth quarters silver, a red human heart crowned gold *(Douglas)*—second and third quarters blue, a bend between six cross crosslets fitchy gold (*Mar*)—all within a gold bordure charged with a red double tressure flory-counter-flory. CREST: a red heart winged and ensigned with a gold imperial crown. MOTTO: *Forward.*

Other variations are: Earl of Morton, silver, on a red chief two silver stars. Earl of Ormond, ermine, a red heart, on a blue chief three silver stars. Archibald Douglas of Cavers, the plain arms of Douglas within a blue bordure. Douglas of Bonjedward, plain arms of Douglas with a red label of three points. Sir James Douglas, son of the fourth Earl of Morton, a heart surmounted by a bend sinister, on a chief three silver stars. Sir William Douglas of Drumlanrig added a red engrailed bordure.

Among the great houses of Scotland, it will be readily agreed, none except the royal Stewarts themselves, can boast of a more heroic, romantic and long-continued record than that of Douglas. Throughout the war-like centuries its services to the country were ever among the foremost; its fame was equally great on the battle-fields of France, where it won the Duke-dom of Touraine; again and again it inter-married with the royal house of Scotland; it possessed at the height of its fortunes a third of the kingdom; and its power for a time all but eclipsed that of the kings themselves.

It was wont to be said by the Douglases that none could point to their "first mean man"—that, from its first appearance, the race had been distinguished. The family took its name from its earliest known patrimony, the vale of Douglas in Lanark-shire, and its first known head was Wil-liam of Douglas, who witnessed certain charters between the years 1175 and 1213. He was either the brother or brother-in-law of the famous Freskin, said to have been a Fleming, whose services in sup-pressing the rebellion of the men of Moray won him great lands in the north, and who became ancestor of the Murrays, Earls of Sutherland and Dukes of Atholl.

Of Douglas's six sons, Brice, a monk of Kelso, was, by the influence of his uncle Freskin, made Bishop of Moray in 1203; Alexander, no doubt through the same influence, became Sheriff of Elgin, the chief town of Moray, while other three became, respectively, archdeacon, dean and a canon in their brother's diocese. Meanwhile, Archibald, his father's heir, acquired further lands by marriage, treaty and lease, and attained the honor of knighthood.

While Archibald Douglas's younger son, Sir Andrew, became ancestor of the Doug-lases of Dalkeith, afterwards Earls of Morton, the elder, Sir William, supported Henry III of England and obtained from that monarch's son, afterwards Edward I, the manor of Fawdon in Northumberland. This knight's second son and ultimate heir, another Sir William, "the Hardy," was more patriotic. While a young man defending his father's manor of Fawdon from the raiders of Redesdale, he had his head nearly hewed from his body. Twenty years later, in 1287, he himself with an armed force raided the manor of the La Zouches at Tranent, and carried off Eleanor of Louvain to be his wife. Ten years later still he joined the rising of Sir William Wallace, and for this had his lands of Douglas wasted, his wife and children carried into captivity by Robert the Bruce, then on the English side, and was himself when forced to submit to Edward I, imprisoned in York Castle, where he died.

The eldest son of this romantic mar-riage was the famous "Good Sir James," Bruce's most faithful companion in arms, whose exploits fill so many pages of Scottish history, and are described at length in Barbour's great national epic, *The Bruce.* It was he who, in romantic fashion, twice recaptured his own strong-

hold of Douglas Castle and surprised the great Border fortress of Roxburgh, and who, with the young Walter Stewart, commanded one of the wings of the Scottish army at Bannockburn. At the end, when his royal master lay dying at Cardross, it was he who was chosen to carry Bruce's heart to the Holy Sepulchre, and when, in that last wild battle against the Moors in Andalusia, he threw the heart far into the press, fought his way to it, and fell, he bequeathed to his descendants the insignia of the bloody heart, which has ever since been their proudest possession. As befitted his great services, Douglas received many broad lands from the Bruce, and by the famous Douglas Emerald Charter he had all his lands erected into a regality.

From his mother's foreign blood the Good Sir James may have inherited the features which gave these descendants the sobriquet of the "Black Douglases." The general description of him forms one of the fine passages in Barbour. According to the poet, his complexion was "sumdeill grey," and "he had black hair as I herd say."

It was not, however, the son of the Good Sir James who immediately carried on the line. His next brother, Hugh, followed him. But the fortunes of the family were carried forward by the third brother, Archibald, who after the poisoning of Randolph, Earl of Moray, at Musselburgh, the slaughter of Donald, Earl of Mar, at Dupplin, and the capture of Sir Andrew Moray, at Roxburgh, became Regent of Scotland, and was slain at Halidon Hill.

Nine years later, in 1342, Hugh of Douglas made over the family domains to the dead Regent's eldest surviving son, Sir William. This knight married Margaret, daughter of the Regent Earl of Mar, who fell at Dupplin, and whose mother was a sister of King Robert the Bruce. In her right presently he became Earl of Mar, and in 1337 he was made Earl of Douglas by his wife's cousin, David II. The Earl was a noted soldier, and had distinguished himself in the wars in France, especially at Poictiers, but there was a tragedy in his life at home. Hume of Godscroft, the family historian, tells how his wife, the Countess Margaret, became enamoured of the Knight of Liddesdale, Sir William Douglas of Dalkeith, and how the Earl, returning home, waylaid and slew Douglas at the "dowie dens o' Yarrow." An old ballad runs:

"The Countess of Douglas out of her bower
she came,
And loudly there then she did call—
'It is for the Lord of Liddesdale
That I let all these tears down fall!'"

The son of this unhappy pair, James, second Earl of Douglas, was the hero of the battle of Otterbourne, fought on the moonlit night of August 13, 1388, the battle in which Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland was defeated and captured, and Douglas himself was slain. The struggle is described in one of the finest passages in Froissart, and inspired the ballad which Sir Philip Sydney declared stirred his blood more than the sound of a trumpet. Strangely enough, it was fought on that very manor of Fawdon in Northumberland which Edward I gave to Douglas's ancestor. The Earl had married the Princess Isabel, daughter of King Robert II, but she brought him no children. Of his two natural sons, one became ancestor of the Marquesses of Queensberry, and the other of the Douglases of Cavers. His sister inherited her mother's earldom, and became the famous Isabel, Countess of Mar, who was the wife, first, of Sir Malcolm Drummond, and afterwards of his murderer, Alexander Stewart, natural son of the Wolf of Badenoch, and leader of the royal armies at Harlaw and Inverlochy.

The earldom of Douglas devolved by entail on Archibald "the Grim," natural son of the "Good Sir James" of Bruce's time. Earl Archibald had inherited his father's great lordship of Galloway, forfeited by the adherents of Baliol, and, by marriage with the heiress of the Morays of Bothwell, he acquired that stronghold and lordship, with wide lands in Ross. Douglas was now the greatest noble in the kingdom, and he might hope for even greater things. His natural son, Sir William Douglas of Nithsdale, had married the Princess Egidia, daughter of King Robert II, but was assassinated at Dantzic in 1390. It was, however, a great day for the house when, in the beautiful old kirk of Bothwell, in the year 1400, the Earl saw his daughter, Marjory, married to David, Duke of Rothesay, elder son of King Rob-

ert III. It looked as if the descendants of Douglas might sit upon the Scottish throne. But two years later the gay young Duke was starved to death by his uncle Albany at Falkland, and that dream did not come true. It was as well, perhaps, for the grim Earl himself that he was by that time fifteen months in the vault of Douglas kirk.

Nevertheless, his son was to set the family fortunes higher than ever. Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, was a great figure in three kingdoms. His marriage with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert III, brought him very near to the Scottish throne. In England he supported Hotspur and the discontented barons against Henry IV., and at Shrewsbury overthrew that king's banner, and brought Henry himself to his knees. And beyond the seas, in the French wars against Henry IV., while the Earl of Buchan was made Constable of France, Douglas covered himself with glory and was made Duke of Touraine. The blot in his career was the part he played in securing the dreadful death of his royal brother-in-law, the Duke of Rothesay, but a nemesis seemed to attend him, for he earned his subriquet of Tine-man by being on the losing side alike at Homildon, where he was taken prisoner and lost an eye, at Shrewsbury, where he was wounded and captured, and at Verneuil, where he was slain. His son, Archibald, the fifth earl, was made Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and also distinguished himself in the French wars.

But the power of the family had now reached too great a height. At Douglas Castle the Earl kept such state as the king himself could not easily support. When he rode abroad it was not infrequently with a retinue of a thousand spearmen at his back. And on short notice he could place himself at the head of an army of twenty thousand men. They set store also, it is said, on the fact that, through the marriage with the Countess of Mar and other connections, they had come to represent the old families of Baliol and Comyn, with of course the ancient claims of these families to the throne. Moreover, by marrying Euphemia, daughter of Sir Patrick Graham and the Countess of Strathearn, Earl Archibald had brought to his house the claim of the second family of Robert II to be the rightful heirs of the crown, while, by reason of the doubtful first marriage of that King, it was whispered that the royal house of Stewart was of doubtful legitimacy. So long as the strong-handed James I was King, the danger did not appear too serious, but after the assassination of that king at Perth, in 1437, the Douglas power became a very real menace to the Chancellor, Crichton, and to Livingston, the guardian of the boy-king, James II, who carried on the government.

The death of Earl Archibald, in 1439, gave these men their opportunity. William, the young Earl of Douglas, was haughty, lawless and defiant of the royal authority; but he was only sixteen years of age, and he and his brother, David, were invited to visit the king at Edinburgh Castle. They came, and, on the way, were hospitably entertained by Crichton himself at his own stronghold. In Edinburgh Castle, they were welcomed with much pleasure by King James himself, then ten years old, who anticipated the delights of companionship with those of his own age. That companionship, however, was brought to a sudden and terrible end. The popular story ran that at a banquet with the king present a black bull's head was brought in and placed upon the table. Douglas and his brother, recognizing the sign of death, sprang to their feet, but were immediately seized, and though James wept and begged for their lives, they were hurried through a mock trial and immediately beheaded in the castle courtyard. A popular rhyme of the time ran:

> "Edinburgh Castle, toun and tour,
> God grant ye sink for sin,
> And that even for the black dinnour
> Earl Douglas gat therein."

The foolish and cruel act did not diminish the Douglas power. It is true that the Dukedom of Touraine and Lordship of Longueville, being male fiefs, returned to the King of France, and that a great part of the family estates in Scotland went to the dead earl's sister, Margaret, known for her beauty and her possessions as the Fair Maid of Galloway, while the earldom and the entailed properties passed to her grand-uncle, James, Earl of Avondale, second son of Archibald the Grim. But the new earl, known from his unwieldy

size as James the Gross, died in 1444, and his eldest son and successor, Earl William, presently procured a dispensation, divorced his first wife, married the Fair Maid of Galloway, then only twelve years of age, and thus re-united the vast possessions of the earldom. Douglas now held in his own hands not only the earldoms of Douglas and Wigton, but the lordships of Galloway, of Bothwell, and of Annandale, while his brothers held the earldoms of Moray and Ormond, and the lordship of Balveny.

For a time Douglas maintained the great name of his house in the field, and stood in high favor with the King. In 1448, war having broken out with England, and Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, having burned Dumfries, Lord Balveny led a force into Northumberland, and burned Percy's own town of Alnwick. Percy and the Earl of Huntington then invaded Scotland, only to be met and overthrown by the Earl of Douglas himself, who took the English leaders captive. Next the Earl of Northumberland, with the celebrated Sir Magnus Redmain as his general, crossed the Border with an army six thousand strong. He was met on the little river Sark, near Gretna, by Douglas's brother, Hugh, Earl of Ormond, and after a terrific battle, completely overthrown. These exploits greatly increased the power and arrogance of Douglas, who presently united with Sir Alexander Livingston, the Governor, to exploit the royal power against the chancellor, Crichton. The chancellor, however, held his own by the help of the king's cousin, the sagacious Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, and presently the king, coming to a man's estate, took matters into his own hands. By a sudden coup, he arrested the Livingstons at the bridge of Inchbelly, near Kirkintilloch, and he strengthened his own position by concluding peace with England.

At the same time Douglas, thinking perhaps to secure again, through his wife's interest, the Dukedom of Touraine, betook himself with a magnificent retinue to France, and afterwards to Rome. There he greatly astonished the polite Italians with his barbaric pomp. In his absence, his brother, Balveny, and other feudal followers, presuming on the great Douglas name, carried on a campaign of oppression and insolence,till the King was forced to take the field, harry the nests of the armed pillagers, and destroy the Douglas castle of Lochmaben. The Earl hurried home, revived a treasonable bond he had made with the Earls of Ross and Crawford, and entered upon an active conspiracy against the King. In his own lordship of Annandale, in open defiance of express royal commands, he tyrannously hanged Herries of Terregles, countenanced the murder of Sir John Sandilands of Calder, a relation of James, and delivered up the person of Maclellan of Bomby, "wanting the head."

The King, who was then in his twenty-first year, resolved to try the effect of a personal conference with the Earl, and, declaring that if he would express regret for his misdemeanours all would be forgiven, invited him, under an assurance of personal safety, to come to Stirling Castle. Douglas accepted the invitation, and on the evening of the second day, after supper, James drew him aside, and after remonstrance, conjured him to abandon the treasonous bond and renew his loyalty. Douglas replied insolently, broke into reproaches, and bluntly refused to break with Ross and Crawford. At that the King burst into fury, cried, "False traitor, if thou wilt not break the bond, this shall!" and plunged his dagger into the Earl's throat. Then the other guests rushed upon him and Douglas fell, pierced with twenty-six wounds.

The deed was the signal for the Douglas wars, which wasted Scotland for four years. The Earl's brother, James, who succeeded him, was forced by the appearance of a royal army at his doors to submit for a time, and was taken into favor, and was allowed to obtain a dispensation and marry his brother's widow, the fair Margaret of Galloway. But very soon Douglas was in arms again, and plotting with the English Yorkists against Scotland. Then the King, at the head of a formidable army, attacked and destroyed the Douglas stronghold of Inveraven, swept through Douglasdale and Avondale and the forests of Selkirk and Ettrick, destroying the Douglas possessions and compelling the Douglas vassals to join the royal forces. Next he besieged the Douglas stronghold of Abercorn, on the Firth of Forth.

To raise the siege, Douglas raised an

army of twenty thousand men. The King met him with an army rather more numerous but less disciplined. As they lay on the two sides of the River Carron, it seemed that the morrow must decide whether James Stewart or James Douglas should wear the crown of Scotland. On the morrow, however, the Earl showed some hesitation to attack, his men began to fall away, his chief ally, Hamilton, that night went over to the King, and in the morning there was not a hundred men left in Douglas's camp. The Earl fled, but his brothers, Moray and Ormond, gathered another force with which he met the royal troops under the Earl of Angus at Arkinholme on the Esk. It was May Day in 1455. He fought desperately, but was totally defeated. Moray fell in the action, and Ormond was captured and immediately executed, while Balveny and Douglas himself fled to the west, and found shelter with the Earl of Ross, Lord of the Isles.

The island chief sent a fleet of a hundred galleys, with five thousand men, under his kinsman, Donald Balloch, which harried Inverkip, Bute and Arran, but effected nothing further. Douglas meanwhile retired to England, where the Duke of York, then at the head of Henry VI's government, granted him a pension of £500. Meanwhile his great estates were forfeited, and his young wife was married to the King's half-brother, Sir John Stewart of Lorne. For twenty years Douglas remained an exile, plotting against Scotland; then in 1484, taking part in a petty raid across the Border into Annandale, he was made prisoner and sent by James III to end his days as a monk in the Abbey of Lindores.

Four years later, when James III himself was in dire straits, fighting against his rebel lords, he sought out Douglas and begged him to raise his standard in the field once more. But the Earl shook his head. "Ah, sir," he replied, "your grace has kept me and your black casket too long under lock and key to be of service to you now!" So James rode away to be slain at Sauchieburn, and soon afterwards the Earl of Douglas died. He was the last of the Black Douglases. Upon the ruins of his house had already risen another branch, the Red Douglases, Earls of Angus, to carry on the great tradition of the name.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

(To be Continued)

In Our Burgh

BY PHILIP SULLEY

Another delightful episode from "In Our Burgh," published by William Hodge & Company, Ltd., Edinburgh. So true is this book to Scottish scenes and character, that, as was to be expected, several of our subscribers have positively located the burgh which forms the background for the sketches. Strangely, however, no two seem to agree. A high compliment was paid the author, by probably the most capable judge in America, when he said after reading the book, that Mr. Sulley was one of the very few authors in his knowledge who had mastered writing the Scottish dialect really as it is spoken.

MOVING IN

A highly prized perquisite of the Banker is the Bank House. It is situate over the business premises, usually lofty, ornate, of much architectural pretension, built according to common rumor out of the vast unclaimed and forgotten deposits of which the head office retains unlawful possession. It is also usually draughty, cold and uncomfortable, with vast passages, steep stairs, and a kitchen far removed from the living quarters. But it is a free house, and carries advantages and prestige.

My predecessor in the bank agency died suddenly, leaving a widow and three sons, who were intended for distribution, *more Scotico,* among the Kirk, Law and Medicine. As the two elder were completing their University course and qualifying to start to make a living, it was a great advantage to the widow to be permitted to retain her free house for a few months. To this I readily consented, being a bachelor, and more particularly as my sister could not leave our old auntie, with whom we had lived throughout the years spent in Lon-

don, and who was in failing health. So, as I have mentioned, I took up my quarters in the hotel. Thence I gravitated to lodgings, to a rapid succession of lodgings. I suppose it must be some fault or failing of mine, for I confess that I simply could not get on at all. Bad cooking and attendance, restrictions and the deadly dullness were too much, so I returned to the hotel, to good meals, and company.

Matters continued thus for nearly a year, and then, on the death of our aunt, Ellen decided to come and keep house for me. So she disposed of some of the heavier and older-fashioned furniture, and the rest, including some cherished possessions that had been saved from our old childhood home at our father's death, were carefully packed and sent up by rail. This may have been the cheapest measure, but it was not the best, for it was in the bringing in and unpacking that our troubles arose. Foolishly, I had left the matter to a small tradesman, who promised an excellent and cheap job.

On the eventful morning, he turned up with two assistants, elderly men of a severely respectable appearance. But things are not always what they seem. In place of getting to business, they appeared to go on the lines of the comic song. First they had a drink or two, then they had a smoke, and then they had a drink again. They were waiting for the lorries to arrive. After two hours, I telephoned to the station and discovered that no arrangements had been made there. Then I used language, and the abler-looking and less ancient assistant addressed to me solemn words of admonition. When at last two lorry loads did turn up, it was their dinner hour, and off they went.

When they condescended to return and tackle the job, we found that the general curiosity taken in the proceedings was amazing and disconcerting. The neighbors were taking an eager interest. Some stood stolidly gazing from their windows; one, just opposite, dodged up and down behind blinds and curtains in a manner that was peculiarly irritating.

Every message boy, every woman or girl going on an errand, apparently found that our street was the only available thoroughfare. Workpeople suddenly discovered that this was really the nearest way to and from their meals, and when the schools came out, or "skailed," as our expression is, at midday and afternoon, the street was well-nigh impassable. All day long the lorries were surrounded with tiny tots, and small girls carrying babies as big as themselves, getting into everyone's way, falling over each other and being jostled or knocked over. One irate matron came to see me in the afternoon, complaining that her laddie had been "sair hurtit wi' a boax," and demanding compensation. To my suggestion that the child should either have been at home or properly looked after, she fiercely demanded to know, "Wad I tak' every bit pleesure awa frae the weans?" Being positively assured that she would not get a penny, she retired in great indignation. As she proceeded outside, she cried to her offspring, "Not anither minit, Alexander John, do I alloo ye to stay here amang their meeserable bits o' auld rubbish." And Alexander John went howling down the street, "sair hurtit wi' a boax" on the lug. This resulted in police supervision, and a clearance to the other side of the street, where the brats settled down in a row against the wall of the opposite houses, and shrilly and unfavorably commented on each article and its probable use and cost.

The "contractors" appeared to be getting on, so I went to lunch. Like the "mairchants," anyone who undertakes to do a job, large or small, to build a bridge or a kirk, to remove a barrow-load of furniture, stones or stores, designates himself a "contractor." Ellen said she could eat nothing, and flatly refused to go out. When I came back, all three men were missing, and Ellen sat amid ruins, on the brink of tears. I garnered them in from a neighboring hostelry, and they resumed. There was a deal going on in the office that day, and I could only snatch an occasional minute now and again. Progress was very slow; the boxes were too heavy, the stairs too steep and narrow, making it inevitable that the bannisters and wall should suffer, and a box of highly prized old crystal must be dropped. "An awfu' stramash, but it couldna be helpit." Through it all my sister sat watching, with an expression that forbade speech. So soon as the bank was shut, I flung off my coat, and by desperate and back-breaking efforts, managed to get a semblance of order.

Our rising spirits were promptly damped by a scrubby note, on highly colored paper, handed in on behalf of the domestic, a veritable treasure, who had been secured for us—"Miss Maggie Thom presents compliments and isn't coming till to-morrow, as my new dress isn't reddy if there is any house-clenning to do I won't come atal (signed) Maggie Thom." This was the last straw for Ellen, who declared she would die, positively refused to go to the hotel, or out for a cup of tea, and seemed in danger of breaking down. I managed to unencumber and uncover an easy chair, and was just wheeling it forward when in flounced one of our neighbors opposite, the lady who had been playing Jack-in-the-box all day, flopped into the chair, exclaiming all in one breath, "Oh, you poor, dear creatures, how I do pity you; I really had to come across to see how you were getting on. What confusion! and what was that dreadful smash? I distinctly heard it across the street. However will you manage, and——" But just as Ellen was about to faint, and I to commit murder or suicide, relief came from another quarter. The stout lady who had steadily watched the proceedings of the day came bustling in, with an ample tray covered with a nice white cloth. "Eh, ye silly wumman, can't ye see the puir lassie's jist deein' wi fatigue? Up ye get, you an' your blethers. Sit ye doon, ma dearie. Push up yon box. A cup o' guid tea an' a hot scone is what ye want. Na, na, dinna greet. That's better." The other unwelcome visitor had fled meantime. "Eh, but she's a silly; but she didna mean to upset ye. It's jist the lack o' gumption. And' noo," turning to the chief rascal, "I'll look after ye, Rubbert. There'll be nae mair drink for ye the nicht. Ye'll hae to wark an' feenish this job properly, or there'll no be a penny paid ye, as shair's ma name's Janet, ye psalm-singing auld hypocrite!" After a few minutes, in which tea, toast, scone and cake surely never tasted better in this wide world, she came back. "Ye see, ma dears, I stud it as long as I could, but I jist had tae interfere, and I'm thinkin' ye'll no be mindin'! When I saw wha's clutches ye'd got intae, I kent hoo it wad be. But jist leave it to me. Awa' ye go for a walk, and then to the hotel for a nice bit dinner. My lassie is comin' ower wi' kindlin' and 'll pit on the fires, an' ye'll find a queer differ when ye come back." And even so it was. When we returned, "Rubbert" and his men were putting the last straightening touches to rooms that looked very different and home-like. A few pieces of fine old glass were even rescued out of the ruins, and to his credit be it said, whenever he came across a nice piece of crystal at a sale or elsewhere, I always got the offer of it at cost price, as some amends for the damage.

They say that three removals are equal to one fire. Personally I should prefer the fire. Yet I need not run the risk, because in the ordinary course of events there will be no change unless I have to survive to the age limit, and be retired compulsorily. In that case I shall have a sale and go back to hotel life for the balance of my earthly career. Unless a nice, fat, well-to-do widow makes a sufficiently high bid. She will have to be a nice widow, for our local brand seem to be all terribly loquacious, meddlesome, and mischief-making.

In setting forth the advantages of the Bank House, I forgot to mention that an appointment to a branch is usually equivalent to a life sentence, and the recipient has to make the best of it, and live within the bounds of his income. He may get an extra trifle by persuading his customers to insure through him; and there is a remote chance of an extra job in the local Savings Bank. Very many Scottish bankers are also lawyers or "writers," and are appointed because they can bring in their clients' business. They are usually in a better position and more prosperous than the purely bank trained and promoted official. That is too far off to worry me. Enough for the present. We have moved in. And I can sit, and, as the Official would say, "Take mine own ease in mine own inn."

CALLERS

Our first callers arrived the very day after we moved in, when the dining-room was barely straight, parlor in confusion, and the drawing-room—but I must tell you about that later. They arrived before two o'clock, and bundled in just as we were finishing lunch. Please remember that though you never have a late dinner save once or twice a year, the midday meal is

(Continued on page 334)

The Story of Pasadena

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

(For The Caledonian)

PART I

The title to all land in Southern California when the white men took formal possession in 1769 was, of course, in the Spanish Crown. That august authority seems to have given to the Franciscan Fathers, headed by Junipero Serra, a power of attorney to do with as they would, on condition that they convert the native race—the Indians—who were in possession, to Christianity.

When Mexico revolted from Spain, carrying with her the two Californias, the new government did not quite approve this arrangement, and very soon began to show signs of wishing to change it. Using the phraseology of the day, they proposed to secularize the missions, to reinvest the government with the title to the land.

At this time, one Fra Zalvidea was at the head of the San Gabriel Mission; he had grown old and feeble in the service and was about to retire from it. In the year 1800 there came into the Mission community a woman, Dona Eulalia de Guillen, the wife of a soldier of Spain, who had come to do military duty. Dona had been born in Southern California in 1735, of respectable Spanish folks, and at the time she came to San Gabriel was sixty-five years of age. Very soon she endeared herself to the whole of the little community about the mission, including the Padres themselves, by her many acts of practical benevolence that included nursing the sick, teaching the Indian women housewifely arts and acting as mid-wife on occasion. This endearment meant so much that when Fra Zalvidea was about to leave the post of duty he had so long adorned, he decided that Dona Eulalia was entitled to a reward at his hands for her great devotion to the best interests of the people who had been so long under his charge, so he presented her with a deed to 14,000 acres of land, adjoining that on which the mission was located. The presentation being made on Easter Day, 1827, and because of its being made on that day, the tract was named "Rancho San Pascual," or, in English, "Easter Day Ranch." At this time the Dona was ninety-two years old, and too poor to comply with the Spanish law which required that gifts of Crown lands must have certain conditions complied with to confirm them; these conditions being that the land must be stocked with a certain number of cattle, and that the deed must be duly recorded. The good Dona was too poor to comply with the first requirement, and so did not consider it worth while to pay heed to the second, and so it came about that her title to this princely estate lapsed, and she died very poor at San Gabriel in 1878, at the remarkable age of 143 years, mourned by many whom she had helped and befriended. The dates of her birth and death are well vouched for by the records at the mission in Lower California, where she was born, and those at San Gabriel, where she died. In this great tract of 14,000 acres was included the land on which Pasadena has since been built.

The great Ranch seems to have lain unused for many years, till in 1843 the then Governor of California gifted it to a member of his staff, one Colonel Garfias, when he was about to marry a lady somewhat above his station. The gift raised him to the rank of a Don and enabled him to carry as high a head as the belle he married, Lusia Abila.

A few years after he came into possession of this land, trouble arose between Mexico and the United States, and the whole of Alta California came into possession of this country. In order to save his great estate, the Colonel swore allegiance to our flag and became a citizen, and had his title to his land confirmed at Washington.

He took an active part in local affairs, was a member of Los Angeles City Coun-

cil, and later was county treasurer. He built a large adobe house on his land, where now stands South Pasadena, where a son and daughter were born to him in 1853 and 1855—the first white children born on the property. This house has long since disappeared, but the overseer's house still remains. An adobe building, it stands south of the Raymond Hotel, on the edge of its golf links. It long was in a ruined condition, but has recently been thoroughly restored by an enterprising lady from Wisconsin, who runs it as a tea house, serves excellent meals, and does a thriving business. On a day in June, I walked over there to look it over and found it marked with a bronze plate bearing the following legend:

Head Quarters of
General Jose Maria Flores
Before the Capitulation to
General John C. Fremont,
January 13th, 1847, St. Chuiunga

This Tablet Placed By
The Daughters of the American Revolution,
Oneonta Chapter,
1920

When Colonel Garfias decided to build his big house, he had no money, but very easily borrowed from his friend, Dr. John Griffiin of Los Angeles the necessary amount, $26,000, at four per cent. interest a month. He evidently, like most soldiers, was careless in money matters, and as interest works night and day, and he paid none, it was not a very great while till Dr. Griffin called on him to pay the mortgage. The Don was very much surprised, but finally in consideration of $2,000 in cash paid to him by the Doctor, he surrendered the whole of the property, 14,000 acres, the house, the stock and all implements. The transaction at this distance and present land values, looks like a hard bargain, but at that time it was considered a fair one, raw land being then worth very little per acre. When Southern California came under the Stars and Stripes, the spelling of the Ranch name became Anglicized and is now San Pasquall .

There is, of course, much detail to these incidents that savors of romance and that is most interesting, but there is no room for it in this brief narrative. It was in the winter of 1858-59 that Dr. Griffin acquired title.

During the winter of 1872-73 some friends were gathered in the home of Dr. T. B. Elliott at Indianapolis, Ind., to hear read and to discuss a letter that had been received from a mutual friend of all, then living in San Bernadino County, in Southern California. The letter gave a glowing description of the country, its genial climate, abounding sunshine, the pleasant health-giving breezes that were wafted in from the Pacific, of the equable temperature that permitted the same clothing being worn the year round, and of its immunity from malaria, yellow fever and other epidemics. This glowing description raised the question, Why live in a region whose winters are cold, inhospitable and storm-driven, and whose summers were the other extreme, when we can find such a climate as this letter described?

This meeting resulted in many more, and finally in the organization of an association of persons who planned to emigrate to Southern California.

The association was made up of fifty families and was named "The California Colony of Indiana." Dr. Elliot was elected president. Rules to govern the organization were framed and adopted, assessments were levied and paid into the treasury. A committee of four, one of whom was a surveyor, was elected and despatched to California to select and purchase land and carry out the purpose of the association. But alas! something happened in New York. The great Wall Street firm of Jay Cooke & Co. failed, and credits the country over fell to pieces. Many of the members of the association could not pay their assessments and withdrew. The representative of the organization, now in Los Angeles, however, had sttill faith in the scheme, and after recovering from their disappointment, proceeded to organize another company. Finding in Los Angeles men from the East and Middle West who were there on the same quest as themselves, a new association was formed.

The new colony was named the "San Gabriel Orange Grove Association," and on November 13, 1873, they purchased, or contracted to do so, from Dr. Griffin, 4,000 acres of the San Pasquall Ranch. At once they proceeded to sub-divide 1,500 acres into lots for home sites, varying in size from fifteen to sixty acres, for

distribution among the stockholders, then twenty-seven in number.

The work of surveying and sub-dividing being all completed, the stockholders met on the grounds on January 27, 1874, each to make selection of the property that suited him. So very cordial was the feeling existing among them that the selection was made to the satisfaction of all, and without the least friction.

Dr. Reid, in his history of Pasadena, gives a complete list of the names, together with a description of the tracts they selected. To show the fairness with which the whole transaction was carried through, I will state that fifteen acres had been agreed upon as one share. The one-shareholders receiving the first choice, then the holders of two shares, and so on till the owner of twelve shares was reached, he being Dr. Elliott, in whose home in Indianapolis the first meeting to discuss the project was held. In these twelve shares he had Mr. D. M. Berry as a partner. The exact amount of land purchased was 3,933½ acres, the price being $25,000.

Mrs. Jeannie C. Carr writes of the above incident in her contribution to a history of Los Angeles County as follows: "Nearly all had a choice spot in view, and it was an anxious moment when, the lovely landscape at their feet and the maps outspread, the bidding was about to begin. Mr. Fletcher moved that the owners of a single share be first invited to make their selections. And such was the diversity of soil, location and topography that each of the twenty-seven stockholders received his chosen homestead without interfering with that of his neighbor."

It was a rather singular fact that there was not a professional and hardly a practical horticulturist or farmer among them; but the spell of the neighboring orchards and vineyards soon transformed them into enthusiastic culturists of the orange and vine. The worn out physician found the fountain of youth in the pure California sunshine, which turned his grapes into delicious raisins. In the first nine years of the history of the settlement, not a single criminal prosecution occurred among a population of a thousand souls, and quarrels were unknown.

Until the spring of 1875, mail for the young colony had been sent and received at Los Angeles. At once the necessity for a post office in the colony was felt, and steps were taken to secure it. The department at Washington would of course never consent to the name of the association for a post office. The leaders took up the matter and began search for a name that would have local color and significance, and not merely be a reproduction or repetition of another name. The matter was referred to Dr. Elliott for his opinion and advice. The doctor, though still living in Indianapolis, took a lively interest in all that pertained to the colony; he at once began a search through his books and incidentally wrote to a friend who had been a fellow student at Hamilton College, but was now a missionary among the Chippewa Indians. They being correspondents, the doctor mentioned the dilemma about the name. An answer came back suggesting four different Chippewa names, that when rendered into English and accented differently might mean either, Crown of the Valley, Peak of the Valley, Key of the Valley, Hill of the Valley. Pâ sâ de nâ—Crown of the Valley—and at a meeting of the stockholders of the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association, held on the 22nd day of April, 1875, this name was adopted. Here is a minute of that meeting: "At a meeting of the stockholders of the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association, held on the 22nd day of April, 1875, the question of selecting a permanent name came up for consideration. A number of names were suggested, among them Indianola, Granada and Pasadena. A lengthy discussion ensued as to which should be adopted. Those in favor of Indianola argued that the change from "Indiana Colony" to Indianola would be most easily effected, and that the name would retain a hint of the origin of the settlement. Those in favor of Granada argued that our productions and climatic conditions were similar to those of the region of that Granada which the genius of Irving had immortalized, and therefore would be appropriate.

"The late Dr. Elliot presented the name Pasadena and stated that it was an Indian name meaning 'Crown of the Valley,' and argued its appropriateness for the reason that our location was at the extreme end

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The Sinn-Fein Circus

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET, GRIMSHAWES, N. C.

A second installment of Judge Benet's timely articles. A third paper will appear in the December issue.

PART II

In the June number of THE CALEDONIAN appeared the first part of this article on The Sinn-Fein Circus. Since then Ireland and the Irish question have been forcing themselves on the attention of the world more prominently and more persistently than ever before in the long history of that "most distressful country." So much so that perhaps I owe an apology to the readers of THE CALEDONIAN for bringing the subject before them again. Those of them who have read and thought on the subject so much as I have, must be conscious of a sense of irritation and impatience, of weariness and almost of hopelessness.

With amazing audacity and limitless mendacity, the Irish leaders and pro-Irish politicians carry on their unceasing propaganda in the United States, to create and foster in the minds of the American people an anti-British sentiment by misrepresentation, exaggeration and falsification. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, with few exceptions, our leading newspapers lean in a friendly way to the Irish side of the question, while some of them are frankly anti-British. Did many of them condemn as it deserved the disgraceful conduct of the Irishmen and Irishwomen at the meeting of the Pilgrims in Carnegie Hall? How many of them denounced as it deserved the shameful conduct of the Irish gang in Brooklyn who howled down George Haven Putnam, that honorable man and model American, forbidding him to utter one word to the audience that was there to hear the venerable gentleman? And why? Simply because he was known to have a friendly feeling towards Britain. If gangs of Germans or Russians or Italians had been guilty of such riotous conduct, how differently would the metropolitan press have regarded it! How they would have denounced the foreign hyphenates and demanded their punishment! And no doubt the police would have arrested the leading rioters. Were any of the Irish rioters arrested or punished? Not one! The suffragette picketers were arrested and imprisoned. Were the Irish women picketers arrested? Not one!

It is not surprising that a wave of indignation swept over our whole country just as the great World War began, when the insidious plans of the pro-German propagandists were exposed; when it was discovered that it was the cherished hope and the express purpose not only of the Kaiser but of his people in Germany and in this country to inoculate Americans with German *kultur* until the United States should be Germanized. But it is surprising that our country is not on its guard against pro-Irish propaganda by which the United States is in greater danger of being Hibernianized than it was of being Germanized. Already several of our largest cities are Hibernianized to an alarming extent; they choose Irishmen for the highest offices; and they elect members to Congress who make speeches and offer resolutions which are—and are meant to be—insulting to the British Government. More anxious to serve the so called "Irish Republic" than to do their duty as "American citizens, they would induce this country to commit an unfriendly act against a friendly government, even though thereby they might involve the two countries in dreadful war. Indeed, some of the most conspicuous and influential leaders of the Irish in America have openly announced their willingness to embroil this country and the mother country in war to establish a republic in Ireland. Let me give two examples. I find them in the official report of the "Hearings Before the Committee on Foreign Affairs, House of Representatives," which were had last December on "House Resolution 3404." That resolution, which was offered by Mr.

Mason of Illinois, reads as follows: "Be it enacted," etc., "that an appropriation be made out of the treasury of the United States to provide for salaries for a minister and consuls to the Republic of Ireland, the sum of $14,000."

Let us pause a moment. Does not the mere reading of that Mason resolution take the American reader's breath away? If it were adopted, and if an American minister were sent to Dublin, to the "Republic of Ireland," what would follow forthwith? The British Ambassador would be called home from Washington, and the American Ambassador would be requested to depart from London. Diplomatic relations would cease because of the "unfriendly act." That might not cause war, but it would be a long step on the road that leads to war. The framer of the resolution and its pro-Irish and Irish supporters know that very well. But what care they? Is not war with the British Empire the goal they are aiming at?

Now let us hear what was said at those "Hearings" in Washington. I read from the "Statement of Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan, Justice of the Supreme Court, State of New York." In the course of his long argument in support of the Mason resolution, the following colloquy took place between him and Mr. Connally, Representative from Texas:

Mr. Connally: Let me ask you this further question, as an American citizen. Supposing we should pass this resolution and Great Britain should take offense at it, and our action should eventuate in war; as an American citizen would you by willing for America to go to war to maintain the freedom of Ireland?

Judge Cohalan: In any contingency, whether we were weak or strong, when a situation has been presented to the American people that appeared to them to be just, I have never found any red-blooded American citizen who was not in favor of doing that which would maintain justice, even though it would bring war. (Applause.)

Mr. Connally: Then I understand you to answer my question in the affirmative?

Judge Cohalan: Undoubtedly, under those circumstances.

Mr. Connally: That you are willing for the United States, if her action in this regard should eventuate in war with Great Britain —that you are in favor of the United States going to war with Great Britain to liberate Ireland? (Applause.)

Judge Cohalan: I will put it this way——

Mr. Connally: My question was very direct.

Judge Cohalan: I am going to answer squarely—yes.

Mr. Connally: Judging from the applause, there was not any question about what the audience took my question to imply.

Judge Cohalan: I am going to answer your question, and there will not be any doubt as to my reply. I say yes.

The above quotation shows that Judge Cohalan tried to answer with a non-commital platitude, but the Texas Congressman succeeded in extorting from him the categorical answer, "I say yes." My readers will note the "applause" and Mr. Connally's reference to it.

The second example is furnished by W. Bourke Cockran of New York, the well known Irish orator. In his long and eloquent "Statement" in support of the Mason resolution, he did not advocate war as "squarely" as Judge Cohalan had been forced to do; but my readers will conclude from the following quotations that his voice was still for war:

"The Irish republic is a government by right and it is in actual operation—a government *de jure* and *de facto*."

"I think I was the first person in this country to suggest that it was our duty to deliver Cuba—by negotiation, if possible, *by force of arms* if necessary—from conditions which had become a discredit to civilization." (Italics mine).

"When you realize that the spirit of hate displayed by this man is the essential principle of English government in Ir land, you will, I am sure, be convinced that recognition of Irish independence is a duty imposed more urgently by civilization on this Government than intervention in Cuba ever was."

These quotations amount almost to a sound and logical syllogism, and the just conclusion is that if Mr. Cockran favored war for Cuba's deliverance, he "more urgently" favors war for Irish independence. (The man referred to by Mr. Cockran had made a strong argument against the Mason resolution.)

It is not surprising that the Irish in this country and in Ireland who desire to establish an Irish republic should wish and work for war between the United States and Britain. They know that Great Britain—and Ulster—will never consent to separate Ireland from the Empire. They also know that the Irish, themselves alone, could not succeed in a rebellion for that purpose. They believe, therefore, that their only

hope and chance of success are in a war between the United States and the British Empire—which God forbid.

When Germany began the great war, the Irish Nationalists and the Sinn-Feiners thought that then their chance had come; that the hour had struck for a successful rebellion against British rule. They hoped and believed that Germany would win the war. They made no effort to conceal that their hearts' desire was with the Huns. In 1915 John Redmond declared in the House of Commons that the Irish would not submit to the conscription act, but would oppose it with all their power; that the Irish people "were with our enemy, Germany, and not with the Allies." The Irish Catholic priests preached from their pulpits opposition to conscription. The Easter Monday Rebellion was timed to happen just when their hopes for German success were highest—that they might stab Britain in the back when they hoped and believed her defeat was sure. German U-boats swarmed about the coasts of Ireland, and when a captured crew of a German submarine were landed at an Irish port, they were cheered and hailed as friends by the Irish inhabitants. When the Easter Monday rebellion took place, one of the Sinn-Fein officers was Emilio de Valera, a Spanish-Mexican-Irish-American, who is now known as Eamon de Valera, so called "President" of the so called "Republic of Ireland," who declared in a public speech, "We have one enemy—England. The tie of having a common enemy is a link between Germany and Ireland. England is our only enemy." Germany having failed him and his Sinn-Fein followers, he and they now look to the United States as their only hope, and they work and pray for a war between this friendly country and their "only enemy—England."

My readers will remember that this De Valera has been acting as the star performer in the Sinn-Fein Circus that has been traveling through this country for nearly a year; but I doubt if they know that he is a great statesman—nay, more, that he is one of the ablest statesmen in the world. So says Mr. Walsh, one of the Irish delegates from America, who, after visiting Ireland, went to Versailles and knocked at the door of the Peace Conference, but were refused admission; nor can they forgive President Wilson on that account. In his argument in favor of the Mason Resolution, Mr. Walsh informed the committee that "the Vice-President of the Irish Republic, Mr. Arthur Griffith, is one of the ablest statesmen in Europe—next to Eamon de Valera, I think, the ablest statesman in Europe." High praise, that. But praise still higher follows: "I say it now, without fulsome praise, that Eamon de Valera, thirty-eight years of age, is the peer of any statesman in the world to-day, in point of intellect, in point of virtue, in point of knowledge of government, and in point of splendid purpose toward his fellow men." Who dares to doubt this since Mr. Walsh has said it? (The Arthur Griffith referred to is the founder of the Sinn-Fein organization).

De Valera, with his Circus, went to Chicago to appear before the Republican Convention, but he failed to secure a place in its platform. He then went to San Francisco to the Democratic Convention, but was able only to secure a small corner in its platform a mere non-committal expression of sympathy for Ireland. That was plainly a bid for the Irish vote, and as such it was bad politics. The Irish everywhere are bitterly opposed to the League of Nations, and will not support a candidate who favors it. Did not their spokesman, Judge Cohalan, say to the Congressional Committee, speaking of the League of Nations: "No more colossal scheme of aggrandizement has ever been dreamed of in the history of mankind. No more gigantic bunco game ever thought of than this effort, in the name of peace, to make a permanent condition of the hideous system of conquest, of robbery, of injustice which is called the British Empire"? This shows how vain is the effort of Mr. Cox, the Democratic nominee, by any promises to the Irish to gain their support. Mr. Harding, the Republican nominee, although anxious to please everybody, has kept silent on the Irish question. No doubt he remembers the fatal blunder which Mr. Blaine made in connection with Dr. Burchard's slogan, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion"—a blunder that cost him the Irish vote and lost him the Presidency.

The Sinn-Fein Circus has given performances in various parts of the country during the summer, and chiefly in the large

cities, where Irishmen most do congregate. One great attraction for some time was the Roman Catholic Archbishop Mannix, from Australia, whose speeches in New York were as fiery and as furious and as anti-British as the most rabid Sinn-Feiner could desire.

The other clerical attraction, the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Dr. Irwin, has returned to his home in Ulster. Having said about him all that was necessary in my article in the June CALEDONIAN, I shall content myself with quoting a clipping from *The Ballymena Observer,* an Ulster paper, which shows that Dr. Irwin did not represent the views of his own congregation in his Sinn-Fein speeches here, and was rebuked by his own kirk session:

MISREPRESENTING ULSTER
Alleged Statements of County Antrim Minister.

A special meeting of the committee and session of Killead (County Antrim) Presbyterian Church, was held to consider an interview alleged to have been given by the Rev. J. A. H. Irwin, D. Ph., to American newspaper men. The clerk of session (Mr. Edward Bell) presided.

The following resolutions were proposed and passed unanimously (four members who objected to any action being taken having previously left the meeting):

"That, whilst this committee are of the opinion that Dr. Irwin may have been misrepresented in the report of the interview alleged to have been given by him to American newspaper men, we feel that it is in the interest of this congregation to correct some of the false impressions which the circulation of the report may have created.

"That Dr. Irwin's reasons for his trip to America in his own words to this committee and congregation were: 'The doctor has stated a complete change is necessary in the interest of my health.' Our reply being: 'We hope the voyage may have the desired effect, and that he may return completely restored."

"That, whilst we have no desire to interfere in any way with Dr. Irwin's private political opinions or right of free speech, we hereby affirm that he has no mandate from this committeee to represent the political opinions of the members of this congregation, the majority of whom are opposed to the views expressed in the alleged interview with regard to the question of self determination for Ireland.

"That the statement contained in the alleged interview that less than five per cent. of this congregation signed the covenant is entirely incorrect and misleading."

After this exposure of the erring Dr. Irwin, we may be allowed to quote the old Scottish proverb: "It's an ill bird that files his ain nest."

(To be Continued)

Ladykirk, Scotland—It's Historical Importance

BY FRANCIS E. STEWART, PH.M., M.D., PHAR.D.

Ladykirk, Scotland, is situated about two miles northeast from Preswick, and lives in history as the scene of the wedding of a grandson of Robert the Bruce, Robert Stewart, the son of Marjorie Bruce, who became the first wife of the sixth Lord High Stewart of Scotland. Robert Stewart was the first Stewart King, ascending the throne as Robert II. When he became King, the office of High Stewart or Steward was merged in the Crown and became one of the titles of the Prince of Wales.

Robert first married his cousin, the "exceedingly beautiful" Elizabeth More or Mure of Rowallan, and, secondly, Euphemia Ross, the widow of Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray. The Pope for a long time refused his sanction, as the bride and groom were so nearly related, but at last he relented and the young couple were married.

The facts concerning his first marriage have been grossly distorted by various historians, who, for their own purposes, sought to attach an unmerited stigma not only to King Robert himself, but to his issue by the union. According to them, the King's marriage with Elizabeth Mure did not take place until after the death of his other wife, Euphemia Ross, whose children consequently were the legal heirs of the Crown, from which they were excluded by the father's partiality for Elizabeth and her children.

This calumny was first refuted by Sir Lewis Stewart, the celebrated advocate of the time of Charles I, and he was followed by the Earl of Cromarty, Dalrymple of

Hailes, Father Hay and others, who, quoting Acts of Parliament and other state documents, proved the stories untrue. The actual state of matters remains uncertain until the end of the last century, when it was the good fortune of Mr. Andrew Stuart of Torrance and Castlemills—himself descended from one of the oldest branches of the Stuarts—to make discoveries in the Papal archives at Rome, which settled once and forever the calumnies regarding King Robert, his wife, Elizabeth Mure, and their children. In the course of other antiquarian researches, Mr. Stewart, in 1789, discovered in the above repositories the original Papal dispensations authorizing both of the marriages of King Robert, he and his wife in each instance having been within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity or affinity as then interpreted by the Church—degrees so comprehensive as even to preclude marriages between descendants of *godparents* and *godchildren* for one or more generations.

Robert bore his Argyleshire bride to an Argyleshire home, the Castle of Dundonald, and although Elizabeth died before her husband became King, yet her eldest son succeeded his father to the throne. Thus the marriage at Ladykirk was one of great historical importance, for Robert Stewart, by his accession to the throne, was the founder of the Royal branch of the Stewart family which for six generations had been one of the most important families in Scotland. And the reigning King of Great Britain and Emperor of India is a descendant (through the Princess Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of King James VI, who married Frederick V, Elector Palatine) of this marriage, which occurred nearly six hundred years ago.

James IV visited Ladykirk on several occasions, and usually left an offering for the "puir folk" of the parish, or for masses to be said for the repose of his father's soul. There is a Lady Well close behind the gate of the new mansion house of Ladykirk—a well which now runs dry. The tower and part of the chapel is now incorporated with the garden wall. The mansion and lands of Ladykirk, the former a handsome country house of the Scottish baronial style belongs (1908) to Robert Angus, Esq.

A Wee Bit Heather

BY GEORGINA H. DONALD

There came a wee bit heather,
Frae far across the sea,
Tae mind me o' the bonnie land
Nae mair I fear, I'll see.

But, oh! I need nae mindin',
For in my childhood's days
I played among the blue-bells,
On Pentland's sunny braes.

I see the clear burn dancin'
O'er brown an' mossy stanes,
Whaur, on sweet days o' simmer,
We paidelt, tireless weans,

I see the purple heather
Climb far out ower the knowe,
An' hear the lispin' murmur
Whaur wimplin' burnies rowe.

An' whiles a waefu' longin',
Maist breaks my hert in twa;
Tae see the bloomin' heather
On hills sae far awa'.

But wae's me, for the way is lang,
An' seas lie braid an' deep
Atween me an' the auld kirkyard,
Whaur a' my ain folk sleep!

'Neath shady yews my faither
Lies 'mong his kin at rest;
My mother, too, beside him,
The gowans on her breast.

An' sae at whiles a longin',
Maist breaks my heart in twa,
Tae see the hills o' Scotland,
Sae dear, sae far awa'.

—*Scottish Australasian.*



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Boston Letter

Scotsmen have always been in the front rank in the interests of good government, law and order. To men of our race, this country is greatly indebted for the Constitution which secures to every citizen equal rights, equal opportunities and the pursuit of happiness. The history of the Constitutional convention discloses no greater names than those of Alexander Hamilton and James Wilson, the then Attorney General of Pennsylvania, the one a West India Scotsman, the other born in Aberdeen, Scotland. None played a greater part in drawing up the articles of that wonderful document than these two men of Scottish birth and descent. To conserve this Constitution, to uphold the laws, to preserve peace, order and good government, must surely then be the duty of their kinsmen who are citizens of this great republic. It is equally their duty in the interests of humanity and civilization to bend their efforts towards a closer union of the two great English speaking nations by whom the peace of the world can be made possible. Propaganda to disrupt friendly relations, to cause misunderstanding and embroilment between the two countries should therefore receive their just condemnation, and a course adopted to combat and set at naught the unscrupulous methods of a certain element in this country, whose sole purpose is to create and foster enmity and hatred between these two countries, speaking the same language, living under similar laws, with the same ambitions and aspirations.

Therefore it pleased the members of the HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS at a meeting held on Tuesday, October 12, to learn that one Scottish society had taken action, and when a set of resolutions passed by the New York Caledonian Club was read condemning the propaganda and activities of the Sinn Fein, and declaring stern and uncompromising opposition to it and all of its works, it was unanimously endorsed, and the general sentiment was that every Scottish society throughout the length and breadth of this land endorse these resolutions, so that further action might be taken in the matter. The Highland Dress Association of Massachusetts is a live body, and the New York Caledonian Club can count on its co-operation.

At the meeting four new members were initiated, each one of them a fine type of a Scotsman. The business of the evening was quickly dispatched and the members then joined the Ladies' Auxiliary in their hall where a singing contest was held for male competitors, the ladies acting as judges. Piper MacDonald was proclaimed the winner; W. Hunter (a new member) and Past President W. C. Stewart being respectively second and third. Prizes in the shape of pipes were given the winners.

On Friday evening, October 15, the association gave a "Cinderella Dance," which was largely attended and proved a grand success in every way. The Pipe and Drum Band under Pipe Major George B. Smith played several selections, which were rapturously received, and Highland dances were given by three young ladies, much to the delight of the gathering. Combie's Orchestra of six pieces supplied the music for the dancing which was all that was to be desired. The leader, W. Combie, is a member of the association.

THE AMERICAN BRITISH FEDERATION

Now that the Nineteenth Amendment is a part of the Constitution, the Federation was not slow in affording an opportunity to the ladies to give their ideas regarding matters political. So at the meeting held Thursday evening, October 14, in Bate's Hall, Y. M. C. A., a large audience was present to listen to an address by Mrs. Fitzgerald on political issues of the day. This lady is an accomplished speaker, with a refined sarcasm which caught her audience. Her handling of the League of Nations and the Irish question was masterly.

Mrs. Channing Cox, wife of the Republican candidate for Governor, was present, and made a short address. Mr. Willis Hutchins, a baritone of unusual excellence sang some old British songs, which were well received. A delegate from Holyoke gave an account of the activities of the branch association formed there about a month ago. Already with individual and associate members, the branch numbers fifteen thousand. Branches are being formed in different cities of the State, after which it is the policy of the present association in Boston to spread out into other States. As explained in the CALEDONIAN some time ago, the object of the

Federation is to bring the various British societies together into a cohesive united body whereby they may become a factor in the body politic, and make their influence felt, something they have been unable to do as separate, segregated bodies.

Is not this the way to bring about what has been stated above? Any society or others interested in the aims and purposes of the Federation and desirous of forming branches in their localities are invited to write S. A. Staratt, president, Huntington avenue, Boston, who will be pleased to send whatever information may be desired and speakers, if necessary, to tell of the activities of the Federation. W. Lawson Reid, M. A.,
71 Simpson Avenue, Representative.
W. Somerville, Mass.

The Scotch Tea Room

The Scotch Tea Room, New York, the favored resort of local and visiting Scots, and as well those who are fond of the real Scots dishes and homelike atmosphere that are the secret of its popularity, is now in a position to supply mutton pies, Scotch pastries, bread, etc., of Mrs. Bain's best quality to social gatherings and individuals on order.

The Tea Room also offers unusual advantages for special gatherings and is the scene of many pleasant affairs. Recently the Ladies' Auxiliary to the British Great War Veterans of America gave a dinner to sixteen British sailors who were on their way through New York to the naval base in Bermuda. The company were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell of the "Don't Tell" Company, and with songs by Mr. Sam Roberts, who promises to be one of the most popular of local singers. Mr. Roberts is a Welsh boy and lost a leg in the World War. In camp he was the life of the battalion, which included James Bain (son of Mrs. Bain). Mr. Roberts' accompanist is Melville Cockburn, also of the battalion, son of our old friend, Mr. W. F. Cockburn, of Boston.

The Highland Mod

The Highland Mod, at Oban, September 22, 23 and 24, was one of the most successful of the long series of gatherings which have been held under the auspices of An Comunn Gaidhealach. The weather was perfect; the competitions, literary and musical, brought forward the best talent that the Highlands can produce; and the proceedings from first to last were pervaded by a fine spirit of harmony and enthusiasm. The smoothness with which the huge program was disposed of is a lasting tribute to Mr. John Macdonald, the Convener. It is impossible in brief space to give the names of the competitors or of the distinguished men and women who graced the occasion; but the enthusiasm shown by the great gathering speaks volumes for the interest in preserving the ancient language of Scotland. Another evidence is the fact that more than 150 teachers have attended Gaelic Vacation Classes this year in Glasgow and Inverness.

Eelin Russell



Few of our Scottish singers have a more winning and attractive personality than Mme. Russell, or render with truer feeling the old Scots songs. One can readily understand her popularity in Glasgow and in Canada and the west during her brief residence in America. Mme. Russell was for some years leading contralto of Trinity Church (Dr. Hunter's) Glasgow, always held in high repute for the excellence of its musical service; sang with Signor Foli in his last appearances in the Saturday Evening City Hall Concerts and the Corporation Recitals, Glasgow.

Among Oor Ain Folk in Detroit

The Burns Club at present stands with plans upset as regards the Burns Statue. Our City Fathers, Councilmen elect, after much talk, decided the best place for the Burns Statue was not in front of the new library, but in Cass Park, near where the new Masonic Temple will be erected. Truly a most fitting place, but alas!—the wisdom of the fathers looking towards the future failed to see the shadows of the past.

General Cass, the famous soldier and statesman, gave the park as a gift to the town of Detroit. A little insignificant bust represents General Cass, for we are niggardly Americans in Detroit when it comes to erecting statues for our famous citizens or soldier heroes—and such was General Cass, who deserves better than the bust one sees to smile over. Anyway it comes from the past that General Cass was a great prohibitionist, and he would feel badly to think that Burns, our world poet, had a statue erected in his honor in Cass Park—Burns, whom some of his countrymen have called a lover of strong drinks—I say some of his countrymen, because it was they who said the author of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" was a drunkard and other people have had to believe it. Funny where he got all the sober hours in his short life to write such wondrous truths and correct so many songs fit for publication. Ye who think that he was a drunkard try and write a few goodly poems.

We don't think General Cass would object to Burns Statue being placed in the beautiful park that bears the name of the great gen-

eral. The real reason is another statue of General Cass would have to be placed near that of Burns, for both men were champions of a free people and believed in "A man's a man for a' that."

St. Andrew's Society and Clan Campbell united, are preparing to give Detroit people one of the grandest Burns concerts next January that ever was or will be celebrated west of Edinburgh. St. Andrew's Society has nominated the same officers for the ensuing year and will celebrate St. Andrew's nicht with a banquet where some of the best speakers and singers will be heard. Sister societies are expected to join with them.

Our Canadian neighbor, Windsor, gets many Scotch callers nowadays. We questioned one well-known Scot and his answer was, "As we grow aulder we like a look o' the auld flag a wee oftener." Anyway the ferry boats are neither big enough or quick enough and a bridge will soon join Canada and the States o'er the Detroit River.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.
1794 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Philadelphia Letter

The lang simmer-days are wear'n awa, the last rose o' summer is on the blink and the chrysanthemums are opening their petals to remind us that the fall is upon us, the very threshold of winter when the apples with russet hue and trees like Indian princes, in varied tints present themselves to view. Field sports and pic-nics give way to concerts and balls. Girard Assembly Rooms are going to be the Mecca for Scottish organizations the coming season. Recently the "Gay Gordons" of the O. S. C., held their annual concert and ball there. The talent was excellent, the attendance good, everyone happy and pleased. Clan Cameron, No. 64, O. S. C., will fall into line on Friday, November 5th, at the same place and as an exceptionally fine program is already prepared, an overflowing house is anticipated. Chief Gilchrist and his chieftains have spared no efforts to this end. On Friday, the 22nd, the ever zealous Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club gave their annual masquerade dance of the Girard. It being the annual concert and masquerade, many elfs from Fairyland, "Man-o-War's" jockey, ladies of the harem, gypsies, kilties, Chinese, clowns and tramps of the pan-handle line were present. Miss Louise Rossler opened the concert with a piano solo, which was followed by remarks by the president, Mrs. H. F. Munro. Agnes Stewart Hannah and Mr. James Kennedy took well in their respective songs and little Marcella Miller received much applause because of her dancing. Mr. H. F. Munro gave readings and the Misses Kinsey and Sherloch sang a duett. Mr. T. Tinney was well received in his Harry Lauder selections and before the entire assemblage sang Auld Lang Syne, Miss M. Short sang. Piper Bird led the masquers in a march from which Clansmen MacGregor, Tulloch, Meldrum, Mackay and Allison chose the best dressed and most comic for prizes. Miss Christine Abel, an attractive fortune telling gypsy, won first prize; a bridal party, accompanied by their clergyman, Mr. Edward Rebitz, won second prize, and Richard Price, a gentleman tramp, won third prize. An added feature was the awarding of prizes to the children in costume. Little Miss Jessie Jamieson, a charming Bo-peep, won first, and tiny Nellie Johannsen, a pink doll, won second. No doubt the Hospital Bed Fund will benefit greatly by the net proceeds, an equal share also going to the Scottish Hall Association. If you were not present, Miss A. E. Leslie, 34 East Slocum street, Mt. Airy, will be glad to receive a subscription for either Bed or Hall Fund.

On evening of September 17th, the second chieftain of Caledonian Club and his wife, were sitting all alone in their home 3060 North 15th street, forty-five years exactly since they buckled up "for better or waur." While recounting their many experiences, and the many changes which have taken place since 1875, Mrs. Ferguson exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear the bag pipes." Joseph opened the door just in time to see Piper Bird, Chief Fisher and a large following of Caledonians making straight for 3060, which was a surprise party indeed, the intended visit having been kept strictly "Sub Rosa. Chief Fisher speaking for the party, addressed the happy couple, assuring them of the high esteem in which their Second Chieftain was held by his brother clansmen of the Caledonian Club and learning of the 45th anniversary of their marriage, resolved to make this surprise visit and testify to the good will and sincere regard in which Joe and his beloved guid wife were held in Scottish circles. He then presented them with a beautiful silver loving cup with appropriate inscription engraved thereon, and a handsome cake, sugar coated in a most artistic manner. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were visibly effected, but Joseph readily found words to express appreciation of the visit, and substantial testimony of their many friends, that friendship, mysterious cement of the soul was the sweetener of life and solder of society. Adjourning to the parlor, a real happy night was spent in song and story, until near the wee short 'oor, when Auld Lang Syne was sung at parting as a set off to a "Wee deuch an dois." ST. MUNGO.

Caledonian Hospital Bazaar

The first Scottish hospital in America, the Caledonian Hospital of the City of New York, will hold a fair in the Apollo Studios, 381 Charlton avenue, Brooklyn, on the afternoons and evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 18, 19 and 20. The bazaar is to increase the building fund, as the hospital has outgrown its present capacity.

ADVERTISE IN THE CALEDONIAN

New York Caledonian Club

Chief James L. Donaldson presided at the meeting of the New York Caledonian Club held Tuesday evening, October 5th. Donald Campbell, Hugh Mackie and Robert Smith were elected members. Five propositions were received. The excursion committee submitted a final report, showing a handsome profit and were re-elected to carry on next year's trip on the water. A Burns celebration committee was also elected for the proper observance of January 25, 1921. The sick and visiting committee announced that Clansmen William Fyfe and John Walker reported on the sick list a month ago had recovered sufficiently to return to work. A great deal of business was on the card and went through rapidly so as to give plenty of time for the main business of the evening—the presentation of a fifty year membership badge to ex-Chieftain Alexander Tasker, who was admitted into the club at a meeting held in the first club house, 118 Sullivan street, Tuesday evening, October 4, 1870. Chief Donaldson arranged matters to bring in every item of interest. The minutes of the September and October, 1870, meetings were read, showing that Chief George Mitchell occupied the chair and that among others the names of Alexander Tasker, Thomas F. Duke and John McMillan had been submitted as candidates for membership and acted on favorably. Sandy was then escorted to the platform by two of his chums of the days down in "Old 118," Clansmen Francis Dykes and George G. Milne, welcomed there by Chief Donaldson who announced that ex-Chief John McMillan would make the presentation on behalf of the club. A better selection could not possibly be made, for no one in the club knew him better. The speaker referred to Sandy's long record as a competitor at the annual games, performer in the old gymnasium, a regular attendant at all club gatherings and always in harness as a committeeman, and doubted if any other society had a member who could equal it for length of active service and faithful attention to duty. His reference to many occasions he and Sandy had been together in their early days in the club and what happened brought hearty laughter from all. Finally when he pinned the badge on Sandy's coat and wished him many more years to wear it, the applause was deafening and long continued, winding up with three cheers a tiger and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." When able to reply, the veteran ex-chieftain thanked the club members for their token and expressions of good will and promised to continue his club work as long as he was able.

Clansman Thomas F. Duke was the victim of an accident some years ago that caused him to lose the use of his lower limbs, so it was impossible for him to be at the meeting. The chief was empowered to appoint a special committee to call on Clansman Duke, present his half century badge and congratulate him on attaining his golden jubilee, regretting that he could not celebrate the anniversary at the club house in company with his side partner of 1870. Ex-Chief McMillan was elected a member the same night as Sandy and Clansman Duke, but a residence of several years in a distant city and believed to be permanent, caused him to sever his club connections. However the worthy ex-Chief will in a few years make up the shortage and great will be the celebration.

After the meeting the members adjourned to the committee room and with Frank Dykes as toastmaster, spent a social hour with the evening's special guest. Scottish songs were a feature. Old timers of Sullivan and Horatio street days recalled many a happy night in those former headquarters with him. A. Lawson Reid of the Boston Caledonian Club was present and promised to carry word to Sandy's many friends in that club of the honor that had come to him.

NEW YORK CALEDONIAN GAMES

We print below a list of prize winners in Scottish events at the New York Caledonian games on Labor Day, which we could not get in time for the October CALEDONIAN:

Best Dressed Highlander—Angus M. Fraser, Robert M. Bernard, James Moir.

Best Dressed Highlander (members only)—Angus M. Fraser, Robert M. Bernard, Peter F. Gray.

Highland Fling—Angus M. Fraser, J. D. Williamson, John G. Fraser.

Broadsword Dance—Angus M. Fraser, J. D. Williamson, Murdo Elder.

Highland Fling (Girls 2 to 16 years)—Irene Roth, Helen Don, Jessie Nugent.

Broadsword Dance (Boys 12 to 16 years)—Alexander Adams.

Highland Fling (Boys and girls under 12 years)—Constance Mackenzie, Jessie Struthers, John P. Cowie, Jr.

Highland Dress (Boys under 12 years)—Andrew Galloway, Jr., Andrew Booth, John P. Cowie, Jr.

Boys' Race (Members' sons under 12 years)—Fred Magee, Jr., William Carrick, Jr., Ronald Mackenzie.

Boys' Race (Members' sons under 16 years)—Donald MacCraw, Ronald Mackenzie, George Donald.

Bagpipe Playing (Amateurs)—John G. Fraser, Murdo Elder, Irene Roth.

Bagpipe Playing (Open)—Walter Armstrong, Murdoch Mackenzie, Murdo Elder.

Bagpipe Playing (Members)—Murdoch Mackenzie, James D. Williamson, Angus M. Fraser.

For the first time in the club's sixty-four years, one of the gentler sex acted as an official in the ring. Miss Annie Gordon assisted her father, Clansman Alexander Gordon, the announcer, acting in a secretarial capacity. As such, she kept a full list of the prize winners, and we are indebted to her for the list printed in this issue.

PRESENTATION TO CLANSMAN THOMAS F. (FRANK) DUKE

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ian Club made up of Chief James R. Donaldson, Ex-Chief Foulis, Ex-Chieftains Tasker and Gillies, Clansmen Dykes and Winton journeyed to Bayonne, N. J., Friday evening, October 22d, to the end that a proper presentation of a fifty year membership medal could be made to Clansman Thomas Francis Duke. (That is the clansman's full name, but his brother members would never recognize him except as Frank). Frank was found occupying an invalid chair that he has used for years, but looking like a young fellow—as he says he is. The committee received a warm welcome from him, Mrs. Duke and their son, Leroy. Clansman Dykes made the presentation in a few well chosen words. In replying, Clansman Duke was evidently much moved by the remembrance from the old club he had been unable to visit since 1912, when he met with the accident which deprived him of the use of his lower limbs. Almost three hours were spent socially, and were greatly enjoyed by all, but particularly the "One eighteen Sullivaners," Messrs. Dykes, Tasker and Duke, who went over together days and nights of half a century ago. Train time came too quickly, but the visitors were not allowed to depart until they were entertained in a decidedly appreciated style by Mrs. Duke.

PERSONAL

Ex-Chieftain Robert Wilson of the Boston Caledonian Club and William Rennie, secretary of Clan McLeod, No. 101, O. S. C., were visitors at the New York Caledonian Club on Saturday evening, October 16th. It was Clansman Rennie's first visit to the headquarters for New York Scots, but Bob has been there often was welcomed by many friends with whom he had foregathered in both New York and Boston. Both gentlemen were in town to attend a Masonic gathering.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The ladies held a well attended meeting in the club parlors Monday evening, October 11, the president, Mrs. John Stark, in the chair. Business in connection with the Election Eve dance and arrangements for a busy fall and winter social season occupied their attention until it was felt the time had arrived for adjournment to the alleys. As it was the night before a holiday, prizes for the men folk had been put up as well as for the ladies, and quite a number of the clansmen, headed by Chief Donaldson, competed.

The winners were Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. John Orr, Miss Flora J. Burns, John Ferguson, Alexander Caldwell and David Scott.

After the prizes were distributed everybody sat down to an especially tasty supper provided by the ladies. PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

J. Donald MacKay

J. Donald MacKay wishes to thank his many friends and customers for their kind patronage and support, these last several years, while in Philadelphia; and now that he is settled in Niagara Falls, N. Y., wishes to announce that he is now in a better position to supply anything in the line of Scotch regalia. (*See adv. in this issue.*)

J. DONALD MacKAY

(Late of Philadelphia)

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Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

The members of this club gathered on their green at Van Cortlandt Park, Saturday afternoon, October 2d, to play their annual North vs. South of Scotland match. Play was close from the start and it was not until the last ball stopped rolling that the game was decided, and the men from the north of the Forth and Clyde declared winners by a majority of four shots.

The score:

North	Rink No.	South
T. T. Archibald...23	1	Wm. H. Don...17
David Templeman.19	2	John Broatch...23
John Eadie.....19	3	Wm. Crawford..17
Total.....61		Total.....57

The annual meeting of the club was held in the New York Caledonian Club rooms, Wednesday evening, October 13, President John A. Rennie in the chair.

The report of the secretary showed the great progress made in the year just closing. Every Saturday and holiday the green had been the scene of lively competition. Trips to Brooklyn, N. Y., and Hartford, Conn., had done much to promote interest in the game. It was the unanimous opinion of the members that 1921 would be the greatest year in the history of bowling on the green in the United States. Election of officers and committees for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, John A. Rennie; vice-president, William Crawford; secretary-treasurer, John Broatch; Executive Committee, James Francis, William Cuthbertson, David Templeman, Thomas Wigley, Thomas T. Archibald; Green Committee, John A. Rennie, Thomas Wigley, William Cuthbertson.

Miss Amelia Day Campbell, whose interesting article on the Pilgrim Centenary appeared in the October CALEDONIAN, is a lineal descendant of Captain Myles Standish in the ninth generation. Miss Campbell contributes a handsomely illustrated article on her great ancestor, the military commander of the Mayflower colony, to the last quarterly issue of *Americana*, the *de luxe* publication of The American Historical Society, Inc.

A Card From Edith Scott Magna

In closing my first season on the concert platform, I desire to sincerely thank my many friends for their kindness and indulgence, particularly the committees of many Clans of the O. S. C., the Caledonian Clubs, and other societies, as well as my manager, Mr. Theodore Martin, and the various artists who have at all times assisted in making possible what I have accomplished in the way of raising money for the Smith College Fund.

Now that the object for which I started out has been attained, namely, to assist in raising funds for so worthy a cause as that above mentioned, I want my friends to know I find at this time—because of having kept in touch with my numerous duties in connection with various organizations, as well as with local matters in my own city of Holyoke—that I have really over-taxed my strength. Many re-engagements have been offered me for the present season, and while I shall do verything possible to assist in every worthy cause with any talents, musical or otherwise, that I may possess, I shall not be able, unless relieved of many of the responsibilities I am now carrying, to again appear professionally on the concert stage this season.

Once more let me say to one and all who have been so very kind to me, thank you, thank you. EDITH SCOTT MAGNA.

(THE CALEDONIAN extends its heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Magna, both in her appeal as an artist and in the successful outcome of her work in raising funds for her *alma mater*. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Magna's sweet rendering of the songs of Scotland will sincerely regret any decision on her part to retire permanently from concert work, and will eagerly await the time of her further appearance.—Ed.)

McGill University Dinner

Sir Arthur Currie, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and General John J. Pershing, were guests of honor at the dinner of McGill University graduates at Hotel Commodore, New York, October 7. The purpose of the gathering, which was given in connection with McGill's drive for a $5,000,000 endowment fund, was to acquaint Canadians in New York and vicinity with the part McGill University is playing in the development and reconstruction of Canada.

Sixty-four men have been elected as Rhodes scholars for 1921 to represent the United States at the University of Oxford. The quota for the United States this year, as was the case last year, was sixty-four instead of the normal thirty-two, thus making up for the postponement of elections during the war.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CALEDONIAN

The Clansmen's Tribute to the Daughters of Scotia

Dedicated to the Grand Chief Daughter, officers and members of the Grand and Subordinate Lodges. Read by the author at the opening of the D. O. S. Convention in Pittsburgh, September 14, 1920.

Hail! Sisters of the Heather Land,
The Clansmen greet you, gallant band,
Whose noble Order takes its stand
Truth to reveal;
Whose mission is true sisterhood
Among those claiming Scottish blood,
Who aim to do the most that's good
For Clansmen leal.

Hail! Wives and Mothers—Daughters too,
Who bravely dare, and wisely do,
Who help the Clansmen to be true
To wives and weans;
You're in our thoughts like pleasant dreams,
You're to our lives as sunshine's beams,
You are the loyal uncrowned queens
Of Scottish hames.

Hail! Daughters of Auld Scotia dear
We've watched your growth from year to year,
We trust you'll have a bright career
In days to come;
Through strenuous efforts, wisely led,
By Sisters at your fountain-head,
Your noble Order's fame has spread
By work well done.

Hail! Women of the Scottish race,
Of every form, and every grace,
Who, in your ranks, have found a place
For work sublime;
Whatever you may undertake,
Or sacrifices you may make,
It's for this noble Order's sake
And Auld Lang Syne.

New Haven, Conn. GEORGE D. BONE, SR.
January 15, 1913.

Reception For Grand Chief Daughter

On October 8, at Achtel Stetters, Broad street, Newark, N. J., a banquet was given to our newly elected Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Margaret Spence of Jersey City, N. J., by Bonnie Doon Lodge, No. 10 of which she is a member. Covers were laid for 250 sisters and their friends and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

We had with us as our guests, Mr. Walter Scott, Royal Tanist of the Order of Scottish Clans, who is also an honorary member of the Daughters of Scotia; Chief Haig of Clan Forbes, No. 52 of Newark, N. J.; Rev. S. P. Drumm of the North Reformed Church, Newark; Rev. George Donovan, of New York Avenue Reformed Church; Grand Deputy Sister Mills of Lady Hamilton Graham Lodge; Grand Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Laird of Balmoral Lodge, Kearny; Past Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Wildman, of New Haven, Conn.; Grand Secretary, Sister Scott, of Lady Drummond Lodge, Orange, N. J.; Grand Treasurer, Sister Leslie, of Lady Cameron, Philadelphia, Pa.; Past Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Hayden, of Flora McDonald Lodge Paterson, N. J.; Past Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Mitchell, Bonnie Doon Lodge, Newark, N. J.; Past Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Robinson, Blue Bell Lodge, Jersey City, N. Y., from all of whom we had very interesting remarks.

We were all warmly welcomed by Chief Daughter, Sister Jessie Young, who presented Sister Spence with a beautiful bar pin from the Sisters of Bonnie Doon Lodge. Sister Spence also received other beautiful presents from friends.

At this time we all congratulate Bonnie Doon Lodge in having another Grand Chief Daughter and hope her term will be successful and harmonious.

HELENA G. SCOTT, Grand Secretary.

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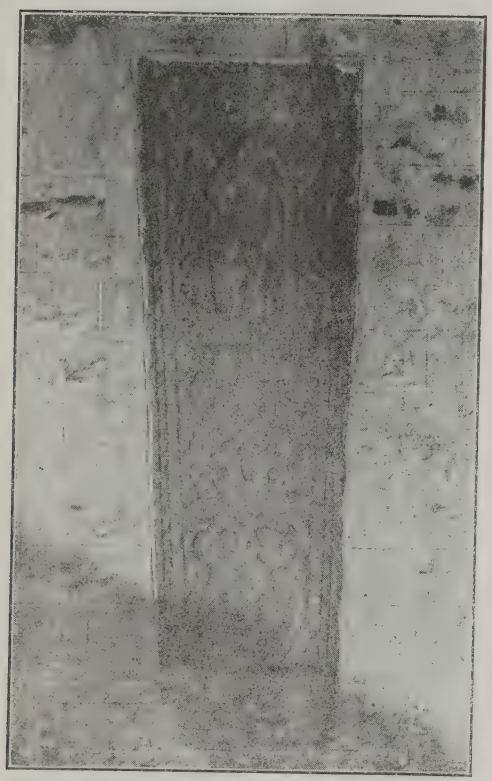
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An Interesting Relic



This ancient tombstone of the Clann Fhearghuis of Stra-chur Chiefs was removed from the grave of His Excellency The Chief Iain An Gleann Mor and placed in the Stra-chur Parish Church wall in 1903. This ancient Royal Family has the protecting care of a mysterious bird or spirit called the Brideag Chlann Fhearghuis.

Albany, N. Y.

Hale and hearty at 70 years and as young in spirit as he was when he first climbed into the engineer's cab of a New York Central locomotive in 1872, William S. Mitchell, of the West End, was greeted by dozens of friends on his birthday, September 29. One of the oldest enginemen in Albany, Mr. Mitchell was retired from service two years ago with a record of which he is proud. He is a member of Division 46, Brotherhood of Locomotive Enginemen and has been one of the division's representatives at several conventions of the order. He is a Mason and a member of every Scotch society in Albany. Mr. Mitchell was born in the village of Rothiemay, Banffshire, Scotland, and came to America in 1870. He has lived in New York State for fifty years, and in Albany for forty-nine. He has been a leader in West End civic affairs for a quarter of a century, and was the first to build a home in the upper section of Second avenue.

Co-operation in Scotland: How Smallholders Can Be Helped

BY A. POLSON, J.P.; F. E. I. S. INVERNESS

Perhaps it is because the innate love of independence out-weighs the love of money that Scottish people have been about the slowest to adopt up-to-date co-operative methods in their work. Certain it is that they love "to stand on their own legs" in commerce though "Shoulder to shoulder lads," is their battle cry.

The thousands of them who have been in France, Italy, etc., have, however, in recent years, learned something of the value of co-operation for the smallholder, and now they have begun in earnest to move forward. Though after the passing of the Small Landholders (Scotland) Act of 1911, which gave the 52,000 smallholders in Scotland fair rents, fixity of tenure, and compensation for improvements, some far-seeing friends saw that the next step was to get them to work in co-operation, it was only in 1913 that a few patriots founded the Scottish Smallholders Organization Ltd. to spread the gospel of co-operation among the crofters and to show them how best to improve their economic position. The organization has been fortunate in getting a man, like Sir Henry Ballantyne of Minden, Peebles, as its president and Mr. James Scott S. S. C., 1 Rutland Square, Edinburgh, as its secretary and treasurer, and under them and other officials it has been growing and in it are now to be found crofters of all shades of politics and religious beliefs; for happily it is non-sectarian and non-political.

The organization had not been long in existence until it found that it was necessary to buy and sell for the smallholders, and "The Central Markets," affiliated to the organization, was founded. This enables the smallholders to dispose of their produce very profitably and enables them also to buy their requirements as nearly as possible at cost price. Then followed a Land Bank to help men with insufficient capital to take holdings, and a Central Insurance Company to insure the smallholders' live stock.

In order that all might know how their cause progressed the monthly, *The Scottish Smallholder* was established and this paper has gone on steadily increasing in size, in quality, in circulation, and in usefulness. It always certainly tells just the things which smallholders wish to know.

Since the armistice the work of the organization has immensely increased and there is now a demand all over for visits of the organization's speakers who explain its operations and beneficent work as well as the provisions of the Land Settlement Act of 1918. As a result of this propaganda, nearly 250 Trading or Credit Societies have been founded throughout Scotland.

The organization has also since the end of the war done much to help ex-service men who wish to get on to the land as its Board of Management has among its other objects.

(1) The maintenance of a happy contented peasantry in all parts of Scotland.

(2) The bringing back into cultivation the immense areas of cultivable land in Scotland at present untilled.

(3) The providing of additional home supplies of food in view of the present great dependence on foreign supplies.

(4) The settlement, in conjunction with the Board of Agriculture, of ex-service men on the land of their forefathers.

Though a splendid beginning has been made and progress reported even during the war years, much remains to be done and the promoters of the organization have certainly done well, but they now feel that if the work is to go forward that they must have help from friends of the Scottish smallholders who have made good overseas and they therefore are earnestly appealing to them to help them to build up a fund of something like £50,000 which would enable them to make the movement pulstate in the remotest corner of the Highlands.

This is a work which concerns all interested in the welfare of Scotland, and all who help may rest assured that every cent will be spent in promoting the best interests of the hard working rural inhabitants of "guid auld Scotia." This is surely a work which Caledonian societies everywhere should take up this winter, and all who wish to know more of the organization's work should communicate with Mr. James Scott, S. S. C., the secretary, at 1 Rutland Square, Edinburgh, Scotland, or Alexander Polson, 17 Ardconnel street, Inverness, Scotland.

"Freeing Ireland"

One of the hunger-strikers in Cork Jail, Michael Fitzgerald, has died. Friends, it is recorded, were with him saying the Rosary when he died. There was no Rosary, however, for another Irishman, Peter O'Carroll, a general dealer, of Dublin, who was pulled from his bed at two o'clock in the morning and shot dead at the door of his shop. Attached to his body was a piece of paper bearing the words, "A traitor to Ireland: Shot by the I. R A." On the one hand we have the self-chosen death of a Sinn Feiner, to the accompaniment of the consolations of the faith, and with the certainty of being blessed by a section of his countrymen as a martyr. On the other hand we have a peaceable Irish citizen brutally done to death at a moment's notice because he was a traitor in the eyes of arch traitors. After all, Peter O'Carroll's life was as valuable as Michael Fitzgerald's. Let this be remembered by those who are inclined to deplore suicide by starvation. Every day Sinn Fein pronounces and executes sentence of death. Yet there is no fuss. The public has come to accept these murders almost with indifference. But let not the loyal dead be insulted by excess of tears over the death of traitors, who die of their own free will.—*Inverness Courier.*

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A Princess of Thule

(Continued from September Caledonian)

Sheila was not there; but he lingered about, and patiently waited for the starting of the steamer.

The day passed somehow, and at night he was on his way to London. Next morning he went down to Whitehall, and saw Ingram.

"Sheila has not gone back to the Highlands, so far as I can make out," he said.

"So much the better," was the answer.

"What am I to do? She must be in London; and who knows what may befall her?"

"I cannot tell you what you should do. Of course you would like to know where she is; and I fancy she would have no objection herself to letting you know that she is all right, so long as she knew that you would not go near her.

"I won't go near her," he said. "I only want to know that she is safe and well. I will do whatever she likes: but I must know

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where she is, and that she has come to no harm."

There was no doubt of the fact that the news of Sheila's flight from her husband's house had travelled very speedily round the circle of Lavender's friends, and doubtless, in due time, it reached the ears of his aunt. At all events, Mrs. Lavender sent a message to Ingram, asking him to come and see her. When he went, he found the little, dry, hard-eyed woman in a terrible passion.

"Mr. Ingram," she said, the moment he had entered, "do you consider my nephew a beast?"

"I don't," he said.

"I do," she retorted.

"Then you are quite mistaken, Mrs. Lavender. Probably you have heard some exaggerated story of all this business. He has been very inconsiderate and thoughtless, certainly; but I don't believe he quite knew how sensitive his wife was; and he is very repentant now, and I know he will keep his promises."

"I am not going to be talked out of my common sense, and me on my death-bed," said the old lady, impatiently, and yet with some secret hope that Ingram would go on talking and amuse her. "I won't have you say he is anything but a stupid and ungrateful boy, who married a wife far too good for him.

"I thought you did not like his wife very much," said Ingram.

"I am not bound to like her because I think badly of him, am I?" It did one's eyes good to look at her bright face. "Yes, she was a good sort of creature in her way. But when she ran off from him, why didn't she come to me?"

"Perhaps you never encouraged her."

"Encouragement! Where ought a married woman go to but to her husband's relatives? If she cannot stay with him, let her take the next best substitute. It was her duty to come to me."

"If Sheila had fancied it to be her duty, she would have come here, at any cost."

"What do you mean, Mr. Ingram?" said Mrs. Lavender, severely.

"Well, supposing she didn't like you—" he was beginning to say, cautiously, when she sharply interrupted him.

"She didn't like me, eh?"

"I said nothing of the kind. I was about to say that if she had thought it her duty to come here, she would have come, in any circumstances."

"She might have done worse. A young woman risks a great deal in running away from her husband's home. People will talk. Who is to make people believe just the version of the story that the husband or wife would prefer?"

"And what does Sheila care," said Ingram, with a hot flush in his face, "for the belief of a lot of idle gossips and slanderers?"

"Where do you think a young wife should go, if she runs off from her husband's house?" cried Mrs. Lavender. "Where can she best escape calumny? Poor man! I won't frighten you, or disturb you any longer. Ring the bell, will you? I want Paterson."

Ingram rang.

"Paterson," said Mrs. Lavender, when the tall and grave woman appeared, "ask Mrs. Lavender if she can come here for a few minutes."

Ingram looked at the old woman, to see if she had gone mad; and then, somehow, he instinctively turned to the door. He fancied he knew that quick, light step! And then, before he well knew how, Sheila had come forward to him, with her hands outstretched, and with something like a smile on her pale face. She looked at him for a second; she tried to speak to him, but there was a dangerous quivering of the lips; and then she suddenly burst into tears, and let go his hands and turned away. In that brief moment he had seen what havoc had been wrought within the past two or three days.

"Sheila," he said, following her and taking her hand, "does any one know of your being here?"

"No," she said, still holding her head aside, and downcast; "no one. And I do not wish any one to know. I am going away."

"Where?"

"Don't you ask too much, Mr. Ingram," said the old lady, from amid her cushions and curtains. "Give her that ammonia—the stopper only. Now, sit down, child, and dry your eyes. You need not be ashamed to show Mr. Ingram that you knew where you ought to come to when you left your husband's house. And if you won't stop here, of course I can't compel you; though Mr. Ingram will tell you you might do worse."

"Sheila, why do you wish to go away? Do you mean to go back to the Lewis?"

"Oh! no, no!" she said, almost shuddering.

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Anywhere—it does not matter. But I cannot remain here. I should meet with—with many people I used to know. Mrs. Lavender, she is kind enough to say she will get me some place, for Mairi and me—that is all as yet that is settled."

"Is Mairi with you?"

"Yes; I will go and bring her to you. It is not any one in London she will want to see as much as you."

(To be Continued)

New Publications

In the *Scottish Country Life* for October the frontispiece consists of an excellent photograph of the Dowager Countess of Airlie, who entertained Princess Mary at Airlie Castle on the occasion of her visit to Dundee last month. There is also a capital photograph of the Cameron Highlanders passing His Royal Highness The Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, at the saluting base in front of the Town Hall, Inverness. Mr. James Shaw Simpson contributes an interesting article on Tom Maxwell, the Scottish etcher, whose high class work has given him a high position. "The Etchers of Scotland are an increasing, not a diminishing entity, the full value of whose contribution future critics alone will be in a position to determine or discern. Tom Maxwell, as he is familiarly called, is among the distinguished fraternity." The article is illustrated with several finely executed etchings by Mr. Maxwell. There are a number of other excellent articles, and the number is highly attractive and interesting. (Published by the Scottish Country Life, Ltd., 115 Renfield street, Glasgow. Price one shilling).

Our own James Kennedy contributes a humorous character poem, "Sandy MacQuill," to the October issue of *The National Outlook* (Edinburgh). This splendid sheet grows in interest and importance every month and is attracting a large number of first class contributors and a representative advertising patronage. The art and literary notes are excellent, the political comment up to the minute, and the editors are to be congratulated upon an altogether satisfactory Scottish publication filling a long-felt want.

The Presbyterian Witness, the influential church weekly published in Halifax, N. S., Canada, since 1848, has been taken over by the General Board of the Presbyterian Church and will be made the official organ of the church. The able editor, Rev. George Stephen Carson, D.D., who succeeded the late Robert Murray, LL.D., in 1910, will go to Toronto with the paper as editor-in-chief, and the church weekly, which already has gained the esteem of Presbyterians, far removed from its local field, is assured of a greater opportunity for service and many further years of usefulness.

Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, N. C., has issued a handsome illustrated pamphlet, "*An Aftermath of History*," the same being a reprint of an article appearing in the *Worlds Work*, and written by Mr. Ralph W. Page. This booklet tells the story of Flora Macdonald College and is fully illustrated.

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The City of Toronto has decided to take over its railway system next year, and has named a transportation commission to operate the service.

In Our Burgh

(Continued from page 314)

always lunch. To refer to it as dinner is a vulgarity, to be ignored or smoothed over. When this or any other little thing rears its unwelcome head, you will hear a sudden and complete change of conversation. That is tact. "Here's Mestress and Mess —— for ye." Such was our undomestic help's manner of announcing. We rose at once, in the hope that our visitors would say a word or two, excuse themselves and go. Not a bit of it. They plumped into chairs, sat stolidly upright, and glared at us, at the furniture, the table, and the food, in a very disconcerting manner. Involuntarily our eyes followed theirs, and the decent, old-fashioned sticks looked mean, the dinner table, with a cloth only half spread, discreditable, the plates and food disreputable. Then the court opened, we were put into the witness-box, practically on oath, and called upon to declare truthfully all that was in us—our motives, intentions, hopes; our opinions, religion, moral views. After such an onslaught, I determined to plead the calls of business and return to the Bank below; and to save Ellen, I reminded her that she must get ready for an imaginary visit; turned a deaf ear to a request to see the house—see the house! when half the things were unpacked—moved to the door and held it open, while Mestress and Mess passed slowly out, reluctant and dissatisfied, as though balked of their due.

For the rest of the day there was peace, but with the morrow began an unending, unceasing stream. One would imagine that the population of the burgh was five times as large as declared in the latest census, and the variety caused more amazement than amusement. Many of them were terribly unsophisticated, not to say unconventional. When two or three acquaintances turned up together, they got to work instantly over their own affairs, discussing family matters, worries and ailments in the plainest and homeliest fashion, absolutely ignoring the presumed object of the visit. Often the wrong people were calling together. Profession and trade do not mix well or freely with us. I suppose some of those who found themselves in our room had never met before. In such cases, either the social inferior sat mum, with eyes glued and ears visibly cocked, or talked away at a terrible rate, by way of self-assertion and to show independence. But either class was alike in curiosity. They wanted to know—they meant to know—everything. We came in for any amount of unneeded sympathy at our supposed misfortune in having been so long among the English, also having acquired something of their ways and and speech. While we were agreed that a change to Scotland and to the burgh was pleasant and gratifying, apparently we ought also to offer constant thanks to Heaven for it, and renounce fervently the Southrons and all their mad ways and works. The ignorance and misconception were remarkable, and ancient prejudices evidently still exist with but small abatement. Great as are the changes in many directions, in this it will obviously take more than one or two generations to wear out old ideas and bias. You see, the burgh considers it has a lien or claim upon us, as the son and daughter of the manse, and required to be assured that we were still true Scots, that our religious views had not suffered or deviated, that our duty to the Kirk had been neither forgotten nor neglected. And we did get a doing. Everything was wrong some way or another. They were quite doubtful about us, and made it clear that, while prepared to take us on trust, it would be no surprise if our long absence and English ways had brought us definitely and permanently below the burgh standard. Even the house was a cause of annoyance. Elderly bodies, unaccustomed, apparently, to calling on our predecessors, and oblivious to the giving away of the fact, complained bitterly of "a' thae steep steps," and had to be comforted with tea and many scones. Indeed, Ellen was of the opinion that "a drap whuskie" would have been more acceptable. Then they all wanted or demanded to "see the hoose." And here I must disclose a small secret. The furniture we had brought from the old home in London, and acquired in the burgh, served only to furnish the dining-room and parlor, leaving the large drawing-room absolutely empty. As my salary, and our united income, was on a scale only to be understood by those who know the ways of thieving, penurious Scottish banks, we had agreed to wait and furnish gradually, after our own ideas—small, simple

furniture, old and quaint, if possible, and diametrically opposed to the horrors with which we were confronted in other houses. But in that fortnight we were driven to repent, to wish we had put the room into local or any hands, even though a burden of debt had been incurred. "Ye'll have seen Mistress ——'s drawing-room. Eh, but is na yon bonnie?" A perfect horror of antimacassars, early-Victorian lamp-shades, impossible chairs and oleographs. "And Mistress ——'s is such a sweet room. Maist artistic." Highly colored plush, and paintings of flowers on the door panels and fire jambs, executed by the daughter of the house. We do possess a few nice and quaint curios. They only evoked one remark. "I wonder ye can be bothered to gie yon auld stuff house-room. Jist harboring dust and dirt."

One afternoon came a lady, wife of a manufacturer, and her daughter. After looking all around the room, she settled herself in an easy chair, folding her hands over her fat stomach. "Eh, what a bonnie window! If I lived here I'd ne'er be awa from it. Noo, Jeanie, sit ye doon and tell me wha's everybody that gangs past. And Ellen was ignored for the space of an hour and a half. But even this was preferable to others. We have rather a big lot of books, old and new. One young lady, who sat on the edge of her chair and giggled when spoken to, suddenly burst forth, "Eh, mither, what a books!" The mither, one of the firmly dissatisfied type of reformers, replied, "Deed aye; it seems to me, Miss Eelen, ye hae a' the buiks in the warld, except The Book." This was rather too much, so my sister retorted, "That we keep in our bedrooms for private study." "Deed aye, mebbe." "Well, Mrs. ——, if you will let me know when you are to call again, I shall have our dear father's Family Bible put out in the middle of the table." But sarcasm is a waste. Still she was fated to hear more about the Bible, and that from our chief persecutor, a stumpy, stocky little widow, who, from her appearance and extraordinary manner of jerking her head when bowing or "booing," went by the name of the Highland Stot. A perfect terror in her own congregation to ministers and assistants, she set herself up as an inquisition, and interlarded the conversation freely with texts. Poor Ellen has the average acquaintance with Holy Writ, but finds a difficulty in turning up the text in church when taken from Haggai or Zephaniah or other obscure writers, so had no chance at all. "Weel, as is said (or written) . . . or . . . Losh me, lassie! D'ye no ken the Book o' Dan'el?" or "Yon's the finest vairse in the beautiful Book of Ecclesiastes. Ye ought to learn that. A'body ought to learn

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it as weel as the Psawns and Provairbs."

Now the Stot has three sons and three daughters, a very orchard of choice apples to her, if to no one else. Her sons being at business, do not call, but the mother sounds their praises with no uncertain voice. She goes "fair even on." "Ah, Miss Eelen, there's a son for ye, my boy, Reuben James. Niver a bit o' trouble. Niver raises his voice i' the hoose, an' has thwarted me aince. No even answered back." As the charms of Reuben James fail to interest, she proceeds in similar strain about David John and Samuel Thomas. Having been made to realize that not one of them was likely to have any charms for Ellen, she changed the tack. "I do think Mr. Fred might ha' spared hauf an 'oor frae the Bank to come up and see his mither's auld freend, an' the girlies that used to play wi' him when he was wee." (*Ad hoc, not admitted, quoad ultra*, firmly denied.) "Of course, Jessie Mary's no wi' me the day. Ye see, her een are sair. The lassie's that keen on her sewing and embroidery that she's clean overdune it. But I'm shair Agnes Kate and Euphemia Ann wad be fell pleased to see him. Wad ye no, ma dearies? They're the graund workers. Such a ane for scrubbin' an' weshin' an' ironin' as Agnes Kate did I niver see; an' Euphemia Ann's a richt cook, a rale haund for scones and cake, an' parritch and kale. Aweel, ye must come up and see us sune some evenin' an' hae a guid crack thegither, an' I'll juist see if your Scripter eddication is as badly negleckit as it wad seem to be."

So matters went on till Ellen was distracted, and worried too. For many of the people we naturally expected to see did not come, while town and tradespeople kept up a continual flow. But as we were rescued at the moving in, so were we now, and by the same hand. One evening, sitting together after tea, in bustled our stout, kindly neighbor from across the way. "Sit ye still, ma dearie. I'm no a caller. Ye'll be fair sick o' the word. I thocht so. But I never was one to waste my time that way. If ye want to see me, I'm at hame every evening except the Wednesday service. But, of course, I've seen what's goin' on. A pack o' dogs at a fair, a' curiosity an' impidence. Just like them; a fine chance they've had. Niver ane like it in ma time. Ye see, there's the auld manse connection and the Bank, an' kindness to strangers, an'to show respeck, an' because the bit lassie needs encouragin'. Aye, ye'll hae heard it all. That's so. What can ye do? I'm here to tell ye. Shut straucht doon for a fortnit, and tell the lassie to say ye're awa' on a veesit to Lunnon, onywhere but at hame. That'll check 'em. Next month ye'll begin an' return the calls—some of 'em, no a'. Ma guidness! No. Jist pick oot those that hae a perfeck right to call on your feyther's children, on a banker an' his sister—an' call on them an' no ithers. The rest will understaun' quick enoo. Then some of those that ought to come will drop in quietly on your day—for, of course, ye'll hae a day—and ye'll sune get the richt folk comin' aboot ye reglar, an' a few ithers that ye canna keep oot. Mebbe ye'll think I'm meddlin', but someone had to dae't. Some evening ye micht come ower and see me. So guid nicht!" And as suddenly as she had appeared she departed. And again her help was invaluable, her counsel just.

The Story of Pasadena

(Continued from page 317)

and in the most beautiful and romantic portion of the famous San Gabriel Valley, and therefore was entitled to assume a name which was so descriptive of the locality. Besides this, it was beautiful, musical and euphonious. A motion to adopt the name 'Pasadena" prevailed by a vote of more than four to one of those present." So to Dr. Eliott the community is indebted for the name Pasadena, so dear to every inhabitant of those peopled valleys, slopes and plains which now bear the name."

Dr. Elliott died August 13, 1881.

(To be continued)

Our Glasgow Letter

(Continued from page 300)

est arguments for self government. He made an earnest appeal to them to put this matter of a Scottish Legislature in Edinburgh in the forefront of their political program, let their social and economic ideas be what they liked, and he hoped that before long the "Auld Sang" would resound once more through the Scottish Legislature as in the days when Fletcher of Saltoun and the Scottish patriots protested against the infamy that took away our National Legislature.

GRACE D. WILSON.
64 Terregles Avenue, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

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NEW YORK
DEC., 1920

The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

1921

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Holiday Greetings

TO THE READERS OF THE CALEDONIAN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD:

To our many readers and well-wishers we extend the compliments of the season and our gratitude to you for your continued loyalty and support. The New Year opens with great promise for the success of THE CALEDONIAN, and we earnestly solicit your co-operation in making the magazine a power for good among our kinsfolk at home and abroad.

Current Events

Domestic

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has contributed £10,000 to the fund for the restoration of Westminster Abbey. Commenting on the gift, the *London Times* says: "This noble offering to the shrine which is the national heritage of the United States no less than of ourselves may therefore be held to fall among the Armistice Day gifts to Westminster Abbey."

Miss Edith Philip Smith, daughter of the chief inspector of training colleges in Scotland and the first woman to receive a degree from Oxford University, arrived recently at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., where she will teach botany and study advanced botany.

Vice President-elect Coolidge was made an honorary member of the Scots' Charitable Society of Boston at its two-hundred and sixty-third annual dinner, November 30. In an address Governor Coolidge said that he rejoiced "in the strength that you and those of your blood have added to the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Through the efforts of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris and the good will of a village blacksmith of Chamery, near Fere-en-Tardenois, and two of his friends, who owned the land whereon Quentin Roosevelt was buried after he was shot down by German airplanes, this grave plot has been purchased by the French Government and will be given to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Quentin's mother, with sufficient land adjacent to it for a roadway leading to the grave.

Captain Milo F. McAlpin, of New York city, sailed early in November for Beirut, Syria, where he will engage in reconstruction work, representing the Near East Relief.

Dr. John H. Finley, New York State Commissioner of Education for the past seven years, has resigned, to take effect January 1, 1921, and will be associated in an editorial and advisory capacity with the *New York Times*.

Franz Rintelin, a notorious German agent, convicted and sent to Atlanta Penitentiary during the war, has been pardoned by President Wilson on condition that he leave the United States.

Plans are being made for presentation in the present Congress of rigid restrictions on immigration to the United States. Undesirables from Southern Europe are arriving in the United States in such numbers that they are proving a menace to the country. It is charged that various agencies, governmental or private, in Southern European countries, were facilitating the movement to the United States of radicals and undesirables.

The American Red Cross has appropriated $48,200,000 for its relief work program for the year ending July 21, 1921. Of this sum, $21,000,000 will be spent in foreign countries.

A gift approximately $150,000 has just been made to Williams College by A. Barton Hepburn, Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Chase National Bank, New York. The income is to be used to endow the A. Barton Hepburn Professorship of Economics.

Canadian

The Canadian Government on November 30, passed an Order in Council intending to restrict immigration of mechanics, artisans and laborers by increasing the individual financial entrance requirements from $50 to $250. This was done in order to alleviate the condition of unemployment now prevailing in the Dominion.

Many oil paintings, war relics and priceless museum exhibits were destroyed by a fire that razed Acadia College Hall at Wolfville, N. S., December 1. The building, a wooden structure, was erected in 1879. The monetary loss was estimated at $100,000.

A preliminary apportionment of the $5,000,000 fund set aside by the Rockefeller Foundation at Mr. Rockefeller's request for the aid of medical education in Canada has been announced. The allotments to establish schools are: McGill University, Montreal, $1,000,000; University of Toronto, $1,000,000; Dalhousie University, Halifax, $500,000; University of Manitoba, Winnepeg, $500,000. The remaining $2,000,000 is reserved for future distribution and schools in process of reorganization are to receive aid from the income from the reserve. These allotments have been made: University de Montreal for the year 1920-1921, $25,000; University of Alberta, Edmonton, for 1920-1921, $25,000. Applications from these schools for further aid will be considered.

An aerial mail service has been inaugurated between Victoria, B. C., and Seattle, U. S. A. From 400 to 600 pounds of mail is being carried on each trip.

Armistice Day, November 11, was observed generally throughout Canada, and in many cities and towns impressive memorial ceremonies were held.

Fire, starting in the stores of F. W. Woolworth Company and Mercean & Company, in St. Joseph street, in the heart of the Quebec retail district, November 21, caused a loss exceeding $500,000.

The annual payroll for those engaged in logging in British Columbia is $12,500,000, that of those employed in saw mills $9,750,000, of logging for railroads $1,750,000, and of paper mills $3,000,000.

Newfoundland is making preparations for the construction in St. John's of an elaborate memorial to those who were killed in the World War. Plans have been drawn for a memorial arch, with a monument beneath, leading through a colonnade to a normal school building in which the central hall will be designated as Memorial Hall. In the hall will be displayed tablets bearing the names of all Newfoundlanders who gave their lives in the war. It is estimated that the cost of the project will be about $350,000. It will be raised in part by popular subscription, and it is expected that the government will provide the funds for the school building. The site of the memorial will be the parade ground in St. John's.

British

The Glasgow Corporation has selected Mr. Thomas Paxton as Lord Provost by 67 votes against 44 for the Labor nominee, Mr. James Stewart.

General Lord Byng, of Vimy, commander of the Canadian corps on the western front for more than a year, and famous as the leader of the Canadians during the historic battle of Vimy Ridge, in April and May, 1917, has been appointed an honorary colonel in the Canadian militia. Lord Byng also has been mentioned as a possible choice for the next Governor-General.

Sir Ronald and Lady Munro-Ferguson have arrived from Australia, and are at present at 53 Cadogan Gardens, London.

Premier Lloyd George has announced in the House of Commons that arrangements have been made to hold a meeting of Prime Ministers of the Empire in June, 1921. The Premier added that the question of holding the Premiers' meeting at Ottawa had been under discussion.

The freedom of the city of Edinburgh was conferred upon Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, on November 29. Dr. Bell was born in Edinburgh in 1847, and removed with his parents to America in 1870.

Major General Sir Charles Townshend, defender of Kut-el-Amara, has been elected to the House of Commons for Wrekin in the bye-election, made necessary by the death of Charles Palmer. General Townshend ran as an independent. His only opponent was Charles Duncan, Laborite.

Baron Glenconner, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, died in London, November 21, in his sixty-first year. Before he was elevated to the peerage he was Edward Priaulx Tennant. He was a brother-in-law of former Premier Asquith.

Eighty Lancashire cotton operatives (30 men and 50 women and girls) recently left Manchester, England, to accept employment in a new cotton mill being started at Verdun, Canada. The factory which has been equipped with spinning and weaving machinery bought in Great Britain, is said to have been recently acquired from the British Munitions Co. A start is being made with about 500 looms and 80,000 spindles.

The name of the Reverend James A. M'Clymont, C.B.E., V.D., D.D., will be proposed as Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Dr. M'Clymont was born at Girvan and is the son of the late Mr. Samuel M'Clymont, J.P.

The Rev. Adam Philip, M.A., Longforgan, Invergowrie, has been nominated as Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland; and the Rev. Norman Campbell, Dingwall, Moderator-Designate of the Free Church Assembly.

The remains of Burns's Highland Mary were reinterred in Greenock Cemetery on November 13, in a lair which has been granted by the Corporation, situated to the right of the James Watt Memorial Cairn. The removal of the dust of the Highland girl loved by Burns from its present resting place in Greenock Old West Kirk Burying Ground has been necessitated by Messrs. Harland & Wolff's shipyard extension.

The late Hon. Lord Guthrie, who died on April 28, left personal property in the United Kingdom valued at £23,164.

Charles Orrock, late Chamberlain of the Lewis, died suddenly in Stornoway, November 14, in his sixty-fifth year.

It is estimated that more than 1,500,000 persons visited the tomb of the "Unknown Warrior" in the week following the impressive ceremonies of interment in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day. The wonderful pilgrimage came to a close the afternoon of November 18, when a dozen incapacitated soldiers, unable to walk, were wheeled in chairs by their wives or nurses through the dim aisles to give the last salutes to the shrine.

A notable gathering took place in the Masonic Hall, George street, Edinburgh, on November 12 when the first reunion dinner of the officers of the 51st (Highland) Division was held to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the battle of Beaumont Hamel. Lieutenant-General Sir G. M. Harper, K.C.B., D.S.O., who commanded the division in the severe fighting of 1916 and 1917, presided over an attendance of more than 270 officers who had served overseas with the division, and who attended again to renew old friendships and talk over events of four crowded years' campaigning in France and Belgium. Among the guests were Lieutenant-General Sir F. J. Davies, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O. (General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command); Major-General E. G. Sinclair-Maclagan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. General Officer commanding 51st (Highland) Division, T. A.); Mr. Neil Munro. LL.D., and the Very Rev. Wallace Williamson, D.D. (Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal), Edinburgh. Apologies for absence were read, amongst others, from Field Marshal Earl Haig, Lord Horne, and the Right Hon. Ian Macpherson. M.P. The menu-card was adorned by a sketch, "The End of the Show," depicting a smiling Highlander, in winter kit, looking after a couple of disgruntled German prisoners.

The annual dinner of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders' Association (Glasgow Branch) was held in the Trades Hall November 6. Brigadier-General J. W. Sandilands presided. There were about 250 of all ranks present. The chairman proposed the toast of "The Regiment," and closed with a strong appeal for loyal support of the association. Colonel P. Mitford spoke in regard to the Camerons' war memorial, and urged the officers and men of the regiment in Glasgow to give the scheme their support. In proposing the toast of "Kindred Associations," Captain A. J. Maclean spoke of the heritage that had been given to them by such officers as General Sir Spencer Ewart, Colonel Malcolm, and Colonel Hunt in creating the association originally. Mr. John Macfarlane, vice-president of the Edinburgh Association, replied. The health of "The Chairman" was proposed by Mr. William Brown.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett, formerly pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York, speaking to his Westminster chapel congregation on the eve of a six months' rest, said, "I have had thirty years of pretty hard work. Whatever can be said of me, it must be said I have had a burning passion for my work. I am dragging along a weary body and I have not known what it is to have two days' health together in two years. I have had no pain, but have had great sense of weakness, sometimes to the point of fainting."

Beginning December 1, several town halls, public baths, libraries and some few unoccupied residences in London and the suburbs were peacefully occupied by the city's unemployed, who announced their intention of using them until living quarters are provided them.

The Sinn Feiners carried their campaign of terrorism into England, November 27th, when fifteen warehouses in Liverpool were set on fire by Irish sympathizers. Similar outrages in London were prevented by the vigilence of the police.

The Fergusons—An Appreciation

From "The Scottish-Australasian"

The departure of his Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Helen Munro Ferguson from our shores closes an ideal occupancy of the exalted position, and has set a standard worthy of imitation by all who may come after. Sir Ronald came amongst us a comparatively unknown man, so far as Empire service was concerned, but before he was chosen he had been one of the finest type of British politicians, and also a citizen of the very best sort. Up to the time of his appointment to Australia he had been a man whose services to his country was gladly rendered away from the limelight so dear to many, and it was of the most solid character. To mention only one of his important interests, his services to Britain in the matter of reforestation will only be realized after many years; and we may expect that upon his return to Britain he will just as heartily throw himself into the most useful public life he is capable of.

Immediately upon his arrival in Australia he was faced with a complex problem in politics, but he handled that so fairly and so tactfully that it was not surprising to find him rapidly winning his way into the esteem of the whole of the Australian people. He

has been a constant traveller, has seen almost every phase of Australian life and industry, and possessing a keen perception, allied to a great store of common sense, is qualified better than any other man in British politics to speak about the work, aspirations, and conditions of Australia. He came here to be the representative of the King and his counsellors. It may be said he goes back to become the best representative of Australia we could possibly have. We may send good men, officially, but Sir Ronald will for long be able to present the Australian view to British minds better, because he knows both peoples, than any gentleman who is sent for the limited term of a High Commissionership, or even the most dynamic Prime Minister. Further, he will always be on the spot, and we may safely rely upon Sir Ronald's informed sympathy carrying much weight with those statesmen with whom we shall have occasion to have dealings.

Lady Helen, too, has charmed all with whom she has come in contact, and the sphere of her influence for Australia will be wide in the home land. So happy have been the associations of both the Governor-General and Lady Helen Munro Ferguson with the Australian people that we shall be surprised indeed if the King's late representative, and the daughter of the great diplomatist, do not long remember and desire to serve Australia in any way they can in the centre of the Empire's life.

Scotsmen have had a particularly good time with the departing kinsfolk, and it will be a long day before their Excellencies' geniality and interest in all Scottish movements will pass from the minds of oor ain folk in the Commonwealth.

For all time the brilliant record will stand to the credit of the personality of "the Fergusons" and the race to which they belong.

Christmas

BY JOHN GORDON GRAY

(For The Caledonian)

"Unto us this day is born in Bethlehem of Judea a Saviour Who is Christ the Lord."

The yearly festival of joy
Is quickly drawing near;
The season in all Christian lands
Of gladness, love and cheer,
And though I cannot truly say
What Yule-tide is to thee,
I'll try in these few lines to tell
What Christmas means to me.

Above all else it is a time,
When men recall the story
Of Him Who died upon the cross,—
His birth, His life and glory.
The story has been often told
By mothers, bond and free;
So I'll just outline it to you,
As mine told it to me.

Across the vista of the years,
In mem'ry I can see
A little boy with wond'ring eyes
At his fond mother's knee,
Learning, from sweet adoring lips
Of her who gave him birth,
The story of the One Who taught
Peace and good-will on earth.

In far-off Palestine one day,
Two thousand years ago,
A Babe lay in a manger
Of a stable squat and low.
There was no dainty little crib,
No soft and downy bed;
The Saviour of Mankind was laid
Upon the straw instead.

In course of time the Child grew up;
And, when but still a Youth,
He journeyed up and down the land
Proclaiming the great truth:
That God so loves the world of men,
With all their sin and strife,
He does not wish their souls to die,
But have eternal life.

And, as the few years swiftly passed
Of His life here below,
He daily taught, by word and deed,
What all true Christians know:
That God is love and love is God,
That He loves me and you,
That we should love our fellow-man,
As He taught us to do.

And when at last they led Him forth
To die on Calvary,
Where, stripped of all His clothes and scourged,
They nailed Him to a tree,
'Twas Jesus then, the Son of God,—
It seems so strange, yet true—
Cried: "Father, please forgive them, for
They know not what they do."

Remember, friends, glad Christmas day
Means more than feast and fun;
It is a time when we should give
Our thanks and praise to One
Who died for us that we might live.
So join with one accord,
And sing of love and peace on this
The birthday of our Lord.

Our Glasgow Letter

At the meeting which Earl Haig held in the City Chambers, Glasgow, to appeal for funds on behalf of the Officers' Association, a pleasant surprise awaited him. Among the distinguished visitors was Mr. Dhunjibhoy Bomanji of Bombay, who occupies an influential position in India, and is a loyal subject to the British Empire. He showed great interest in Earl Haig's scheme, which took the practical form of a donation of £2,000, one of the largest contributions intimated at the meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Bomanji (his wife being dressed in artistic native costume) were the guests of Lord and Lady Blythswood to dinner on the Saturday, when he handed over a cheque for £200 for the Scots Guards Officers' Club, which is being established in Glasgow, and in which Lord Blythswood has taken a special interest.

The first week in October was a memorable one as regards rough weather in Scotland. On October 6th, the beach at Aberdeen was a sight long to be remembered. Along the shore for over two miles was strewn tons of grain sheaves, turnips, uprooted trees, carcases of sheep, horses, cattle, deer, rabbits, Shetland ponies and poultry. Many of the farmers had half their grain crops washed away, and altogether it was a most disastrous period.

No time ago we were congratulating ourselves, and the Aberdeen toy industry, on the progress of this new venture, but it seems we were a little previous, and that there is every possibility that the "Made in Germany" article will oust the home product. A most successful business was being carried on in Aberdeen, the factory constantly employing about one hundred girls and twenty-five men. However, the foreign article has made its appearance and caused a slump in the toy trade, so much so that during the past few weeks over 50 of the employees at the Aberdeen establishment have had to be dispensed with, and the other workers have been warned that short time is coming. This of course, presents a serious and curious position, and one that requires looking into. It seems rather a pity that such enterprise and originality as has been displayed by the Aberdeen promoters should be nipped in the bud because of foreign competition, and alien competition at that. However, we understand the matter will be brought up in the House of Commons as soon as Parliament reassembles, and we will see what transpires. But we have no great hope of anything that may be done for Scotland or a Scottish industry at Parliament Headquarters, as we don't worry them sufficiently to get any consideration.

There are likely to be important and surprising developments at Greenock in the near future, which, if they are carried out, will make this already busy little shipping centre a place of some considerable importance. The development of the Greenock Harbour has already been decided on, and at a private conference held on October 6th at the officers of the Anchor-Donaldson Line, Glasgow, other schemes and ideas were put forward which aim at the construction of a landing stage, 400 yards long, extending westwards from Princes Pier, where liners sailing between Glasgow and Canada and the United States will embark and disembark passengers. The Conference, which met to discuss these possibilities, consisted of representatives of firms engaged in Atlantic trade, and the Greenock Harbour Trust. It is also proposed to have an oil storage at the landing stage, so that liners burning oil fuel can be supplied, when berthed there. It is more than likely that these proposals will materialise, and if they do they will still further revolutionize the trade of the little industrial town.

The great Local Veto Campaign in Scotland has come and gone, and left behind it, as it was bound to do, very mixed feelings. Some of us are pleased, and some of us are sorry, and none of us are satisfied. The wards that voted "wet" are those that should have been "dry" and vice versa. There is not so very much gained in a town like Glasgow when the ultra respectable ward of Pollokshields votes "dry" and the extreme opposite of Cowcaddens Ward and its like vote "wet." If Prohibition is to be any use it should be in the poorer localities, where, if for no other reason they cannot afford to drink. We talk of interfering with the liberty of the individual, but a walk round the Cowcaddens or the Parkhead districts on a Saturday night would convince the most ardent advocate of "liberty" that there are some classes who so abuse their so called liberties that it would be a kindness to them to curtail them. We are afraid "Pussyfoot" Johnson will be sadly disappointed in us, as he seemed to have great hopes we would show a "dry" majority, but as the "wets" expressed it on their posters, it is "The thin edge of the wedge" and gives the Prohibitionist movement its chance. Without saying anything for or against, there is not the slightest doubt that Scotland, on the drink question, is on the down grade, and anything that aims at moderation in all things is to be welcomed.

John Clyde, the well known Scottish actor, has just died at Helensburgh. He was not an actor of any outstanding power, but was known all over Scotland because he was the one and only "Rob Roy" in the play of that He married for the second time, not long

name, and a very handsome man to boot. ago, a daughter of John Balfour, editor of the *Montrose Standard*, and she now impersonates Helen MacGregor in "Rob Roy."

At the recent Municipal Elections, Edinburgh is unique in not having returned one labour member to the Town Council, which shows how the wind blows in that direction. Glasgow returned twenty new Labour Members, making a total of about forty now in the Council, but they are still in the minority, which, in these days of perpetual strikes, etc., is just as well.

Greenock is progressive these days. At present there is a big scheme on foot for the extension of the Municipal Electricity Works. Mr. N. M. Brown, Convenor of the committee, states that he has interviewed the Electricity Commissioners in London, and they admitted they must help. They said they would give Greenock power to put down a new station, which would have a capacity at least ten times greater than the present works, and might cost £2,000,000. What area it would supply had not been defined, but it would include the electrification of the railways at any rate.

The death of Lord Belhaven and Stanton leaves a blank that will be difficult to fill. He died at Wishaw House, near Glasgow. Born in 1840 he was gazetted to the Royal Engineers in 1857 and served during the memorable Zulu War of 1879. Later he commanded the Surrey Brigade of Infantry for 14 years. It was in 1893 he succeeded the ninth Baron, and became a power in the Lanarkshire and Wishaw districts. He was a never failing supporter of all good and patriotic causes. He lost his only son during the war, which was a crushing blow he never quite recovered from.

64 Terregles Avenue, GRACE D. WILSON.
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The Scot in London

The London Morayshire Club was originally founded in 1813, and continued its activities until 1830, when it went into abeyance. During its career there were many outstanding Moray Loons connected with it, and, like Mr. John Masson, who presented the nucleus of the collection which now forms the Elgin Museum, a large number joined the club with the definite object of furthering the interests of their native county. The objects of the club were principally charitable, and so careful were the members of their funds that any excess of expenses incurred in connection with social meetings or dinners had to be met by the chairman and secretary. Officials of the present day would hesitate to take office under such conditions, but the pioneer Moray Loons were enthusiasts. Notwithstanding the penalty there never was any lack of hospitality, and it was a common event to have a dozen or more toasts on the list at their annual re-unions.

When the disastrous flood of 1829 ravished the fair land of Moray, and many families were rendered homeless and destitute, prompt action was taken by the club in London, and £465. 18. 0., was immediately collected and forwarded to the North for distribution. In 1830, however, the club seemed to go to rest; there were funds lying in the bank, but no one tried to use them, and it was not until the club was resuscitated in 1872 that the Loons again got themselves together, and formed the association which exists to-day. The county is so compact that trading, sporting, and personal intercourse more easily brings people together than is possible in the larger counties, and those who wander South know each other, in most cases, before they come to London. The desire to renew old acquaintanceship is naturally strong and the meetings of the London Morayshire Club have been features of the Scottish community in the Metropolis for nearly sixty years. Like the original club, the kinship of the members has always been to the fore in alleviating distress in the home county as well as in London, and a considerable number of the prominent members, in addition to supporting their own educational and charitable schemes, take an active interest in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. It has been conceded that the Morayshire association is the parent of the other county clubs in London, and many of the younger societies have done a great deal to emulate the social gatherings and benefactions of the parent club.

In the August issue of THE CALEDONIAN, reference was made to the desire of the London Camanachd Club to secure a playing ground on Wimbledon Common, and through the energy, and, shall we say, diplomacy, of the president, Colonel Sir John S. Young C. V.O., the ground has been secured. The Conservators met the request in a generous spirit, and play will be carried on every Saturday and also on some of the bank holidays. It is a privilege which the members appreciate, and the best shinty players are taking a hand in reviving the traditions of the club. At the opening of the new ground the ball was "thrown in" by the president, and brisk play follwed. All the players were eager, and it was noticed that their services during the war had not handicapped them in any way; indeed some of them showed

bigger muscle and healthier frames than in pre-war days! It is worth recording that every playing member of the old club volunteered for service early in the war, and sixteen of them were awarded commissions; fourteen members were killed in action, or died from the effects of the war, and the club easily holds the record for sacrifice if the basis is worked out on the percentage of total membership.

In the year 1855, a few Caithness men in business in the City of London heard that a Caithnessman had been overtaken by misfortune, and they rallied to lend a helping hand. An appeal was circulated among their acquaintances with the result that a sufficient sum was raised to supply the immediate wants of the unfortunate one and also to pay his passage to the Colonies, where he made a fresh start in life. In meeting together a bond of interest grew amongst these pioneers, and the upshot was that they decided to organize the Caithness colony in London into a permanent association. It was on February 7th, 1856, at the Guildhall Hotel, with the Rev. Robert Macbeth of Hammersmith in the chair, that a decision was finally approved, and the London Caithness Association came into being.

In 1856, Caithness was very remote from London, as the railway had not penetrated beyond the Grampians, and the detachment from home and friends had a good deal to do with the enthusiasm which the early members threw into their work. From the first its main occupation was the care of the poorer natives of the county, and the finding of employment for those who had got stranded, and a large amount of money has been expended on charitable work of this kind. But on several occasions considerable sums have been raised for the benefit of widows and orphans of fishermen who had perished in the wild waters of the Pentland Firth, and the rock-bound coast of Caithness.

The association owed a great deal to the late Archdeacon Sinclair D.D., the Venerable Archdeacon of St. Paul's Cathedral, who took a conspicuous part in promoting the welfare of the association, and it seemed appropriate that he should take a leading part, because his grandfather, the great Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, was probably the most distinguished native of Caithness in history. At the time of the Napoleonic invasion scare he raised and equipped two regiments of Caithness Fencibles, of which he was commanding officer, and during his thirty-one years' career as Member of Parliament he was instrumental in getting the Board of Agriculture established. He was the first president of the board, and did much to improve the lot of rural dwellers and to advance agriculture in Scotland. He introduced the herring fishery to Wick, and built Pulteneytown, as well as Thurso, and his *Statistics of Scotland* was reckoned a great achievement.

The Scottish Clans Association of London was founded in 1898, and was the outcome of a laudable effort to remove a reproach that had formerly been levelled at the Scots of the Metropolis in connection with the Hogmanay celebrations. An incongruous mass of people assembled at St. Paul's Cathedral on the last night of each year for the purpose of "bringing in" the New Year and a good deal of rowdyism was often the result. Notwithstanding the very pronounced Cockneyism which predominated in the crowd, the London press had been in the habit of referring to the motley array as "a gathering of Scots." In 1897, it was determined to institute a line of demarcation by providing a counter demonstration in the shape of a Hogmanay Ball, and the effort was so successful that the idea took root of forming an association which would not only carry on the purely Scottish Hogmanay gathering, but would also provide a bond of fellowship for all classes of Scots in London.

It was at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer street, on April 14th, 1898, that it was resolved to form a definite association, and a good deal of discussion took place as to what the name should be. "The Clans of Caledonia" was first suggested, but was ruled out, "The Anglo-Scots Association" was then suggested, but met with no better acceptance, and finally the name as it appears to-day was adopted as it was agreed, it included all the clans both Highland and Lowland, and it was recognized that the Border Clans were worthy of a high place in the history of Scotland. Social meetings, concerts, dances, athletic gatherings and picnics were organized and supported, and the great Burns Nicht Concert at the Royal Albert Hall was made an annual event. Audiences of 8,000 to 10,000 have supported the concert throughout, and the proceeds have been divided between the two great Scottish Charities in London, with a proportion to the Scottish Charities Reserve Fund. The next concert will take place in the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, 22nd January, 1921, and if any wandering Scots from overseas shou'd happen to be in London at that time, they will do well to attend the concert and mark what Scottish enthusiasm means when it is on pleasure bent and out to help the charities. The program, as usual, will be of the highest class, and the artists will be the best that can be found to render Scottish songs and music in a manner worthy of the best traditions.

The *Douglas Year Book of Scottish Associations* for 1920-21 is now issued and, as usual, contains a large amount of information of interest to Scots everywhere. Its motto continues to be "Everywhere Scotland Remember" and the Scottish Calendar is a worthy record of outstanding events. The information relating to Scottish sovereigns, the Royal Family, Government departments and Representatives of Scotland in the Imperial Parliament are up to date, and some interesting articles take up the body of the book. Among the latter is an illustrated article by His Grace the Duke of Atholl, K.T.,

C.B., M. V. O., D.S.O., giving details of the proposed Scottish National War Memorial at Edinburgh Castle, and another article on "The Highlander as a Poet" is well worth close study. A new feature is the "Who's Who of Scots in London," which gives particulars of many outstanding personalities in the Scottish Community. The list of associations throughout the world is pretty complete, but it must be admitted that owing to the apathy of some secretaries of associations there are blanks which ought to be filled up. The concluding pages give a chronological list of meetings of the Scottish organizations in London.

Some interesting papers are appearing in Crown Court Church magazine from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Moffett B.A., the minister, in which he is gradually compiling the "Book of the Congregation." The early history of the Kirk of the Crown of Scotland is wrapt in mystery, but Mr. Moffett is leaving no likely source of information unexplored in his efforts to complete what must eventually be an interesting volume. It appears that the building in Peter's Court vacated by the congregation in 1719, was actually that in which the Society of Artists —afterwards to be known as the Royal Academy—subsequently held its meetings. Malcolm in his *Londinium Redivivium* says, "An academy for students in painting was held for some years previous to 1724, in which year a difference arising on some opinion of art, its members parted company. One part of them seceded with Vanderbank, who offered an academy in what had been a Presbyterian meeting house in the same neighborhood." Writing in 1830, Allan Cunningham, the Scottish poet and biographer in his *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors and Architects*, tells us that— "the building has been since pulled down and rebuilt, and its site is now occupied as a meeting house by the Society of Friends." The house was a two-storied building, with an attic, erected over the archway, through which entry was obtained to Peter's Court from St. Martin's Lane at the Charing Cross end of the Strand.

The reference made to Allan Cunningham recalls the *London* magazine, which was an important publication in the early years of the nineteenth century. It was a rival to *Blackwood*, and a good deal of wordy warfare often occupied the pages of both. It was on account of an attack on Lockhart, who had made some drastic criticisms regarding Leigh Hunt and his set who were known as the "Cockney School" by the Scottish Tories, that a duel was fought at Chalk Farm by moonlight on February 16, 1821, and Scott, the editor of *London*, a man of great promise was so severely wounded that he died eleven days later. Allan Cunningham contributed to the magazine *Tales of Lyddal Cross*, and a series of papers styled *Traditional Literature*. Thomas Carlyle, described as a "promising young Scotch philosopher," in Barry Cornwall's memoir of Charles Lamb, contributed several articles on the "Life and Writings of Schiller," while De Quincey contributed "Confessions of an Opium-eater." During the five years' existence of *London*, no magazine could claim such an array of talented contributors, as, in addition to the Scots mentioned, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, the Rev. H. F. Cary, John Poole, J. H. Reynolds, Tom Hood, the elder, Keats, Montgomery, Sir John Bowring, Henry Southern, Walter Savage Landor, and many others were regular contributors to its pages. The Fleet Street of last century contained many leading literary men, and a fair proportion of the best were Scots: the Fleet Street of this century still has its outstanding men and a large proportion of these are Scots.

JOHN DOUGLAS,
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Land of the Bens

BY SIR DONALD MACALISTER

Here's to the land of the Ben and Glen,
The land of the valiant Highlandmen.
The land of the clansmen staunch and strong,
The land of bards and ancient song,
The land of the pibroch's thrilling strain,
The land of the coronoch's wild refrain,
The land of the kilts and tartan plaids,
The land of braw laddies and bonnie maids,
The land of real hearts, warm and true,
The land of the mist and mountain dew,
The land of corries and lochs and linns,
The land of the heather and brackens and whins,
The land of the kindly Gaelic tongue,
The land of the Ceilidh when nights are long,
The land of the peat fire fragrant reek,
The land of the moss and moorland bleak,
The land of a hundred sea-girt isles,
The land of the sea-swept cliffs and kyles,
The land of Columba's saintly toil,
The land of Iona's sacred soil,
The land of the glamour of legends old,
The land where the Seannachie's tales are told,
The land that breeds freemen for Britain's hosts,
The land that breeds seamen to guard her coasts,
The land that she counts on to fight her foes,
The land she forgets, when the danger goes,
The land of the welcoming hand and hearth
To the Gael though he comes from the ends of the earth,
The land of the North and the land of the West,
The land of our fathers, the land we love best,
Deoch slainte, cuir Failte, air Tir nam Beann
Nan Gleann is nan Gaisgeach—Tog Cuach is cheann.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CALEDONIAN

J. M. Barrie and Kurriemuir

Far from the din of city strife, and amid quiet scenes in the heart of Forfarshire, lies the peaceful little village of Kirriemuir. It is a curious old place, a typically Scottish township pleasantly situated on the north bank of the wimpling Gairy, and with just that touch of old world douceness to make it charming to the eye of the literary pilgrim. Old ways still cling lovingly to its lanes and streets, quaint loitering thoroughfares where the only sounds to break the stillness are an occasional click of a weaver's shuttle and the gentle tinkling of the kirk bell that gives forth the hour. Its sleepy atmosphere draws one thither, for despite the progress of the years, it is still a sleepy backwater of retreat, full of mystic sweetness. Ancient and dreamy romance linger in and around it, and in the shady deeps and silences of the valley of Strathmore there is many a stretch of storied landscape embalmed in the music of the past.

A Classic Panorama

To the north, mountain rises upon mountain until the eye loses itself amid the mystic confines of "dark Lochnagar." Southward rise the bright slopes of the soft and luxuriant Sidlaw Hills, their many streams threading pathways of silver against a background of varied tints. In the distant west you can just discern the dim outlines of the Perthshire Grampians and the classic features of Birnam Wood and Dunsinane Hill, associated for all time with the muse of the master bard of Avon. And all about you, in the immediate vicinity, are imprinted the footsteps of one whose genius has immortalized the little town and numbered it with the spots illustrious in Scottish literature.

Thrums

There are some authors whom we love, and J. M. Barrie is one of them. Yet few, I fancy, who have lingered over his fascinating pages know anything of the place from which the most romantic emanate. You may know *The Little Minister*, and be entertained by the whimsicalities of Margaret. You may be acquainted with the queer figures in *Auld Licht Idylls* and the laughter and tears in *The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell.* You may even have rambled quietly among the dining-room



Sir James M. Barrie

furniture of Mr. William Meredith in *When a Man's Single.* But have you ever passed any lingering days in Kirriemuir itself? Have you looked down upon that "handful of houses jumbled together in a cup," or strolled through the streets with their shades of Snecky Hobart, Tammas Haggart, and Chirsty, Tammy Mealmaker, Mr. "Nobel Simms," that delightful gentleman who made newspaper articles out of sealing wax, cheese, and the knobs of walking sticks, and the fascinating Babbie? Treading them to-day, you will meet with shrewd and genial natives, who might have been the prototypes of the characters whose rural habits and pawky ways have charmed you by the fireside. And if you know Leeby—surely one of the finest characters Mr. Barrie has drawn—you may still wander by the banks of the Quharity and see her, "a barefooted girl,

gaze at the running water until tears filled her eyes."

> That was the birth romance. Whether this love be but a beautiful dream I cannot say, but this we see, that it comes to all, and colours the whole future life with gold. . . . Her years were less than thirty when He took her away, but she had few days that were altogether dark. Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

It is when you visit the scenes from which Mr. Barrie's emotions originate that you get their true interpretation. You may travel far, but as Robert Louis Stevenson says, "It is when you come back at nightfall and look in at the familiar room that you find Love and Death awaiting you beside the stove."

From the top of the brae you look down on the little town, a golden memory in the sunshine of an autumn day, with its crooked and twisting streets, red stone patches, and the spires of its churches limned clear against the skyline. It makes a charming picture, lying there in the hollow of the valley. Tinged with pensiveness are the retiring little houses with their narrow garden pathways, and hidden away in their fold is the famous square with its spirit of bygone years. Time's stolen flight has touched but lightly on Mr. Barrie's birthplace, and gazing on it to-day you are but visualizing the pages of his well known novels. In its nooks and crannies you are in that old-world country, of whose life and character he is so faithful an interpreter. Their fascination beckons you, for they are full of tender confidences. What tales they could tell if their cluster after cluster of red stone walls could speak? And yet, for those who have ears to hear, they do speak. They offer a bundle of delights to the wayfarer, who can enfold in the novelist's thoughts the sweetness of his own. They whisper out their stories, sweet and mournful, humorous, or full of pathos, and you listen unawares to the entertaining gossip of the small dramas that have been played within them. To wander through these unfrequented corners is to conjure up the phantom creatures of Mr. Barrie's inventive brain, and it is withal a pleasant pastime to go a-visiting where'er they lead you.

A Barrie Atmosphere

On every side of the square you are in a Barrie atmosphere. The little hill still sweeps down from the cross, and the road still leads over the old-fashioned bridge that spans the Gairy, to the steep brae on whose summit rises the famous cot which Mr. Barrie has sketched for all time. T'nowhead Farm, where Sam'l Dickie and Saunders Elshioner went a-courting the winsome Bell, is close at hand, and almost opposite is Strathview House, the novelist's residence in later years. Changed but little is "The Den," with its winding paths of sylvan loveliness, its smooth stretches of turf, its cosy arbors. Through its sweet depths of greenery the voice of its rippling burn comes to you in tender appeal as you look about you for the personalities so charmingly revealed in *Sentimental Tammy*. All around lie the scenes familiar in the homely pages of that delightful book, sweeter to the eye, perhaps, for the shred of romance with which Barrie has invested them. Go down the burying-ground road, too, if you would visit the auld licht manse with its associations of *The Little Minister*. It nestles picturesquely among the greenest of green trees, and is a place for dreams and reveries. Here, if anywhere, you can best follow the travels of the redoubtable Gavan and his very worldly mother! How the pair loved one another! What tender, delicate, evanescent pictures you get as they pass rapidly before you! What human pathos and quiet humor! Yet of all their moments of laughing and weeping, anxious and happy, and full of cares and hopes, surely the gem is that which witnessed the final glance at the old home in Glasgow before leaving for Thrums,

> "Let the last word you say in the house be a prayer of thankfulness," she whispered to him.
>
> In the bare room they called the house the little minister and his mother went on their knees, but as it chanced, their last word was not addressed to God.
>
> "Gavin," Margaret whispered, as he took her arm. "Do you think this bonnet sets me?"

Not far away stands the block of plastered houses, "the tenements," where Mr. Barrie was born, and where he passed the first nine years of his life.

The House on the Brae

But it is "on the bump of green round which the brae twists" that you find the principal landmark of literary Thrums. It

is all there to-day as Mr. Barrie knew it. Jess's window still looks easterly over the town. The narrow passage divides the two tiny rooms, and upstairs is the attic, to which you may climb, as the schoolmaster did, by a ladder, through a square hole between the rafters. And there is the brae itself. From the window you can look out as Jess did "at the world as through a telescope." You can see the litlte town as she must have viewed it, with its odd-looking houses, tortuous lanes, and restful appearance of quiet gentility. Seldom is the brae empty, for

> the steep path up the commonty makes for this elbow, and thus, whichever way the traveller takes, it is here that he comes first into sight of the window. Here, too, those who go to the town from the south get their first glimpse of Thrums. Carts pass up and down every few minutes, and there comes an occasional gig. Many live beyond the top of it now, and men and women go by to their work, children to school or play.

And what of Jess, Hendry and Leeby? Who can ever visit the house without picturing them in their familiar places, or entering the kitchen, see in the mind's eye the prodigal Jamie as he stood here "alane a lang time." Within the silent interior the story of their lives come back. Mr. Barrie has sketched them with the triumph of the realist, and whether chuckling heartily over their preparations to receive company, or sympathizing with them in Joey's death and other troubles, they strike a chord in the heart which makes for instant appreciation and enjoyment.

Echoes

It may be late afternoon or evening, as you loiter, for the last time, on the top of the little brae. Should you wait until the sun sinks gently behind the quiet hills, as we did, you will behold an entrancing vision indeed, for sunset in Kirriemuir is altogether beautiful. It lights up the tiny town with dainty flushes of varied tints, until the dull red stones of its quaint old architecture seems vivified in the delicate colorings of nature's palette. Far off looms the "Bonnie house o' Airlie" among its woods, with its memories of ballad lore, and in the further distance is the haunted castle of Glamis, over which Shakespeare has thrown the witchery of his genius and consecrated for time immemorial by his tragedy of Macbeth. And lingering here, the echoes of the years float through the brooding silence of the hour, which seems a fitting time to take leave of this old-world hamlet of storied renown.—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

The Sinn-Fein Circus

BY JUDGE W. C. BENET, GRIMSHAWES, N. C.

(Continued from November Caledonian)

PART III

Let us now consider the grievances under which, according to the Sinn-Fein orators, the people of Ireland are now suffering, deliverance from which is their reason for desiring to establish an independent republic. If we are to believe the statements of de Valera, Judge Cohalan, Mr. Walsh, Archbishop Mannix, Mr. Bourke Cockran and others, the Irish people to-day are groaning under a load of injustice, oppression and tyranny imposed on them by a cruel British government. De Valera tells America that "Ireland is the only white race still in slavery." Mr. Bourke Cockran told the Congressional Committee that "during the centuries that have intervened since Strongbow landed on the Irish coast,Ireland has exhibited the frightful spectacle of a country where the very best of its men and women—the noblest of their generation—whose virtues have raised them to the highest pinnacle of fame in the eyes of all the world—have had no place open to them except the prison, the dock or the scaffold, while the very basest of the population—if not of the human family—have been raised to the bench, the peerage and the woolsack. Never has that dreadful spectacle been so distressingly conspicuous *as it is to-day.*" (Italics mine.)

When we have recovered our breath

after this burst of prefervid Hibernian eloquence, let us quietly read a sober statement made in all sincerity by the late John Redmond in a manifesto issued by him in 1916, in the name of the National Irish Party:

"Two-thirds of the entire land of the country has passed into the hands of the people. Tens of thousands of cottages have been built all over Ireland, in which, at a moderate rent and with a portion of land, the Irish laborers have been transformed from the worst-housed, the worst-clothed, and worst-fed class in Europe into the best-housed, the most comfortable, and the most independent body of laborers in the world. There has grown up in some of the most poverty-stricken districts in the northwest, west, and south of Ireland a new Ireland of happy and prosperous homes. In so far as the local government of Ireland is concerned, it has been wrenched from the landlords, and is now in entire possession of the people, with chairman and members freely chosen by the people themselves. The tenants in the towns have achieved a charter far in excess of anything ever extended to any city or town of England. Old-age pensions have brought comfort and hope to tens of thousands of old men and women."

Look on this picture, then on that. It is very true that in the past Ireland suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the government; and so did Scotland; and so did England. But Ireland's wrongs have all been redressed, and when Sinn-Fein orators speak of them they are hugging to their bosoms the mere ghosts of buried grievances.

They complain that Ireland is over-taxed. What is the fact? In England, Scotland and Wales, taxation, reckoned *per capita,* amounted in 1918-19 to about £19. In Ireland, £8 13s. During that year Ireland contributed 4½ per cent. of the total revenue, while she received back 12 per cent. of the local expenditure.

While eloquent on the subject of taxation, they are strangely silent on the subject of representation, and no wonder, for while the Irish are under-taxed, they are over-represented in Parliament. In comparison with England and Scotland, Ireland has in the House of Commons fourteen members more than she is entitled to.

It is claimed that England prevents Ireland from developing her coal deposits. This is a brand new grievance, never heard of until a year ago. De Valera says that "England deprives Ireland of the power to use her own fuel, though there is enough to last several hundred years if developed." This is a palpable absurdity. If there were such coal deposits, would not England, the hated oppressor, develop them to her own advantage? Would Belfast still be obliged to get her coal from Scotland and England? As matter of fact, Ireland possesses very little coal and no iron.

Complaint is made that "the finest ports in the world," Cork, Limerick, Waterford and others, are undeveloped because of the opposition of British interests. In answer to that we may ask who and what interests developed the great and thriving port of Belfast? If the Ulster Scots owned those ports, they would make them as prosperous and important as Belfast.

The British Government, as such, had nothing to do with the establishment and upbuilding of the manufacturing and ship-building industries of Belfast, which have enabled that city to take its place as one of the four greatest ports of the British Empire. Its success is due, not to any help afforded by government, but to its own industry, self-reliance and perseverance. Let the same qualities be shown and put in active operation by Cork, or Limerick, or Waterford, those cities may be sure that the British Government will interpose no obstacle to their progress. The same commercial and economic laws apply to Belfast as to them.

This is a fact which stares Sinn-Feiners and their sympathizers in the face, but as to which they shut their eyes and their tongues are silent—the fact, namely, that there are no special local laws applicable only to Ulster; that Leinster, Munster and Connaught are under precisely the same laws as Ulster is; that, indeed, the same general laws that govern Ireland govern also England, Scotland and Wales. And of those laws they have not—and they cannot—put their finger upon one which they desire to have repealed. In all their countless speeches, in all their endless oratory, no demand is made for the repeal of any oppressive measure. In all the 360 pages of the "Hearings" on the Mason Resolution, you will look in vain for a single mention of an obnoxious act of Parliament. There is enough and to spare of

bitter and eloquent denunciation of British tyranny, cruelty and oppression, based upon ancient history and bygone days, but having no application to the present condition of Ireland. The only act of Parliament the Irish seem to wish repealed is the Act of Union of 1800; and for its repeal no good nor sufficient grounds are given. It makes one think of a divorce suit in which the only ground alleged for a separation is incompatibility of temper; and renders quite *apropos* the well known lines:

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know and that full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

There seems to be an organic difference between the Ulster Scots and the native Irish. The Ulster Scots are a hard-working and thrifty people; the Irish in Ireland are not. Travel from Ulster into Southern Ireland, or from Southern Ireland into Ulster, and you see the difference as you cross the border. The greater prosperity of Ulster is manifest. I visited Ireland for the first time in 1866. From what I saw of the small farmers and laborers in the South of Ireland, it was plain that they had no pride of dress, no pride of furniture, no pride of home. Easy-going, light-hearted, the men seemed all to be wearing second-hand clothes. This was not altogether due to poverty, for I saw at Donnybrook Fair men who looked like well-to-do farmers clad in a motley garb that belonged to several generations—a huge greatcoat of the days of Dr. Samuel Johnson, over a gaudy waistcoat that might have been worn by Beau Brummel, and velvet trunks that plainly had once been part of a Court costume; with nothing new nor homemade except the knitted stockings of grey wool. That confirmed what I had read, that there was a flourishng trade in second-hand clothes; that Ireland was the only country into which shiploads of old clothes were regularly imported from England and other countries.

No doubt many changes and improvements have taken place since then; but even to-day the average Irishman is not as steady a workman, as industrious, or as thrifty as the average Ulsterman.

Let me relate, as illustration, what was told me some thirty years ago by a Scotsman who had lived some years in the South of Ireland. He was the son of a well known Scottish sheep farmer. Believing that sheep farming could be successful in one of the Southern Irish counties, he induced his father to let him make the experiment. The land was rented and stocked with sheep; but shepherds had to be brought from Scotland. The sheep farm was a gratifying success. He then proposed to his father to erect a small spinning mill to spin the wool into yarn. This was done, but he could not get the Irish to work in the factory. Mill workers had to be imported from Scotland. Being Presbyterians in a Roman Catholic country, a place of worship had to be provided for them. All went well for a short while, but before the end of one year both the spinning mill and the Presbyterian Church were destroyed by fire—the work of incendiaries.

Another illustration: Off the West coast of Ireland, there are excellent herring fisheries, no better to be found anywhere else. To those fishing grounds for many years fleets of herring boats have resorted from Scotland, England, France, and even from Denmark and Holland. Among the hundreds of fishing boats, there would be hardly one with an Irish crew. Irishmen would fish for herring in their little boats or coracles, in the shallow water near the shore, but took hardly any part in the deep sea fishing, which is much more profitable, but entails hard work, lasting for several days and nights on the ocean. Some years ago, an Irish noblewoman, the wife of an Irish peer, determined to encourage her countrymen to engage in deep sea herring fishing. At her own expense, she built a fishing village, with all the necessary arrangements for curing the herring and shipping them to market. She furnished boats and all that is required for the fishing. She employed English or Scottish fishermen of experience to train the Irish crews. The Irish began with enthusiasm and met with success. But ere long they tired of the arduous, continuous labor which is necessarily involved in deep sea fishing; finally they declined to engage in it, and the beneficent effort of the Irish noblewoman ended in failure.

Do not these incidents throw some light on the Irish situation? If Ireland is not upsides with her sister countries in com-

merce, manufactures and agriculture, must the whole blame be put upon the blundering, misgovernment, injustice, oppression and repression of which we must admit the British government was guilty until sixty years ago? Is Ireland's backwardness not largely due to her lack of enterprise and her happy-go-lucky love of ease? The potato, which should have been a blessing to Ireland, became a curse. Of all the crops, it requires the least amount of labor. It became the universal crop in Ireland. Regardless of rotation in crops, the Irish cultivated it almost exclusively, year after year, generation after generation, until through exhaustion of the soil a fatal potato disease was produced which destroyed the crop and caused the famine of 1846, when many thousands died of starvation.

My readers need not suppose nor suspect that I have an unfriendly bias against the Irish. Quite the contrary is the case. My visits to Ireland have always been pleasant, and my intercourse with the Irish most friendly. I admire their gaiety and lightness of heart, their kindness and hospitality. And who can resist the charm of their wit? A ride on an Irish jaunting-car, sitting back to back with a witty Paddy, is a joy to be remembered.

Sir Walter Scott visited Ireland in the summer of 1824. I present to my readers the following extract from his journal:

"There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin; butter milk, potatoes, a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg everywhere else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is toward gaiety and happiness; while a Scotchman is thinking about the term-day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world; while an Englishman is making a little hell of his own in the present, because his muffin is not well roasted,—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murther you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all at all.

"I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. 'Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat.' 'May your honour live till I pay you!' There was courtesy as well as wit in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question."

The Irish are gifted with wit, but lack humor; the Scots, lacking wit, are blessed with good humor. Wit and humor are hard to distinguish, but I hazard this as a distinction—that wit is a quick flash of brightness which may please or, perhaps, hurt the feelings; humor is a kindly, genial atmosphere, always pleasant to breathe. An "Irish bull," that most delightful and characteristic Irishism, is defined to be Irish wit standing on its head. That the Irish lack humor was shown in New York some years ago, when they became almost riotous in their protest against the appearance on the stage of the traditional stage Irishman—the Paddy with the red beard, broad upper lip, pipe in old hat, and twirling shillalah in hand; and theatrical managers respect their objection. On the contrary, Scotsmen everywhere, at home and abroad, heartily enjoy, as I have seen them do in New York, the ridiculous caricature of their kilted countrymen presented by Harry Lauder.

But I must end this *excursus* and come back to my subject proper. It would seem that with the Irish in Ireland and America more things—and things of more importance—than wit are standing on their heads. All the rules of reason and common sense and logic have been turned topsy-turvy. A few examples will show how the Irish see—at least, seem to see—everything upside down.

On Easter Monday, 1916, several thousand Sinn-Feiners, after proclaiming an Irish republic, rose in armed rebellion against the British Government, terrorized the City of Dublin, seized public buildings, caused widespread destruction of property, killed four or five hundred people, soldiers and civilians. They were defeated; their leaders were captured—taken in red-handed rebellion—were tried, found guilty of treason, and shot. According to all the rules of war or peace, they were traitors. But the Irish say they were martyrs. Mr. Bourke Cockran says: "They were butchered like dogs. These men, massacred without trial, were the very flower of their race. . . . Pearce, the President of the republic, first among those butchered, was the author of poems," etc. Not all Irishmen agree with Mr. Cockran. The Rev. Walter MacDonald, D. D., Prefect in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, an Irish Celt, a Catholic, and a Home Ruler, in his book on *Some Ethical Questions of Peace*

and War, says this when referring to the Ulster leader, Sir Edward Carson:

"He did not openly ally himself in revolt with an enemy at war with the Empire—the most powerful that ever attacked it—the Irish revolution being timed to synchronize with England's greatest peril. Above all, Sir E. Carson did not actually shoot down four or five hundred people, soldiers and civilians. Had he done all this, he too would have been shot, like Messrs. Pearce and Connally."

Dr. MacDonald is one Irishman who is not afraid to draw a just conclusion and frankly announce it.

Then there was Sir Roger Casement, a traitor if ever there was one, caught in conspiracy and active alliance with Germany against Great Britain, tried and found guilty of high treason. He justly suffers a traitor's death on the scaffold, and is at once added to the roll of Irish martyrs.

A reign of terror was deliberately begun and is still carried on by the Sinn-Feiners throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Every corner of the island is the scene of murder, assassination, fire and robbery committed by them. By them, did I say? Oh, no! Irish picketers in New York and Washington, and Irish orators everywhere call the world to witness that it is a British reign of terror imposed on Ireland by the British government. Listen to Mr. Bourke Cockran. He assures the Congressional Committee that "the only disorder in the country is caused by the efforts of British police to suppress this orderly government"—to wit, the Irish republic.

Over a hundred members of the Royal Irish Constabulary are killed by the Sinn-Feiners, secretly shot in the back, or ambushed and sniped from behind hedges, simply for doing their duty as guardians of the peace. Other officials are murdered in broad daylight in the streets of Dublin and other towns; no one interferes with the murderers or gives testimony against them. Hundreds of police barracks are raided or burnt; and British soldiers sent to quell such outrages are not met in fair fight, but are waylaid and sniped and shot. And all this horribly orgy of cowardly murder, massacre and arson is called by the Sinn-Feiners "war"—war in defense of their country! Heaven help us!

At least one Irish Catholic priest raised his voice in protest, and it was a voice of authority that in ordinary times would have been heeded by the Catholic Irish—the voice of Cardinal Logue. Hear him:

"Am I to be told that this is an act of war, that it is lawful to shoot at sight anyone wearing a policeman's uniform and honestly discharging a policeman's duty? I prefer to call it by its true name—cold, deliberate, wilful murder. Hence, anyone who plans, encourages, abets or even sympathizes with such an act participates in the guilt before God."

All honor to Cardinal Logue!

When a Sinn-Feiner is killed, even in fair fight, let us see what verdict is rendered by an Irish coroner's jury. A typical example was furnished by Charles W. Grasty, of the *New York Times,* in an article published in that paper, an article on "British Blundering and Sinn-Fein malice," which was admirable for its fairness and freedom from bias. I quote from him:

"The present mental and moral state of Ireland is well illustrated by the Coroner's inquest and verdict in the case of John Breen, who was shot by the police in May. Breen was a member of a raiding party that was following and firing upon a body of police inferior in number. Finally one of the policemen turned and shot and killed Breen. It was established that Breen, when killed, had in his hand a revolver with all the chambers empty. This was the verdict of the Sinn Fein Coroner's inquest:

"We find that John Breen died from shock and hemmorhage caused by a bullet wound inflicted by Constable Martin while John Breen was fighting for the freedom of his country."

Here is presented the inside of the Sinn Fein mind. Once this position is taken, murder is no longer crime."

You will search topsy-turvydom in vain for a better example of upside-down, inside out reasoning.

Here is a most amusing instance of topsy-turvyism. In atonement for the wrongs caused by absentee-landlordism, now happily redressed, the British government set apart for the benefit of Ireland a fund of $750,000,000, to enable poor Irish farmers to buy their farms. They are charged only three per cent. for the purchase money. This was going on during the war, when Britain was paying six per cent. to Wall Street for a loan. "But what of that?" exclaim the Sinn-Fein sympathizers. "The Irish farmers don't get that money; it all goes into the pockets of the landlords." What would they have?

That the poor Irish farmers should get the land and the money, too? For amusing absurdity that is hard to beat.

Now we come to reprisals. What about them? They are not favored, not even in war, except when extraordinary provocation has induced them, as when the Allies felt compelled to use poisonous gas against the Huns, who had first used it, according to their doctrine of "frightfulness." When the brave, but sorely tried, Irish Constabulary, provoked beyond endurance, acted in self-defence and killed Sinn-Feiners and even destroyed the houses of some of them, are they to be condemned? A howl of rage against them has been raised by the friends of the Sinn-Fein, who have not uttered one word of condemnation of the cowardly slaughter of the hundred constables—so much depends upon whose ox is gored. This matter of reprisals has misled Governor Cox into calling it "a war of extermination"! I do not think that even the Irish (whose votes were in his mind) have gone so far as that. And Cardinal Logue, whose denunciation of Sinn-Fein assassination I have quoted, has, along with the other Catholic Bishops, blamed the British government and the Constabulary for those reprisals. A telegram from Dublin told that the entire hierarchy met at Maynooth, the Cardinal presiding, and signed a strong resolution denouncing "terrorism, partiality and failure as characteristics of the present Irish Government."

The Bishops recall in the resolution that "when the country was crimeless" the Bishops warned the Government against oppressive measures. They declared, "It is not a question of hasty reprisals, but of indiscriminate hate of savages, deliberately wreaked on the countryside, without any proof of complicity in crime, by those ostensibly employed to protect lives and property."

The resolution declares that the press is gagged, that public meeting is interdicted, and that inquests are suppressed. It also says that there has been brutal treatment of clergymen, and that the preventing of Archbishop Mannix of Australia from visiting Ireland was "one of the most unwise steps purblind and tyrannical oppression could take."

The Cardinal and the Bishops might have added a word of sympathy for the widows and orphans of the murdered constables, most of whom were Irish Roman Catholics who had died in discharge of their duty. But alas! a living Sinn-Feiner is better than a dead constable.

Just at this point, when I was about to show, in the case of the Sinn-Fein hunger strikers, another instance of topsy-turvyism, there came the morning papers announcing the death on the same day of Alexander, the young King of Greece, and Terence McSwiney, the Lord-Mayor of Cork. Poor Alexander, unfortunate in his brief reign, how pathetically unfortunate is the day of his death—to have the news of his death completely overshadowed by the death of McSwiney. The death of the Grecian King is an event of transcendant international importance; the death of the Cork Mayor is in itself an event of no great importance, and yet, while a modest paragraph suffices to inform America of the king's death, column after column in the broad sheets of our metropolitan press are filled with comments on the death of the Mayor.

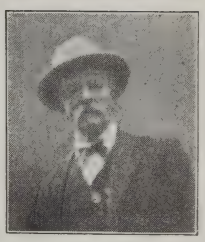
But this does not surprise us. We have been led to expect it. During the long, lingering and painful illness of the self-starved McSwiney, he was kept in the limelight on the first page of our newspapers. Daily bulletins were issued. Countless speeches were reported. Appeals were made for his release from prison, appeals to the public, to President Wilson, and to King George, to prevent the British Government from committing murder in Brixton gaol.

It was to be expected therefore that when McSwiney died, a universal wail would be heard from the Irish everywhere, and a universal Irish wake would be held. And the expected has happened. Immediately after the news of McSwiney's death reached New York, masses for the repose of his soul were offered in Catholic churches, and flags were half-masted on Catholic parochial schools. Ten thousand Irish met and protested against (I quote) "the murder by the imperialistic government of Great Britain of Lord Mayor Terence McSwiney of Cork." The Friends of Irish Freedom passed resolutions denouncing the "murder," declaring, "We charge Lloyd-George with the commission of this most heinous crime." The following Sunday was set apart for "manifestations of

(Continued on page 381)

At the Opera

BY JAMES KENNEDY
(For The Caledonian)



Mr. Kennedy's sketch, "Running For Office," in the November CALEDONIAN, has elicited many kind comments and requests for further contributions in this characteristic and happy vein. The following episode, based upon fact and told in Mr. Kennedy's best style, will be equally appreciated. The new *Complete Scottish and American Poems* of Mr. Kennedy announced on another page, will include all the best work of the former editions with many new poems. Its publication will be a real event in Scottish literature.

City officials have many privileges. They can see honest dog fights or fixed up baseball matches free. They have honors, if they may be so classed, thrust upon them. Free passes from mysterious sources percolate downwards from fat commissioners to lean understrappers. As a rule, we passed the passes along in their downward course, to more anxious and doubtless more appreciative deadheaders. One idle Saturday we were foolish enough to be inveigled into going to the opera. The under sheriff had tickets for the Academy of Music. It was to be Wagner's *Gotterdammerung*—The Dusk of the Gods. It sounded alluring. We knew less about it than we knew about the fourth dimension. One is never too old to learn. Here was an opportunity to remedy the appalling deficiency of our early education. We had no time to lose. The house was packed.

Signor Alvary, tenor; Madam Klafsky, soprano, and other notable warblers were to make their final appearance in America before setting out for Hamburg. The audience was gorgeous in purple and fine raiment. Silks rustled on silks. Jewelry rattled on jewelry. Diamonds flashed on diamonds. In the brief pause before the curtain was rung up, or hung up, the sheriff explained the real nature of our visit. Signor Alvary had left Chicago leaving some memorials in the shape of bad debts. He had performed the same acrobatic financial feat at Philadelphia, and they were after him. A Philadelphia lawyer had brought a bagful of papers to the sheriff's office. The lawyer was patiently pacing the corridor, while we were presumed to be keeping our weather eye on the leading, or, rather, the retiring villain. The sheriff showed glimpses of documents in dead and living languages, prominent among which were *Tecum Duces-Capias Satisfaciendum*, finishing up in plain English with the simple phrase *Body Attachment*. Then he had two guns, one an army revolver, another a small, gold-mounted thing, suitable for the vest pocket. We could discharge these at any person who interfered with us in the discharge of our duty. He insisted on my taking possession of the smaller of the two guns. Mildly protesting ignorance of light artillery, and insisting that my military training had been confined to what was known as the Enfield rifle, and without that weapon my services would be of no value in the combat line. Some innocent bystander might be shot.

There was no time for further discussion. The curtain was up and the River Rhine was before us. It looked like the real thing—a shimmering sheet of molten silver, set in a frame of emerald, blossom-bespangled. Three nymphs sported like white swans in the flashing waters. A little hill rose on the left, with jutting crags of conglomerate. On to these crags came a martial figure, startling as a crested cherubim or a sworded seraphim. Armor on armor shone. A spear that might have served Goliath "seemed light in his terrible hand." The nymphs burst into song, and the warrior sang back to them. Their voices were superfine. We had illuminated pamphlets with the original German text and a free English translation. A ring was

lost in the Rhine, and the nymphs were looking for it, on the surface of the water. It did not seem to occur to them that the ring would sink, or probably they did not want to lose sight of the warrior. Neither did we. He was our man. The ring had magical qualities. Whoever found it could do as he pleased. The sheriff seemed to have found it, as he made frequent disappearances and came back spiritually fortified for the final scene. He took no interest in the story, while I wrestled with it like a Scottish cowherd with the Shorter Catechism, but could make no sense out of it. It is full of absurd bombast. The music seemed to consist of an unlimited segregation of unset sounds, utterly devoid of measure or meaning. Probably we are prejudiced because it was made in Germany. If it be music, give me silence.

Passing the bewildering panorama of multiplex absurdities, with its mock heroics and gilt-bespattered spearmen and hysterically frantic females, and coming to our own after-piece in the moving melodrama of noise and nonsense, our "cue" came at last. A tired out circus horse was dragged on to the stage, and exchanged for the magic ring. It seemed like a poor bargain, although the brute was well broke; that is, he was broken-winded, and with a little more service would, to all appearances, be broken-backed. A fire was started on the back of the stage, and the animal, evidently tired of this weary world, jumped into the flames and the performance fittingly closed in a cloud of smoke.

Under the smoke screen, we advanced unchallenged towards our objective. The curtain closed. The house shook with delirious applause. Our intended victim and his chief associate songstress again smilingly faced the footlights. Bouquets and baskets of flowers and horseshoes, rose-wreathed, fell around them. Signor Alvary bore "his blushing honors thick upon him." A nipping frost came when he wandered back into our open arms. Fragments of his armor fell away from him like leaves in autumn—not that we caught him ungently, but his trappings were so flimsy that they were almost intangible. and we had to apply the "body attachment" to something substantial. "Read that and then that and then this," said the sheriff. The minstrel-warrior seemed to shrink into insignificance. In a voice low and tremulous, he meekly murmured, "Vass ees dass? Nein English sprochen—ich hoch Deutsch sprochen." Presently, the manager, the leader of the orchestra, the satellites and lesser lights, the spearmen and the scene movers, and the janitor and the scrubwomen formed a phalanx. The manager was furious. He "would not permit it. No sir! Not on your life, sir!" "Read that and that and then this," said the sheriff.

I had never seen so much free reading distributed, except about election time. The manager was too excited to read. Reading to be instructive requires a certain measure of repose. "To think that this should be attempted in this house!—in the Academy itself!—It can't be done!" shouted the manager.

"It can't, eh!—you bet your boots it can—got any machinery round here that'll stop it? Know what you're up against? Illinois and Pennsylvania—and this is the State of New York!" said the sheriff.

Then we unmasked our artillery!

A shriek went up from a frightened prima donna. Clasping her hands above her head, and gazing at the little jets of light that glimmered near the roof, she rolled out a tornado of words that needed nothing but translation. It sounded like a call to all the gods at once. Meanwhile the spearmen disappeared with a degree of rapidity that would be difficult to surpass. We were alone with our shivering culprit.

The Philadelphia lawyer had a cab ready. Two policemen cut a swathe in the massed multitude in the street. The eager crowd was waiting to get a farewell glimpse of Alvary, the great tenor. They got a glimpse, but it was Alvary, the defaulter. It was the leading man being led. Before we reached the cab, the manager, the chief fiddler, the property man and the frantic female were after us, and cries of "Come back—the house can't afford to have this happen! No sir!—not on your life, sir! A paltry nine hundred and eighteen dollars—the idea sir!"

"And forty cents," said the sheriff.

The armistice was declared. The articles of capitulation, whatever they were, were signed. They seemed agreeable to the Philadelphia lawyer, and the white wings of peace settled upon us like a benediction.

The House of Douglas

PART II

Upon the death of James, the attainted ninth Earl of Douglas, at the Abbey of Lindores in 1488, the line of the Good Lord James, hero of the War of Independence, became extinct. The great name of Douglas, however, had meanwhile risen to power in a younger branch. William, first Earl of Douglas, nephew of the Good Lord James, had, by an intrigue with Margaret Stewart, Countess of Angus, an illegitimate son, George. This son in 1389 obtained from King Robert II a grant of his mother's earldom, and became first Earl of Angus of the Douglas line. Under the famous Tyneman, grandson of the Good Lord James, he took part in the great raid to Newcastle in 1402, and on the way home, when the Scots, loaded with plunder, were attacked and defeated by Hotspur at Homildon Hill, near Wooler—the battle in which the defeat at Otterbourne was avenged—he was taken prisoner along with his leader and many other Scottish knights, and died in England of the plague in the following year. His wife was that much-married Princess Mary, second daughter of King Robert III, who afterwards successively became the spouse of Sir James Kennedy of Dunure, Sir William Graham of Kincardine, and Sir William Edmonstone of Duntreath, by each of whom she became ancestress of a great Scottish family.

William, second Earl of Angus, and grandson of Robert III, was knighted by his uncle, James I, and when that king, on his return from captivity in England, arrested his cousin, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and brought him to trial at Stirling, Angus was one of the nobles who sat on the assize. James afterwards entrusted him with the Wardenship of the Middle Marches, and in that capacity he defeated an English force at Piperden in 1435.

It was this earl's brother, George, fourth Earl of Angus, who supported James II in his great struggle against the overgrown power of the Earls of Douglas. From his Stewart ancestry he probably inherited the fair hair and ruddy complexion from which he and his house were known as the Red Douglases, as distinguished from the Black Douglases, descended from the Good Lord James. It was he who commanded the royal forces which defeated the Douglases at Arkinholm in 1455. He defeated Douglas and Percy again in 1458, and when James II finally led an army against his old enemy, and Douglas's ally, the Duke of York, who had seized the supreme power in England, Angus accompanied him. At the siege of Roxburgh, the Earl was standing near the king watching the operations of a great Flemish cannon, when the clumsy piece of artillery burst. James was killed instantly and Angus was severely wounded by the same fragment.

As a reward for his loyal services, the king had conferred upon Angus the great Douglas estates in Clydesdale and on the Border, and the Earl transferred his chief seat from Forfarshire to Douglasdale. Dalkeith, which belonged to him, had been ravaged by the Douglases, to avenge his refusal to support their treason, but it was still his possession. With his royal blood and his command of the great Douglas vassalage, he was nearly as powerful a noble as the Douglas earls whom he had helped to overthrow. Henry VI, in exile at the Scottish Court, offered an English Dukedom for his assistance in recovering his throne, and he was the head of the party of the "old lords" who wished to take arms in Henry's cause in opposition to the peaceful policy of the queen mother and the sagacious Bishop Kennedy, who was Angus's half-brother. When the energetic queen of Henry VI made her descent on the Northumbrian coast, Angus arranged to support her with a Scottish army, and though Edward IV acted too promptly for her plans to succeed, the Earl gallantly marched to her help and brought off the beleaguered garrison of Ainwick in face of the whole English army. The death of

Angus shortly afterwards was a serious blow to the Lancastrian cause.

His son and successor, Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, is remembered as "the Great Earl," and otherwise as "Bell-the-Cat." He was head of the party of fierce nobles who in 1488, in alliance with Edward IV of England and the king's brother, Albany, organized rebellion against the unfortunate James III. Edward IV's brother, afterwards Richard III, with Albany and the banished Earl of Douglas, were besieging Berwick, and James, levying an army of fifty thousand men, marched to raise the siege. He had camped at Lauder, and in the church there the conspirators held a council. The first essential was to get rid of the king's favorite, Cochrane, the architect, on whom James had conferred the splendid revenues of the earldom of Mar. The question arose as to who would undertake the dangerous first step, and, Lord Gray sardonically mentioned the well known fable of the mice, when Angus swept aside the difficulty. "Leave that to me," he said, "I will bell the cat." All the world knows how, on Cochrane just then striding arrogantly into the church, Angus fulfilled his pledge, seized Cochrane and the king's other favorites, hanged them over Lauder Bridge, and carried James himself a prisoner to Edinburgh Castle. There seems little doubt that he would have completed his compact by deposing James III, and setting Albany on the throne, had a strong body of the nobles not recoiled in horror. But Angus's treason cost Scotland the good town of Berwick, which never returned to Scottish possession. The death of Edward IV ended the plot by withdrawing English help, but Angus remained a conspirator against the king, and took a chief part in his final overthrow at the battle of Sauchieburn. Three years later, when the young James IV began to show disfavor to the lords who had brought about his father's death, Angus entered into a secret and treasonable treaty with Henry VII. For this he was imprisoned in Tantallon, and deprived of the lordship of Liddesdale and castle of Hermitage. He was also concerned in the disappearance of a large part of the treasures of the late king. The Great Earl's last appearance on the historic stage was assuredly his best. It was on Flodden field. Surrey's army was defiling over Twizel Bridge to cut off the Scottish host from Scotland. Angus, seeing the moment for successful attack passing away forever, implored King James either to advance at once or to retreat to a safer position, but his wise advice was only met with the taunt, "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." At that the old Earl burst into tears. "My age," he said, "renders my body of no service, and my counsel is despised; but I leave my two sons and the Douglas vassalage in the field. May the result be glorious, and Angus's foreboding unfounded!" And he turned mournfully away. His two sons fell in the battle, with two hundred of the Douglas name, and Angus himself retired to the Priory of Whithorn, where he died in the following year.

He was succeeded by his grandson, Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus. This powerful noble, young, handsome and brave, married in the same year the Princess Margaret of England, Queen of Scotland, and widow of James IV, and during his long life took a constant and troublous part in Scottish affairs. To begin with, by her marriage, the queen was declared to have forfeited the regency and the guardianship of the young king, and John, Duke of Albany, son of the late pretender to the throne, was invited from France to manage affairs. Angus and his wife were forced to betake themselves to England for a time, and there a daughter was born to them, who afterwards married Matthew, Earl of Lennox, and became mother of Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots. On Albany leaving the kingdom, however, Angus and his wife returned. The power of Angus was opposed by the Earl of Arran, chief of the Hamiltons, and grandson of James II, but in the famous street battle remembered as "Clean the Causeway" in Edinburgh, Arran's power was effectually broken. Queen Margaret also opposed and divorced him, but lost her influence by marrying a younger son of Lord Evandale. So great was the power of Angus, and so unscrupulously was it exercised, that it became a saying "no man need strive at law with a Douglas, for if he does he will lose his suit." Several attempts were made to take the young king out of the hands of the too powerful

noble. Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch attacked him at the little village of Darnick, near Melrose, but was driven off with the loss of sixty men; and the Earl of Lennox advanced upon Edinburgh with an army of ten thousand men, only to be defeated and slain at Newliston. At last, however, the boy king, James V, effected his own escape from the Douglas thraldom. Escaping from Falkland Palace by night, with a single groom, he galloped to Stirling, where he ordered the gates to be shut, and declared every Douglas a rebel who should come within twelve miles of his person. Disobeying the order to live north of the Spey, Angus was forfeited for high treason and retired to England. The lifelong hatred of James V for the Douglases on account of their treatment of him, is well pictured in Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and the same writer's *Tales of a Grand-father*. The king's resentment even extended to the women of the House of Douglas, for when the young and beautiful Lady Glamis, sister of the banished earl, was accused of using sorcery and poison against his life, he allowed her to be burnt alive on Edinburgh Castle hill.



JAMES DOUGLAS
Earl of Morton, Regent of Scotland

On the death of James V, in 1542, Angus returned to Scotland and was made lieutenant-general of the kingdom. When Henry VIII began his rough wooing of the infant Queen Mary for his son, and sent Evers and Latoun to ravage the Scottish Border, promising them all the lands they could conquer, Angus came to his own. "I will write the instrument of possession," he declared, "upon their own bodies, with sharp pens and in blood-red ink," and along with the Regent Arran he forthwith fulfilled his promise by utterly overthrowing them at the battle of Lilliard's Edge.

On Henry VIII threatening him with reprisals, he only laughed. "Will my royal brother-in-law take my life?" he exclaimed. "Little does King Henry know the skirts of Cairntable" (in Douglasdale). "I can keep myself there against all his English host." He kept his word by repelling Lord Wharton's invasion in the following year. After the death of Henry, when the English Regent, Somerset, invaded Scotland, Angus commanded the van of the Scottish army at the Battle of Pinkie. Still later, when the Queen Regent of Scotland, Mary of Guise, in her endeavors to reduce the power of the nobles and set up more regular government, asked Angus to give up to her his strong castle of Tantallon, he is said to have replied, "The castle, madam, is yours at command, but by St. Bride of Douglas, I must be the captain, and I will keep it for you as well as any you will put into it."

While the sixth Earl of Angus thus carried on his strenuous career of war and politics, another kind of fame was being won by his uncle, Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who achieved a high place among Scottish poets by his fine translation of Virgil's *Æneid*.

The earl's brother, Sir George Douglas of Pittendreich also took a considerable part in the affairs of his time, and was master of the household on the night when James V escaped out of the Douglas power at Falkland. It was his son, David, who succeeded in 1556 as seventh Earl of Angus.

Pittendreich's second son, James, was the notorious Earl of Morton of Queen Mary's reign. An account of his deeds would be a history of his time. He planned the murder of Rizzio and was a party to that of Darnley. He led the van against the Queen at Langside, and entered into a compact with Queen Elizabeth to have Mary returned to Scotland and executed. He pronounced the funeral eulogy over John Knox, betrayed to Queen Elizabeth the Earl of Northumberland, who had befriended him, was suspected of poisoning the Earl of Atholl, and as Regent plundered the community on a large scale. Arrested finally in 1581, at the instance of Esme Stewart, Earl of Lennox, he was executed with the "Maiden" guillotine, which he had himself introduced from France.

Morton's nephew, Archibald, the eighth of his line, was known as the "Good Earl" of Angus, because he took the side of the Reformers. He had been brought up by Morton, and when that unscrupulous noble was at last arrested, he arranged with Queen Elizabeth's envoy, Randolph, a plot for an English invasion of the country, the seizing of the king, and the slaying of Lennox. But Lennox was beforehand with him, and banished him beyond the Spey. In England he became the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Pardoned by James VI, he returned the kindness by taking part with the Ruthven raiders in seizing the king. When the young king at last escaped to St. Andrews, Angus, with the Earl of Mar, instantly gathered a force and galloped after him, but was met six miles from the town by a herald, with the command to disband his followers and hold himself under arrest. In 1584, however, he engaged in another plot for the assassination of the Earl of Arran and the seizure of the king. The conspirators managed to seize Stirling, but again Arran was beforehand. Their party melted before the appearance of a royal army, Gowrie was tried and executed, and Angus was attainted, and fled to England. There, with Elizabeth's help, he organized another plot, and this time succeeded. Marching into Scotland, he seized Stirling and the king, and effected a *coup d'etat*. He was made lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and died of consumption, attributed to sorcery, in 1588.

His uncle's earldom of Morton, which had been restored to him two years earlier, then passed, under its entail, to Sir William Douglas of Lochleven, Queen Mary's jailor, while the earldom of Angus went to Sir William Douglas, of Glenbervie, grandson of the second son of "Bell-the-Cat," who fell at Flodden. The earldom was claimed by King James VI as heir of line through his grandmother, Margaret, daughter of Archibald, the sixth earl, but the claim was disallowed by the Court of Session. Earl William had fought on Queen Mary's side at Corrichie, and had been chancellor of the assize which convicted the turbulent Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, whilom favorite of James VI.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

(To be Continued)

The Story of Pasadena

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW

(For The Caledonian)

PART II

The land being apportioned, little time was lost in moving on to it and getting to work. On February 6, 1874, some ten days after the lands were alloted, the first house had been built and occupied. True, it was only a three-room rough board and battened house, minus plaster and plumbing, just what was known as a "California house," the progenitor of the modern bungalow; but after all, *a home*. This house is in existence to-day. Others of a similar kind rapidly came into existence in all directions.

The work of clearing and preparing the land for planting was vigorously taken up. Orange and lemon trees had been decided as the proper ones to plant at first. These could be obtained at the Mission in abundance. But soon these were followed by deciduous fruits—apples, apricots, pears, etc.

At the end of two years 10,000 orange and lemon trees had been planted and about 7,000 deciduous ones, together with 150,000 grapevines. Nor were shade trees forgotten, many pepper and eucalyptus trees being set out for shade and beauty.

All this was not plain, easy sailing, however. There was a vast army of pests in the field that had long held undisputed possession of the whole territory, in the shape of gophers, squirrels, grasshoppers, jackrabbits, coyotes and an occasional lion came down from the mountains to look the intruders over. These were all about, in countless numbers, ever present enemies that had to be fought to the death. Then there was the water question, that from the first gave much anxiety and trouble, as it does to-day, though now pretty well mastered. At first, water had to be carried up from the river in buckets and from several living springs near to it. Then it was conveyed in an open ditch, and finally in an iron pipe. It took about a year to get this pipe placed and in operation. The only fuel available was wood and brush that was brought up from the wide river bed. This river is known as the "Arroyo seco," a Spanish name meaning "Dry River." For no water runs in its deep, wide channel in the summer months, though in the rainy season it often rages. This river bed bears abundant evidence that eons ago it was a mighty stream, fed, no doubt, by snow, ice and glaciers in the high mountain ranges that tower in the distance. The water furnished for use all over the city is pure and good, but it now looks as though if Pasadena continues to grow and becomes very much larger, it will have to become a part of Los Angeles, in order to share her abundant supply of water, for she cannot share it unless she incorporates with her.

From the very beginning, the members of the colony showed their high moral and intellectual qualities. Within a very few months after the lands were alloted, a school was established, one of the colonists giving the use of a room in his house in which the classes could meet. He also provided the teacher, in the person of his daughter. Beginning with two pupils, the number soon swelled to sixteen, and the room in the Clapp house became too small for school purposes. Three hundred dollars was voted to provide for building a school house, soon rushed to completion, and opened for use in October, 1874. A simple rough shed with windows, it was the progenitor of many splendid school buildings that came not many years later.

In August of the first year it was also discovered that one of the colonists was entitled to use the prefix "Rev." to his, name, and the Rev. W. E. Mosher announced that he would conduct a religious service at one of the homes on a certain Sunday in August under the Presbyterian formula. Eight persons attended the first service. On the completion of the schoolhouse, services were held there, and, as one Solomon Dunton had come into the colony and was a Methodist preacher, he

and the Rev. Mosher preached there on alternate Sabbaths until the following March, when the little church that the Presbyterians had been building was completed and dedicated, seventy-five persons having signed the membership roll of the congregation. The Methodist brethren followed with an organization and a little church building in less than two years, or in 1877. The first baby—little Helen Wentworth—came in 1874, and the first wedding took place in 1875.

Good reports must have gone forth about the new colony, for in 1876 another one, under the name of "The Lake Vineyard Land and Water Company," located on a tract of 2,500 acres of land that lay to the east of that of the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association, divided from it by a road that now is known as Fair Oaks Avenue. It was the road to the ranch of Judge Eaton, which he had named Fair Oaks. The roadway that ran at right angles to the road to Fair Oaks Ranch ran east and west, and is now Colorado street, the main street of the city. At the intersection of these two roads very shortly grew up a village center. The schoolhouse was moved hither, to a site donated by the promoter of the Lake Vineyard Colony; then a general store was located there, in a corner of which was the post office; a jeweler doing business in still another corner. The blacksmith also moved his forge from a point several blocks away, so as to be near the center of things. The season 1876-77 was a very hard one on the new community. The rainfall that normally averages about twenty inches a year, in that season was only five inches, causing very great hardships and discouragement. But, bravely the colonists stuck to their new homes, with strong faith in the outcome.

By the end of the first decade, the village had been fairly well developed. There had been added to the initial buildings a drug store, a tin shop, a harness shop, a public hall with a seating capacity of five hundred, a real stage, with footlights, and a gallery; a doctor and a real estate agent had also opened offices; there had also been a fruit cannery established. The groves, orchards and vineyards had done so well that in 1880 it was decided to hold a "Citrus Fair" that became a source of much surprise and gratification to all concerned, on account of the very superior quality of the fruit of all kinds that was displayed; and during the following year, 1881, at a County Exhibition of the same character held in Los Angeles, the Pasadena display took the first prize for quality in competition against the whole county. Before the first decade closed, there had also been built two hotels, and a careful estimate of the population made in 1883 showed two hundred families, with a total of 1,000 persons. It was then felt that the experimental stage had been passed. This fact seemed to be doubly assured by the establishing of a newspaper, towards the end of that year, and there could be no further doubt about it when in the next year, 1884, the Pasadena Bank opened its doors for business.

Up to this time, communication with the outside world had been through Los Angeles. It was a natural result therefore that a stage coach should be established to bridge the ten miles between them. It carried twelve passengers, and made a round trip daily, also carrying mail bags. In 1882, one Stanley P. Jewett, a young engineer, had joined the colony, and shortly thereafter conceived the idea that a railroad starting at Los Angeles and running up through the valley, connecting the many colonies and villages that had recently come into existence, might be made to pay, and would assist in the growth and development of the whole country. He succeeded in obtaining the necessary capital to construct the road, so that on September 11, 1885, the whistle of the first locomotive to enter Pasadena sounded as it approached and stopped at Colorado street, its main thoroughfare; and five days later, on the sixteenth, the formal opening of the road was celebrated in fitting style, with bands of music, banners, feasting, and lots of oratory. In another two years the road had been constructed as far as San Demas, a total distance of twenty-eight miles from Los Angeles.

This adventure, for at that time it was a great one, shows the courage and faith in the future with which the people were inspired; for at that time the territory tributary to the railroad, outside of Los Angeles, had a population of only 10,000 souls, with no established business other than the labor they put into the soil to make it productive.

While these efforts at development were being put forth, another group of men with faith in the future of this far western territory, were working hard to lay a line of rails out from Chicago, across the continent, through the sandy wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, and over the Rocky Mountains, heading for the Pacific, under the name and title "Atlantic & Pacific Railroad," later to become the great Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, or briefly, "the Santa Fe." Mr. J. F .Crank was the president of the little San Gabriel Valley Railroad, and on a certain occasion, about the time of which we are writing, found himself in New York on business connected with his little road. There a telegram reached him from Washington, D. C., from Senator Stanford of California. He invited Mr. Crank to visit him in Washington. Rather strange to relate, on the same day he received a telegram from Boston, Mass., from a Mr. Strong, then president of the Santa Fe Railroad Company, giving him a very cordial invitation to visit him in Boston. Mr. Strong was president of the Santa Fe Railroad; Senator Stanford was president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, that was already in active operation across the continent and on the Pacific Coast. The Santa Fe being not yet completed, it was of course very easy for Mr. Crank to guess the meaning of these very cordial invitations, and the question as to which of them he should accept was a very serious one.

It was also very easy for Mr. Crank to remember that when he and his staff were struggling with the problems of road building, carloads of material that they urgently needed, that were in transit from Eastern points over the Southern Pacific lines, were often lost for weeks at a time, and when found were on sidetracks at remote parts of the line. The conclusion was irresistible that they had been purposely sent there. So he very quickly decided to go to Boston, where he met Mr. Strong, and within an hour after their meeting he had sold his little road to the Santa Fe. So, in due time, the rails that were being laid across the continent from Chicago were bolted to the end of those of the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Valley Railroad, and Pasadena was put on the map in direct connection with the rest of the world. It was in 1886 that this rail connection was completed. Since then the Southern Pacific and the Los Angeles & Salt Lake roads have run their rails into Pasadena.

In the same year, on June 14, 1886, the colonists voted to incorporate Pasadena as a city of the sixth class, under the California State laws; at the same time they elected the necessary officials, who later were sworn in and began to function on the twenty-third of the same month. The necessity for incorporation had been a matter of dispute in the community for more than two years. It seemed to many that the powers invested in the officials of the association were not large enough to control and deal with questions that were constantly coming up. There was the question of the saloon that had just been started under county license, much against the will of a large majority of the colonists; then insect pests had begun to show in the groves and orchards, and there was no way to compel their being dealt with by a united front that would mean their extermination; again, there was no proper organization for protection against fire, and the water question was a constant menace; neither was there proper control over the laying out of streets or the sprinkling of them in summer.

Whatever bickerings or misunderstandings may have crept into the community during the working out of the incorporation scheme, there was one underlying idea that never was lost sight of, and to which all parties to the dispute were agreed, namely, "that the city of Pasadena must be beautiful and clean in every way, both morally and physically, and that the same spirit that animated the little group of its founders should continue to control its greater destiny." At once an ordinance was written prohibiting traffic in alcoholic liquors, and the saloon closed its doors forever.

The immediate effect of the coming of the railroad into the San Gabriel Valley was to bring in a multitude of tourists, among them a number who saw an opportunity to gamble with the conditions. They began to work on the minds of the people through the press in such a way that during the next year—1887—speculation in land was at fever heat; thirteen new towns had been platted between Los Angeles and San Bernardino, a distance

of thirty-six miles, along the line of the Santa Fe Railroad, and at each of these sites, in addition to Los Angeles and Pasadena, there were a lot of boomers who worked the people into a fairly frantic condition. Here is the description of a scene at one of those places that the boomers had selected for a special effort, predicting for it a greater future than any of the others. The lots were to be put on sale on a certain day. "Through the long hours of the previous night and until nine o'clock of the day of sale, a long line of hungry and weary lot-buyers stood in front of the office where the lots were to be sold. Number two in the line was offered a thousand dollars for his place in the line; number three sold his for five hundred; number fifty-four announced that he would not take a cent less than a hundred for his; number one was deaf to all offers, and through the weary hours of the night clung to the handle of the big front door, securing at last the coveted prize—the first choice." Two hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth of lots were sold the first day, the sale lasting for three days. Many of them are to-day not worth half the price they brought at that sale.

(To be Continued)

The Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

(Continued from November Caledonian)

Sheila left the room, and by and by came back, leading the young Highland girl by the hand. Mairi was greatly embarrassed, scarcely knowing whether she should show any gladness at meeting this old friend amid so much trouble. But when Ingram shook hands with her, and after she had blushed, and looked shy, and said, "And are you ferry well, sir?" she managed somehow to lift her eyes to his face; and then she said, suddenly,—

"And it is a good day, this day, for Miss Sheila, that you will come to see her, Mr. Ingram; for she will hef a friend now."

"You silly girl," said Mrs. Lavender, sharply, "why will you say, 'Miss Sheila'? Don't you know she is a married woman?"

Mairi glanced in a nervous and timid manner towards the bed. She was evidently afraid of the little shrivelled old woman with the staring black eyes and the harsh voice.

"Mairi hasn't forgotten her old habits, that is all," said Ingram, patting her good-naturedly on the head.

And then he sat down again; and it seemed so strange to him to see these two together again, and to hear the odd inflection of Mairi's voice, that he almost forgot that he had made a great discovery in learning of Sheila's whereabouts.

Chapter XXI

MEETING AND PARTING

The appearance of Sheila in Mrs. Lavender's house certainly surprised Ingram; but the motives which led her to go thither were simple enough. On the morning on which she had left her husband's house, she and Mairi had been driven up to Euston Square Station before she seemed capable of coming to any decision. Mairi guessed at what had happened with a great fear at her heart, and did not dare to speak of it.

"Mairi," she said, "I have gone away from my own home, and I have no home for you or myself either. What are we to do?"

"Are you quite sure, Miss Sheila," said the girl, dismayed beyond expression, "that you will not go back to your own house? It wass a bad day this day that I wass come to London to find you going away from your own house."

And Mairi began to cry.

And it was necessary to do something; for who could tell but that her husband might come to this station in search of her? Sheila resolved that she would go down and throw herself on the tender mercies of that terrible old lady in Kensington Gore. For one thing, she instinctively sought the help of a woman in her present plight; and perhaps that harshly spoken old creature would be gentle to her when all her story was told. The two homeless girls got into a cab, and were driven down to Kensington Gore. Sheila asked if she could see Mrs. Lavender. She knew that the old lady had had another bad fit; but she was supposed to be recovering rapidly. Mrs. Lavender would see her in her bedroom; and so Sheila went up.

The girl could not speak.

"Yes, I see it—something wrong about that precious husband of yours," said the old lady, watching her keenly: "I expected it. Go on. What is the matter?"

"I have left him," Sheila said, with her face very pale, but with no sign of emotion about the firm lips.

"Oh, good gracious, child! Left him? How many people know it?"

"No one but yourself, and a young Highland girl who has come up to see me."

"You came to me first of all?"

"Yes."

"Have you no other friends to go to?"

"I considered that I ought to come to you."

There was no cunning in the speech; it was the simple truth. Mrs. Lavender looked at her hard for a second or two, and then said, in what she meant to be a kindly way,—

"Come here, and sit down, child; and tell me all about it. If no one else knows it, there is no harm done. We can easily patch it up before it gets abroad."

"I did not come to you for that, Mrs. Lavender," said Sheila, calmly. "That is impossible. That is all over. I have come to ask you where I may get lodgings for my friend and myself."

"The Highlanders are a proud race," she said, sharply. "I should have thought that rooms in this house, even with the society of a cantankerous old woman, would have been tolerated for a time."

"It is very kind of you to make the offer," Sheila said, "but I do not wish to have to meet my husband or any of his friends. If you could tell me where to get lodgings not far from this neighborhood, I would come to see you sometimes at such hours as I know he cannot be here."

"But I don't understand what you mean. You won't go back to your husband—although I could manage that for you directly. You won't hear of negotiations, or of any prospect of your going back; and yet you won't go home to your father."

"I cannot do either," Sheila said.

"Do you mean to live in those lodgings always?"

"How can I tell?" said the girl piteously. "I only wish to be away; and I cannot go back to my papa, with all this story to tell him."

"And do you mean to say that you intend to live permanently apart from your husband?"

"I do not know," said Sheila, in a despairing tone. "I cannot tell you. What I feel is that, with all this trouble, it is better that our life as it was in that house should come to an end. I have some money—a few pounds—that my papa gave me."

"And when that is done?"

"He will give me more."

"And yet you don't wish him to know you have left your husband's house! What will he make of these repeated demands for money?"

"My papa will give me anything I want, without asking any questions."

"Then he is a bigger fool than I expected. Oh, don't get into a temper again. These sudden shocks of color, child, show me that your heart is out of order. How can you expect to have a regular pulsation if you flare up at anything any one may say? Now go and fetch me your Highland cousin."

Mairi came into the room in a very timid fashion, and stared with her big light-blue eyes into the dusky recess in which the little old woman sat up in bed. Sheila took her forward.

"This is my cousin Mairi, Mrs. Lavender."

"And are you ferry well, ma'am?" said Mairi, holding out her hand very much as a boy pretends to hold out his hand to a tiger in the Zoological Gardens.

"Well, young lady," said Mrs. Lavender, staring at her, "and a pretty mess *you* have got us into!"

"Me!" said Mairi, almost with a cry of pain.

"No, no, Mairi," her companion said, taking her hand; "it was not you. Mrs. Lavender, Mairi does not understand our way of joking in London.

Mrs. Lavender began to explain to Sheila what she advised her to do. In the mean time both the girls were to remain in her house. She would guarantee their meeting no one. When suitable rooms had been looked out by Paterson, they were to remove thither. The whole situation of affairs was at once perceived by Mrs. Lavender's attendant, who was given to understand that no one was to know of young Mrs. Lavender's being in the house. Then the old woman sent for Edward Ingram.

When Sheila, as already described, came into the room, and found her old friend there, she forgot entirely the ban that had been placed on Ingram by her husband.

"I was about to ask you," he said, gently, "what I may say to him. He comes to me continually; for he has always fancied that you would communicate with me. What shall I say to him, Sheila?"

"You may tell him that I am well."

"Nothing more than that?" he said.

"Nothing more."

"I am not to tell him where you are?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, with a sudden and startled emphasis: "you must not do that, Mr. Ingram. Promise me you will not do that."

"I do promise you; but you put a painful duty on me, Sheila; for you know how he will believe that a short interview with you would put everything right; and he will look on me as preventing that."

"Do you think a short interview at present would put everything right?" she said, suddenly, looking up, and regarding him with her clear and steadfast eyes.

He dared not answer. He felt in his inmost heart that it would not.

Ingram left, and hastened in to his office. Sheila's affairs were considerably interfering with his attendance there, there could be no question of that; but he had the reputation of being able to get through his work thoroughly, whatever might be the hours he devoted to it; so that he did not greatly fear being rebuked for his present irregularities.

He had promised to dine with Lavender that evening at his club. When he went along to St. James's Street at the appointed hour, his host had not arrived. He walked about for ten minutes, and then Lavender appeared, haggard and worn-out with fatigue.

"I have heard nothing—I can hear nothing—I have been everywhere," he said, leading the way at once into the dining-room. "I am sorry I have kept you waiting, Ingram."

"Well, I have some news for you, Lavender," Ingram said.

"Do you know where she is?" said the other, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Where?" he almost called aloud, in his anxiety.

"Well," Ingram said slowly, "she is in London, and she is very well; and you need have no anxiety about her."

"But where is she?" demanded Lavender.

"I promised her not to tell you."

"You have spoken with her, then?"

"Yes."

"What did she say? Where has she been? What was she looking like? Is Mairi with her?"

"Yes, Mairi is with her. And of course she is looking a little troubled, and pale, and so forth; but she is very well, I should think, and quite comfortably situated. She said I was to tell you that she was well, and that you need not be anxious."

"She sent a message to me?"

"That is it."

"By Jove, Ingram! how can I ever thank you enough? I feel as glad just now as if she had really come home again. But how can I help wanting to know where she is? And my aunt was saying just now that very likely she had gone right away to the other end of London—to Peckham, or some such place."

"You have seen Mrs. Lavender, then?"

"I have just come from there. The old heathen thinks the whole affair rather a good joke; but perhaps that was only her way of showing her temper, for she was in a bit of a rage, to be sure. And so Sheila sent me that message?"

"Yes."

"Does she want money? Would you take her some money from me?" he said, eagerly. Any bond of union between him and Sheila would be of some value.

"I don't think she needs money; and in any case, I know she wouldn't take it from you."

Lavender was somewhat silent during the rest of that meal; for he was thinking of other things besides the mere question as to where Sheila must be staying. He was trying to imagine what she may have felt before she was driven to this step. He was wondering, too, how all this could be altered, and a new life begun for them both, if that were still possible.

They had gone up-stairs into the smoking-room, when a card was brought to Lavender.

"Young Mosenberg is below," he said to Ingram. "He will be a livelier companion for you than I could be. Waiter, ask this gentleman to come up."

The handsome Jew boy came eagerly into the room, with much excitement visible on his face.

"Oh, do you know," he said to Lavender, "I have found out where Mrs. Lavender is, yes: she is at your aunt's house. I saw her this afternoon—for one moment—"

He stopped; for he saw by the vexation on Ingram's face that he had done something wrong.

"Is it a mistake?" he said. "Is it a secret?"

"It is not likely to be a secret if you have got hold of it," said Ingram, sharply.

"I am very sorry," said the boy. "I thought you were all anxious to know—"

"It does not matter in the least," said Lavender, quietly, to both of them. "I shall not seek to disturb her. I am about to leave London."

"Where are you going?" said the boy.

"I don't know yet."

That, at least, had been part of the result of his meditations; and Ingram, looking at him, wondered whether he meant to go away without trying to say one word to Sheila.

That was all that Lavender hinted of his plans. He went home early that night, and spent an hour or two in packing up some things, and in writing a long letter to his aunt, which was destined considerably to astonish that lady.

In the early morning he went out and walked across Kensington Gardens down to the Gore. He wished to have one look at the house in which Sheila was; or perhaps he might, from a distance, see her come out on a simple errand. He knew, for example, that she had a superstitious liking for posting her letters herself; in wet weather or dry, she invariably carried her own correspondence to the nearest pillarpost. Perhaps he might have one glimpse of her face to see how she was looking, before he left London.

There were few people about, over there was the house—with its dark front of bricks, its hard ivy and its small windows with formal red curtains—in which Sheila was immured.

Something caused him to turn his head for a second, and he knew that Sheila was coming along the pavement, not from, but towards the house. It was too late to think of getting out of her way; and yet he dared not go up to her and speak to her, as he had wished to do. She, too, had seen him. There was a quick, frightened look in her eyes; and then she came along, with her face pale, and her head downcast. He had hoped, perchance, for one word, for even a sign of recognition; but she went by him calmly, gravely, and silently. She went into the house; and he turned away, with a weight at his heart, as thought the gates of heaven had been closed against him.

Chapter XXII

The island of Borva lay warm, and green, and basking under a blue sky; the King of

(Continued on page 384)



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Boston Letter

SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY

The Scots Charitable Society held its quarterly meeting in Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple, on Thursday, October 28. Previous to the meeting the Board of Government met and transacted the business that properly came under its jurisdiction. The regular meeting was called to order by the president, Stuart W. Miller. Nine applications for membership were received and passed upon favorably. Quarterly reports were presented by the treasurer and the chairman of the Relief Board.

The committee on the St. Andrew's Day Banquet reported that all arrangement had been made for the banquet, which will take place at the City Club on Tuesday, November 30. The following were elected as a nominating committee for the election of officers for the ensuing year: Robert E. May, James Pottinger, Duncan Finlayson, James Beattee, David Simpson, Hugh W. Barnes and W. Lawson Reid.

A large delegation from the Women's Auxiliary Board were present and served refreshments at the close of the business meeting. Mrs. Lawson, president of the Women's Auxiliary Board, addressed the members, and gave notice that the women would hold their annual concert and ball on Friday, November 12th. She had every confidence that the members of the "Scots Charitable" would give as valuable assistance to make the event a success, as they always had done. She also gave notice that the Women's Auxiliary Board would hold a bazaar on December 9, 10 and 11, for the purpose of raising five thousand dollars for the permanent fund. Judging from the enthusiasm already manifested in the bazaar, there is not much doubt that the women will achieve their end. The women in charge of the different tables are even now quite active in disposing of chance books for various articles, and Mrs. Dick, in charge of the Somerville table, has a most valuable assistant in the person of Hugh W. Barnes, who has been very active in collecting articles for the Somerville table, and in disposing of chance books. Hugh is determined the Somerville table will set a pace that will keep the others on the jump to keep in step.

On motion of past president Robert E. May, it was unanimously voted that the society donate two hundred dollars to the Women's Auxiliary Board. The balance of the evening was then given over to social enjoyment.

CALEDONIAN CLUB

The Boston Caledonian Club held its regular monthly meeting in Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton street, Tuesday, November 2. Chief Frank S. Abercrombie presided.

The following members received certificates for life membership: Piper Reid, Alexander Oram and W. Scott. After the business of the meeting had been transacted, Mr. John Z. White, of the Henry George Lecture Association delivered an address on "Robert Burns." The lecturer treated his subject in a way not usually adopted by speakers on "Burns." He reviewed the life of Burns in its influence on democracy, political economy, morals and religion, and demonstrated that in each of these Burns touched the nerve centre. While developments in details have been made since Burns' time, nevertheless it was true that nothing essential has been added to the principles set down by this Scottish ploughman poet. The lecture proved very interesting and instructive. Mr. White was accorded a standing vote of thanks.

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION

The Highland Dress Association held its regular monthly business meeting on Tuesday, November 9th, at W. Parkman Hall, Boyleston Place. President Thomas J. Merritt, presided.

A letter was read from honorary member Colonel Walter Scott, enclosing a check to be used for the purpose of stimulating the membership, and keeping alive interest in the association by social activities and entertainments. The members highly appreciate this expression of added interest in the association by Colonel Scott, and realize that a responsibility now rests on each and everyone of them to carry out these purposes to

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

We have had reports from some of our subscribers who have failed to receive THE CALEDONIAN. This is due to loss in the mail, as copies are sent to all on our list, but we will mail duplicate copies upon notification.

the best of their ability. The New Year's Annual Concert and Ball is receiving the earnest attention of the association. This event has always been popular with the Scottish community as well as others not Scottish, so every provision that can be made is being made for the comfort and entertainment of patrons. The event as usual will take place in Odd Fellows' Hall, Tremont and Berkeley streets on New Year's Eve, December 31st.

BOWLING GREEN CLUB

The Boston Bowling Green Club, which has brought a very successful season to a close, held its annual meeting in the Dorchester Club, Thursday evening, October 23d. The meeting was preceded by a supper, at which over sixty members sat down. The meeting was called to order by President Alexander Simpson, a product of the Scottish Border, an enthusiastic and keen bowler. His report of the season's activities and other matters pertinent to the club was typical, that is, typical of "Sandy," who never misses an opportunity to force home on the members what he considers is for the best interests of the club, and should be done.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the re-election of Alexander Simpson as president; James Urquhart, vice president; and the election of W. Lawson Reid, as secretary and John Reid as treasurer.

Dr. Johnson, president of the National Bowling League, presented the prizes won in competition during the season. The National tournament will be held this next season in Boston. The officers and Board of Trustees are already active in making preparations for the visiting clubs that will be represented, which involves much time and planning by the executive. The greens will receive careful attention under direction of Green Superintendent John Semple. The club has a membership of over a hundred and the tournament next season will doubtless stimulate the membership quite materially. W. LAWSON REID, M. A.

71 Simpson Avenue,
W. Somerville, Mass.

A Memory of Alexander Macintyre

Fort William, N. B.

Whistling his way with joy pursed lips
And ruddy cheeks aflame with health—
Along a lane in harmony
With nature donning summer wealth.
But drought may iron youth's sweet spring,
As reaper cloaking callous mood
Chose this sweet child an altar thing
In sacrifice to leafing wood.
The elfins midst the flick'ring leaves
From branch to branch his steps pursued,
Wearing weird spell—nor cared who grieves,
Unearthly sprites the music wooed.
Nature in seas'nal course revives
Again all but live animate;
Of him, thus memory survives
In passing dream, immaculate.

"THE FINEST SCOTTISH CONCERT EVER HELD IN AMERICA"

A Great Night for Clan MacDonald and John McGhie

To Clan MacDonald, No. 33, Order of Scottish Clans, which has its home in the Masonic Temple, Brooklyn, all credit and praise be accorded for having had the vision and courage to set a new standard of Scottish entertainment in this country.

Clan MacDonald's Orchestral Concert, which was held in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the evening of November 19, was a splendid achievement and, from the artistic viewpoint, surpassed all expectations and left little to be desired. It is a regrettable circumstance, however, that the venture was not a financial success.

The program had been placed in the capable hands of John McGhie, who enjoys the unique distinction of being the only prominent Scottish conductor-composer in America—a field almost wholly pre-empted by European artists. His construction of the program evinced careful preparation while his execution of it was an unmistakable and notable personal triumph. The soloists were Cora Tracy, Margaret Lyons Moodie and Craig Campbell, while the orchestra was composed of fifty well-trained musicians.

Whatever the audience lacked in strength of numbers was amply supplied by its spirit of enthusiastic appreciation. Almost every number was encored and as a result the concert did not end until a late hour. Among those present were Mr. Walter Scott, who had as his guest, Colonel Guthrie of the famed "MacLean Kilties." In the intermission Mr. Scott, at the request of the Clan, introduced the Colonel to the audience, and he made a stirring talk on the part that Scots had played in the war. His remarks were warmly greeted.

A unique number on the program was the rendering of a song written for the occasion by Mr. Grant Stewart of Appin with full orchestral accompaniment composed by John McGhie. This song, "I'm a-Weary," was sung by Cora Tracy, and it served to reveal her rich contralto voice in all its strength and beauty. Here are the words of the song:

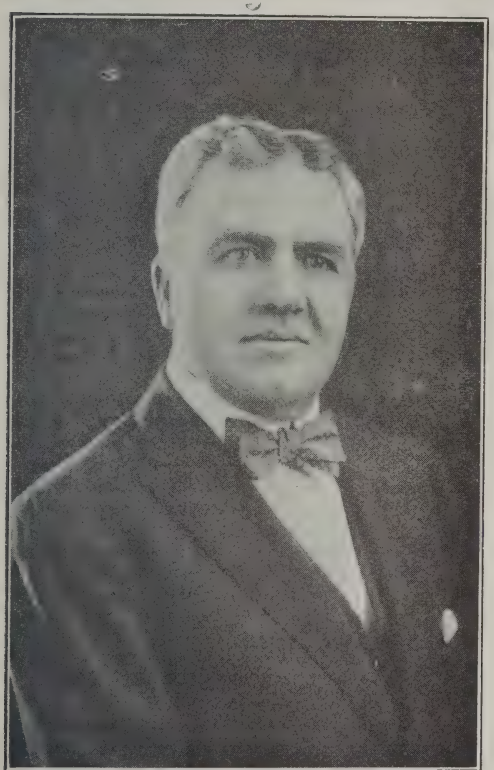
"I'M A-WEARY"

(*Lament*)

I'm weary, just a-weary
A' the warld seems dreary
Slowly fa' the shadows and my heart is wae:
I'm thinkin' o' my dearie.
Weary, just a-weary
While the mists are gatherin' upon the brae.
Hark! is it no' his step I hear!
My heart tries to tell me he is near.
Puir heart . . . that we sauld hae to twine
Wae's me . . . nae mair will he be mine
Nae mair he'll haud me tae his breast
Nae mair against his heart I'll rest;
My heart's wild beatin', is a' in vain
Tho' sair I'm greetin' I'm left alane.

I'm weary, just a-weary
Greetin' for my dea ie.
Slowly fa' the shadows as the nicht draws nigh:
I'm weary, just a-weary,
A' the warld is dreary,
Ever since my dearie said to me Goodbye.
Weary, just a-weary,
A' the warld is dreary,
Ever since my dearie said to me Good-bye.

The singing of Craig Campbell was up to his usual high standard. At the very outset he stirred the audience mightily by his rendering of "Scots Wha Hae," and later by his group "Bonnie Wee Thing," "My Ain Folk" and "MacGregor's Gathering." However, he probably scored heaviest by his singing of "Cavatina" from Guonod's "Romeo and Juliet," which was given with unusual dramatic force and effect. In all of his numbers, excepting "The MacGregor's Gathering," he was accompanied by the o chest a.



JOHN McGHIE

Margaret Lyons Moodie, not l ng since from Canada made a most favo able impression by her rendering of a group of old Scotch songs. It may be said that the vocal part of the prog am was of the highest order and worthy of its splendid orchestral accompaniment.

It would be difficult to ove praise the performance of John McGhie and his orchestra. Early in the program he quite carried away his audience in the overture "Fingal's Cave," by Mendelssohn. In this superb composition the great composer immortalized his visit to Fingal's Cave. He gives twenty bars of music "to show how extraordinarily the place affected me." All the sounds that ever could be in such a weird place are—it would seem to the imagination—reproduced by Mendelssohn, in a masterful harmony, at times gentle and soothing, eerie, soul-stirring, rushing, fierce. The orchestral performance was worthy of the great work and was awarded a veritable ovation.

Other most notable orchestral numbers were "Rob Roy" "Scottish Dances" and "Burlesca"—the latter being a composition of John McGhie and rendered for the first time.

This delightful occasion served to present to an audience almost wholly composed of his countryman a rising and commanding figure in musical circles. John McGhie is well known to music lovers. Last season at the Park Theatre, New York, his conduct of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas and the unprecedented success of "Ruddigore," won high praise from the critics and established a host of friends and admirers. He has conducted more than 500 operas, of all classes as well as many orchestral concerts, among the most notable of which were a series given under the auspices of the Municipal Association of St. Louis. He throws the force of a strong personality into his work and his every movement seems to disclose perfect understanding and supreme confidence. John McGhie is a product of the Scottish Orchestra, which had been the Glasgow Choral Union, and of the Glasgow Select Choir, in which he was the first solo pianist. It is to be hoped that he may be heard again, soon and often, in Scottish concerts for the sake of his elevating and ennobling influence in presenting the music and melody of his native land.

Flora Macdonald College

Colonel C. Macdonald, Junior United Service Club, London, England, has just transmitted to Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, N. C., through Mr. J. Kennedy Tod, of New York, a collection of priceless heirlooms consisting of a pearl brooch locket of Flora Macdonald's, containing a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, a silver snuff-box belonging to Allen Macdonald, husband of Flora, and two pieces of the plaid worn by Prince Charles Edward Stewart while wandering in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden. In a letter to President Vardell, Colonel Macdonald, a great, great grandson of Flora Macdonald, writes, "I would rather you had these heirlooms than any one else. I am the last representative of Flora in the direct male line of descent. All of my sons and nephews were "wiped out" in the war. Your college is the most important memorial to Flora and the Macdonald Clan that I know of in the world, and the North Ameri-

can continent contains more Highlanders of Scotland than Scotland itself." These priceless heirlooms will be preserved in the Scottish library of the institution.

Overseas papers have been particularly cordial in their references to Flora Macdonald College. Stories of the contributions made by the students toward the repair of the Flora Macdonald monument in Skye have appeared in the *Glasgow Evening News*, the *London Times*, the *Dundee Evening Telegraph*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Weekly Scotsman* of Edinburgh. A recent issue of the *Inverness Courier* contained a four column review of the college and the *Oban Times* of October 30th, carried a two column story of the booklet, *An Aftermath of History*, which has just been issued.

New York St. Andrew's Society Banquet

More than 500 members and guests attended the 164th Anniversary Dinner of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, which was held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the evening of November 30. Among the guests were Ambassador Auckland Geddes, Rev. John McNeill, Professor James R. Augell, Major H. E. S. Cordeaux, Governor-General of the Bahamas, Mr. Walter Scott, the presidents of other New York Societies (Saint Patrick's Society, however, not represented) and many prominent New York Scots. Retiring President Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys was in the chair and improved the occasion by delivering some pointed and pertinent remarks on the Irish situation, which brought forth enthusiastic applause from the gathering. Dr. Humphreys roundly denounced the Sinn Fein propaganda in this country and paid his respects to public officials and politicians who have pandered to the movement and who have been active in cultivating unrest in Ireland. Equally telling were his remarks concerning the Villard commission which by the name it had assumed and by its choice of Washington as its headquarters had created the misleading impression that it was an official body whereas it was not only devoid of all authority, but already had lent itself to Sinn Fein propaganda. The Villard Committee, said Dr. Humphreys, had about as much right to investigate a British domestic question as Britain had to appoint a committee to investigate some domestic question here, as, for instance, touching on suffrage or the negro question.

Dr. Humphreys made a statement of the affairs of the society which showed that the expenditures for the year had slightly exceeded the income. He referred also to the fact that the membership had shown but little growth and recommended a suggestion which had been made by Mr. Walter Scott that the society should seek to get in touch with the great number of men in New York, who were eligible for membership, by means of a social occasion and entertainment designed upon attractive lines.

Rev. John McNeill responding to the toast "The Land o' Cakes," captured his audience easily by his never-ending flow of pawky humor and, no less, his eloquent tribute to the family life of humble Scots with its enduring influence upon Scottish character. Ambassador Geddes in his opening remark said that he wanted not to speak as an Ambassador, but as a Scot to Scots. He was in serious mood and the whole trend of his speech was an appeal for the establishment of good-will and understanding between Great Britain and America, and the part that men of Scottish birth and descent could play in bringing it about. Professor Augell responding to the toast "The Land We Live In," compared America to a woman "full of contradictions." He spoke of the vital need for public co-operation in the great problem of Americanizing the vast influx of aliens.

The singing of Mr. Frederic Taggart and Mr. T. Leith Rettie was an agreeable and much appreciated feature of an occasion altogether successful and memorable. The new president of the society is Mr. Alexander Walker.

Amang Oor Ain Folk in Detroit

Now that winter is coming fast, oor Scots are getting together again for song, dance and story. St. Andrew's Society held their annual Hallowe'en concert and ball in their auditorium, November 4th. A good program of Scotch songs and music was enthusiastically applauded by a fair sized audience. The artists were: Mrs. Esther Fink, soprano; Mr. Gilmour, baritone, and Miss Ross and Mr. Duncan, violinists. A dance followed. Dr. Fowler, Dan McLeod and David Rodgers were the committee.

The winter meetings of Detroit Burns Club were opened at the Hotel Tuller, Friday evening, November 12th, with President Edward Goodwillie in the chair. The unsteady, erratic times have somewhat delayed the statue being placed, but has not dampened the ardor of our enthusiastic president, E. Goodwillie, whose motto is, "We linger but to gather." And that's true also of the Jean Armour Club, who are certainly good gatherers for a fitting memorial to our immortal bard.

Clan Campbell gives a dance for the young folk every Saturday evening in St. Andrew's Auditorium.

A Get-Together Banquet of pipers of Detroit and Windsor was enthusiastically carried through in St. Andrew's Hall, Saturday evening, November 6. Pipe Major J. M. Inverarity of the International Pipe Band, who had long deplored a rather unbrotherly feeling among the rival pipe bands of Detroit and Border Cities, and is one of the oldest pipers and the organizer of the International Pipe Band, was really the originator of the idea of the Get-Together Banquet, the International being the hosts. And it proved a great success. The pipe bands that were there were: The Ford City Band, The Clan Campbell Band, Border Cities Band and the Inter-

national. Haddies were washed down with coffee, while speeches and songs were helped with cider—and "soor dook." Fifty pipers playing altogether no scribe can picture. But surely the banquet hall must have echoed long both to the buzzing of the drones as well as to the crack of handclasp and burr of voices as they swore away all animosities.

The St. Andrew's Society and Clan Campbell marched up in a body Monday evening, November 8th, led by pipers, to the Central Presbyterian Church, where Evangelist Gipsy Pat Smith, a British captain, is swaying thousands, and listened to a graphic and gripping talk on his three years on the firing line. The captain, who is only twenty-seven years old, was born in a gipsy camp near Glasgow and certainly is a wonderful evangelist. He also led British and Canadian ex-soldiers and sailors, a mixed many, on Peace Day, November 11th. Coming events show us that St. Andrews will have a banquet St. Andrew's night, also a church gathering the preceding Sunday: The Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Andrews, presided by Mrs. McRobbie, a charity supper and bazaar, November 18; St. Andrew's and Clan Campbell an auld year's party with promises of big doings in January.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.
1794 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

An Excellent Concert

On Thursday evening, November 11, a concert was given at the St. Nicholas Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner 141st street, New York, under the management of Miss Christina Croall, music teacher, formerly of Glasgow. The first number was a piano duet by Misses Croall and Taylor. Mrs. William Ridley is well known to many Scots of New York; on account of "Armistice Day" she sang as one of her numbers, "The Americans Come," and was warmly encored. Three very young musicians delighted the audience: Miss Margaret Olmstead, who is only thirteen, rendered a difficult piano selection entirely without notes. The singing of Miss Hilda Hulling, twelve years of age, was truly wonderful, and Master Wallace Breitman, fourteen, one of Miss Croall's former pupils, played two violin selections. Miss Rena Forsyth, lately of Glasgow, has a remarkably fine contralto voice, and pleased her audience with her true rendering of Scottish songs, and Mr. Cliffard Bailey, tenor, was especially pleasing in his rendering of "Machusla" and "Mother McCree." Altogether it was an excellent concert, and much credit is due Miss Croall for her faithful work.

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A Princess of Thule

(Continued from page 368)

Borva was down by the shore engaged in painting a boat which had been hauled up on the sand. He would let no one else on the island touch Sheila's boat. For of course, the old man said to himself, Sheila was coming back to Borva one of these days; and she would be proud to find her own boat bright and sound. If she and her husband should resolve to spend half the year in Stornoway, would not the small craft be of use to her there? and sure he was that a prettier little vessel never entered Stornoway bay.

A much heavier boat was slowly coming round the point at this moment. Mr. Mackenzie raised his eyes from his work, and knew that Duncan was returning from Callernish. Some few minutes thereafter the boat was run into her moorings, and Duncan came along the beach with a parcel in his hand.

"Here wass your letters, sir," he said. "And there iss one of them will be from Miss Sheila, if I wass make no mistake."

He remained there. Duncan generally knew pretty well when a letter from Sheila was among the documents he had to deliver; and, on such an occasion, he invariably lingered about to hear the news, which was immediately spread abroad throughout the island.

There was really no news in the letter. But there was something in the tone of the letter that struck the old man as being unusual and strange. It was very formal in its phraseology. He read it twice over, very carefully, and forgot altogether that Duncan was waiting. Indeed, he was going to turn away, unheeding his work and the other letters that still lay on the beach, when he observed that there was a postscript on the other side of the last page. It merely said, *"Will you please address your letters now to No.—Pembroke Road, South Kensington, where I may be for some time?"*

When old Mackenzie read that postscript, he could only stare at the paper before him.

"Will there be anything wrong, sir?" said the tall keeper, whose keen gray eyes had been fixed on his master's face.

The sound of Duncan's voice startled and recalled Mr. Mackenzie, who immediately turned, and said, lightly,—

"Wrong? What wass you thinking would be wrong? Sheila—she is very well."

Duncan picked up the other letters and newspapers.

"You may tek them to the house, Duncan," said Mr. Mackenzie; and then he added, carelessly, "Did you hear when the steamer was thinking of leaving Stornoway this night?"

"They were saying it would be seven o'clock or six, as there was a great deal of cargo to go on her."

"Six o'clock? I'm thinking Duncan, I would like to go with her as far as Oban or Glasgow. Oh, yes, I will go with her as far

as Glasgow. Be sharp, Duncan, and bring in the boat."

The keeper stared, fearing his master had gone mad.

"Bit, sir, you canna do it," said Duncan, peevishly. By the time we would get to Callernish, it wass a ferry hard drive there will be to get to Stornoway by six o'clock; and there is the mare, sir, she will hef lost a shoe—"

Mr. Mackenzie's diplomacy gave way.

"Duncan MacDonald, is it you or me that is the master? I will go to Stornoway this ferry moment if I hef to buy twenty horses!" And there was a light under the shaggy eyebrows that warned Duncan to have done with his remonstrances.

(To be continued)

Albany, N. Y.

The 117th annual dinner of St. Andrew's Society, of Albany, took place Tuesday night, November 30, at the Albany Club.

The new officers were formally installed prior to the dinner. They are: President, David M. Kinnear; vice presidents, George Welsh and Dr. John Giffen; chaplain, the Rev. Roelif H. Brooks; physician, Dr. Harold D. Cochrane; secretary, Ewen MacIntyre; assistant secretary, Ronald Kinnear; corresponding secretary, the Rev. David Hutchinson; treasurer, John S. McEwan.

Two pipers in uniform supplied music during the evening, and Joseph Calhoun, of Watervliet, sang several Scotch airs. David M. Kinnear was toastmaster.

The Rev. A. J. Higgins, Troy, spoke on "Scottish Place in Literature"; the Rev. Roelif Brooks, "Scottish Patriotism," and John E. MacLean, "Scottish Characteristics."

The society sent out greetings to all the Scotch societies in this country, Canada, England, France and Ireland. The greeting this year reads as follows:

"Far hae I roamed frae the land of my fathers,
Fortune hath smiled on me, friends have been true;
Kind is the circle at e'enin' that gathers.
Waiting tae dower me wi' blessings anew:
Still in the gloaming grey,
Memory delights tae stray
Back on the banks of the river of Time.
Crossing the moors again.
Tramping my native glen.
Wooing the past in a far awa clime."

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Daughters of British Empire's Bazaar

Under the auspices of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire and to celebrate the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims a Pilgrim's Progress bazaar was held in the ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel. Official importance was lent to the occasion by the presence of Captain H. Gloster Armstrong, British Consul-General at New York, and Mrs. Armstrong, who formally opened the bazaar. Among other visitors were Major H. E. S. Cordeaux, Governor-General of the Bahamas, and Mrs. Cordeaux, accompanied by Lady Wentworth Fitzwilliams, who will go to the Bahamas with them.

The proceeds for the building fund of the Victoria Home in Staten Island for aged British men and women. Tables were presided over by members of the various chapters and there were on sale articles made by disabled Canadian soldiers and other things suitable for Christmas gifts. Mrs. W. Ainslie Goodall, chairman of the bazaar, and her associates were Priscilla Alden costumes of white and gray, with white caps. Others assisting were Mrs. J. Elliott Langstaff, founder of the order; Mrs. Webster Fox, Mrs. Henry H. Pike and Miss Frances E. M. Wilson. Mrs. Simon Baruch represented the Knickerbocker Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Canadian Society of New York

The annual dinner of the society was held at Hotel Biltmore the evening of November 20, and was one of the largest and most enthusiastic in its history. The principal speaker was Justice William Renwick Riddell of the Supreme Court of Ontario, who dwelt at length upon the need for Canada and the United States to work together for the peace of the world regardless of treaties. He said in part: "Nor did I nor do I think that it is of vital importance to the world, whether the present League of Nations be adopted or not. The peace of the world, the whole future of the world, will ultimately rest upon something quite other than the League of Nations. It will rest upon the peace, the harmony, the soul-unity of the English speaking peoples."

Other speakers were Martin W. Littleton, Dr. Charles A. Eaton and George M. Wrong, professor of history of the University of Toronto.

Springfield, Mass.

The American Association of Britishers met November 27, in Memorial Hall, Springfield. The officers elected are: President, Alfred E. Arterton; first vice-president, Donald Finlayson; second vice-president, John Staerek; financial secretary, Mrs. Frank Gwinnell; recording secretary, Mrs. John Wood; treasurer, Mrs. Archibald Warnock; directors, Alexander Smith, John Wood,

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Chicago, Ill.

More than 700 "braw lads and bonnie lassies" joined in the great banquet of the Illinois St. Andrew's Society, at Hotel La Salle, on the evening of St. Andrew's Day, November 30. Dr. John A. McGill, president of the society, presided and altogether it was one of the most notable occasions in local Scottish history. The toastmaster was Frederick P. Vose, and the principal speakers: Sir Edmund Walker, of Toronto, who spoke to "Our Sister Dominion"; Captain W. T. Dorward, "The Land We Left," and Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin, "The Land We Live In."

While the guests feasted, strains of Scottish melody enchanted their ears, wafted by Prof. Lee's fine orchestra. Two handsome pipers—Norman Dewar and Peter McCauslan—woke the echoes with the dulcet sounds of the pibroch. Two pretty and graceful little dancers—Barbara Sellar and Jessie Lockerbie—delighted the gathering with the Highland Fling and other familiar dances. Miss Nettie Allan, Jamie Shepherd and William Madden rendered some of the "auld Scots sangs," grave and gay, and were vigorously applauded.

MOHAWK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Cincinnati, Ohio
December 1, 1920.

Editor, CALEDONIAN Magazine,
New York, N. Y.
My Dear Sir:

I wish to express my grateful appreciation of the excellent, able and timely articles of Judge Benet, published in the June and November issues of the CALEDONIAN magazine of 1920.

I respectfully submit for your consideration and that of your readers the propriety of submitting a petition to Congress, to be voted on by all the Scottish Societies of the United States, requesting the suppression of all Irish organizations having for their purpose the stirring up of a spirit of insurrection in Ireland against the British Empire. Also the expulsion from our country of Eamon de Valera, a Spanish-American-Irish-American, posing as president of a non-existing Irish Republic.

I would invite through your columns all Ulster-Scottish friends of loyal Ulster to unite in this petition.

I am confident we can muster enough votes to make a Republican Congress realize that the American citizens of Scottish birth and blood may be as needful to their permanency

in office as those of Irish-Catholic birth and blood.

There should be no place for hyphenated Irish-American-German-American or Scotch-American citizens on their hospitable shores.

The loyalty of the Americans of Scottish birth or blood has not only been true, one hundred per cent. American, but in every way above suspicion or reproach. Let us, therefore, speak out and we will find votes enough and influence enough to make even a United States Congress sit up and take notice, for our former country has given many distinguished sons to enrich American civilization in the various walks of life.

Yours very truly,

PETER ROBERTSON.

Philadelphia Letter

The Scottish Societies of Ye Quaker City are now busy with their annual gatherings. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club held their Hallowe'en masquerade dance, at Clayton's Academy, and the Gay Gordons of the O. S. C. had a successful concert and ball last month. The senior clan of that order, Clan Cameron, No. 64, united with the Ladies' Cameron Daughters of Scotia, and held an exceptionally fine concert, followed by a dance. Clayton's has been the Mecca of the Scotch, the Caledonian Club had an open night on October 28th for installation of officers for the coming year. The elect were: Thomas H. B. Fisher, who succeeded himself for chief; William Morton, who poises on the stepping stone for another year as first chieftain; Joseph Ferguson, once more for second chieftain; Alexander Tulloch and John Young elected again for third and fourth chieftain respectively. William M. G. Cull officially installed the officers-elect, which was performed in a most interesting and decorous manner, witnessed by a large gathering of the clansmen, Ladies' of the Auxiliary and a contingent of uniformed Canadian military veterans of the late World War. When ceremonies were concluded and the different little speeches incident to an installation were gone through, piano selections of Scottish airs were followed by some excellent singing to the delight of all present. John Richmond's sweet tenor voice essayed several Scottish favorites, as also James Kennedy, who is at all times pleasing in "Mary" and "Mary o' Argyle." Mrs. Anderson delighted everybody with "My Ain Folk" and "The Auld Scotch Sangs." Mr. Tonnie, a Harry Lauder impersonator, sang a generous number of Harry's best. The Caledonian Troupe of four little girls, comprising daughters of members, danced a foursome reel attired in Highland costume, and to fittingly complete arrangements, a "Tea Pertie" came upon the scene, abundant refreshments being served which was done full justice to.

The Scottish Hall Association, representing different Scottish organizations, are busy with plans to acquire a Scotch headquarters. The present inflated values in real estate present difficulties, which would almost suggest deferring until a more propitious period, but Scottish grit may overcome difficulties, where others would "funk" at. Committee of Arrangements, Caledonian Club are now at work negotiating with talent for their grand annual concert, February 11, 1921, for which the unexcelled Moose Hall has been rented. Some of the old favorite artists have already been engaged. See THE CALEDONIAN for future developments. ST. MUNGO.

Van Cortlandt Bowling Green Club

The members of the club continue to wax eloquent on the successful season just closed. Play was kept up on the club green until Election Day, the fine weather bringing out large crowds. A feature was the many ladies attending and evidently taking a deep interest in the game. President Rennie expressed the hope that a tournament for the ladies would be arranged for some date in the summer of 1921. Everything having gone so smoothly in 1920, it was not strange that the members decided that a dinner to which the ladies would be invited was the only way to close down properly and as a result a large company gathered at the Roma, Sixth avenue and Fiftieth street, on Saturday evening, November 13th. After a warm welcome from President John A. Rennie, who occupied the chair, Mr. William Rennie invoked the Divine blessing and everybody gave strict attention to the disposing of the good things provided by the chef. It was quite evident that the open air work at Van Cortlandt during the year had done a great deal to improve appetites and left no traces of indigestion. When the menu became only a pleasant memory a program of singing and short talks took up the balance of the evening. Mrs. John A. Rennie, 2d, and Mrs. Ridley sang delightfully. The veteran curler quoiter and bowler, Thomas Wigley, had to respond to a hearty encore after singing a negro melody. Other singers who delighted the company were William Cuthbertson, William Crawford, Thomas Lennox and George Reid. All agreed that Mr. Reid might have been a little more seasonable with his selection. "Craw Teuch" would have suited his brother Caledonians better. Andy Gillies came in with two recitations in fine style and then had to listen to Malcolm McNeil of the Brooklyn Club tell how the first green had been laid out in Prospect Park after Andra and his friends had made all arrangements for it to be in New York. The irrepressible Francis Dykes recalled some events of the season in a way that added much to the joy of the evening. Alexander Fraser expressed his pleasure at being present and looked forward to future pleasant hours in the company of the bowlers. Robert Foulis responded for THE CALEDONIAN, and assured the members the editor was anxious to do what he could to help the game. Shortly before midnight "Auld Lang Syne" brought a happy evening to a close. Mrs. Thomas T. Archibald presided at the piano and accompanied the singers as an artist only can.

New York Caledonian Club

Chief James R. Donaldson presided at the quarterly meeting of the club held Tuesday evening, November 9th. Peter Tainsch was reinstated to membership; Donald A. Shepard, Reuben Garvie, Robert Elliot and J. G. Nicolson were elected members and thirteen propositions were received. The following were nominated as candidates for officers in 1921: Chief, James R. Donaldson; First Chieftain, Samuel S. Marshall; Second Chieftain, William Vance; Third Chieftain, George K. MacDonald; Fourth Chieftain, John S. Whiteford; Fifth Chieftain, John Coyle; Club Piper, Angus M. Fraser. The Sick and Visiting Committee reported that Clansman James D. Lennox was a patient in Roosevelt Hospital. Ex-Chief MacLean announced that the grand ball room of the Pennsylvania Hotel had been secured for the annual concert and ball Friday evening, March 11th, 1921. The annual Burns celebration will be held in the same hotel, January 25th. Two more members were presented with half century membership medals at this meeting, Ex-Chieftain William H. Smith and Clansman David B. Fleming. Ex-Chief John MacMillan, selected by Chief Donaldson to make the presentation, was escorted to the platform by Ex-Chiefs MacLean and Caldwell. Ex-Chieftain Smith was brought up by Clansmen Francis Dykes and James Adams, while Ex-Chieftains Tasker and Gillies did the honors for Clansman Fleming. The minutes of the 1870 meetings were read, after which Ex-Chief McMillan made the presentations in a way that pleased everybody. His references to events of fifty years ago and of many a club gathering since were greatly enjoyed by old and young members alike. He assured them that he greatly appreciated the honor of pinning veteran badges on two more of his old comrades. Both of them were active in the club for many years. Clansman Fleming was long looked upon as without an equal as a sack racer. Ex-Chieftain Smith never competed at the games, but he gave many years to club work as a committeeman and officer. He was Second Chieftain in 1884, 1885, 1888 and 1889, and First Chieftain in 1886. Until a few years ago he was a regular attendant at club meetings, kept a close watch on all proceedings and never allowed anything he disapproved of to get by without a strong protest. He shone particularly at club elections and the candidate who had his support always felt that he had the benefit of a good worker. Before leaving the club house for home a social hour was enjoyed by the members with the two veterans of 1870.



CHIEF JAMES R. DONALDSON

PERSONAL

Captain James Tasker of the British S. S. *Grace Dollar* was a visitor at the New York Caledonian Club on the evening of November 20th, where he was warmly welcomed by many old friends, including Chief Donaldson, Ex-Chiefs Foulis and Gray and Ex-Chieftain Alexander Tasker. Since leaving New York last April his ship has been in China, Japan, Phillipines and Singapore and by the time this is in print he will have started over the same course in reverse. Captain Tasker served his time in one of the old time Clyde clippers, the *Mount Carmel*, but has been a skipper "in steam" for years.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The annual entertainment and dance under the auspices of the ladies, were held in the club hall Election Eve, Monday, November 1st, and resulted in both a social and financial success. Considerable merriment was caused by the unusual charge for admission—one cent per inch waist measurement. Prizes were offered for the two using up most of the tape line and were won by Mrs. Alexander Caldwell and Clansman James W. Waldie. As an added honor they were allowed to lead the grand march. Prizes for original ideas in paper dresses were won by Mrs. Robert Foulis and Miss Margaret Stark. The dance was stopped early enough to allow the ladies time for a good sleep before exercising their rights under the nineteenth amendment. The regular monthly meeting was held in the club parlors Monday evening, November 8. Reports on the dance the previous work were so satisfactory that Mrs. John Stark, who presided, felt called upon to give the various committees her warmest thanks. Mrs. Caldwell evidently intends to repeat her victories of last season on the alleys as she captured first prize at bowling with Miss Margaret Stark, Mrs. John Stark and Mrs. Alexander McIntosh carrying away the rest. PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

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The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,
To the Jordan's waters near,
An' the fisher fowk crushed an' crooded roon,
The Maister's words to hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near-haun' streets,
Were mixin' in wi' the thrang;
Laddies an' lassies wi' wee bare feet
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side
Raise up and cried alood—
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you,
Rin awa' hame oot o' the crood."

But the Maister said, as they turned awa',
"Let the wee bairns come to me!"
An' he gathered them roon him whaur he sat,
An' lifted ane up on his knee.

* * * * *

"Sen' na the weans awa' frae me,
But rather this lesson learn—
That nane 'll win in heaven's yett
That isna as pure as a bairn!"

* * * * *

O thou who watchest the ways o' men,
Keep our feet in the heavenly airt,
An' bring us at last to thy hame abune
As pure as the bairns in he'rt.

—The late W. Benzie, Missionary,
Shetland.

Newport News, Va.

The Clan MacDonald Pipe Band have resumed their winter activities, and the dances which take place on alternate Saturday evenings are very popular and draw not only the Scots, but many Americans join in the dance, and go through the various figures as correctly as if they were fresh from the "Land of the Mountain and Flood."

On the 15th October, the Daughters of Scotia, Flora MacDonald Lodge, held a dance on their anniversary, when a large number of the "Daughters" and their friends turned out to celebrate the occasion. The Pipe Band attended and rendered some pipe music during the evening.

During the week beginning October 18th, the American Legion held a bazaar in the Community Centre for the benefit of the Legion and the Public Library of Newport News.

The Pipe Band was requested to attend on one of the evenings, and on Friday, the 22nd, they turned out and after a short parade on the streets they marched to the bazaar where at intervals they rendered several well known tunes which were highly appreciated and loudly applauded. Before leaving, the members of the band were entertained to refreshments and warmly thanked for assisting in the work, and one official showed his appreciation when he stated, "Now if there is anything we can do for you at any time you have just to call on us and we will do what we can."

On the 30th October, the annual masquerade dance took place in the Community Centre when there was a record attendance. There was a large variety of costumes worn by the dancers. Old colonial style of dress with powdered wigs, American soldier in time of peace, Mephistophiles, Bolshivist, Indian Rajah, Friar Tuck, and various others too numerous to mention in detail. A fine exhibition of the "Highland Fling" was given by Misses Jean and Margaret Cathie, which was loudly applauded, and quietness was only restored when Miss Jean gave an Irish jig. This was a dance which brough forth applause and laughter as the dancer was as much at home in the Irish as she was in the Highland dance. The pipes were silent on Hallowe'en, as all the members wished to be at liberty in order to be able to dress in whatever costume they desired. There being several British ships in port, a number of the officers and members of the crew availed

themselves of the opportunity to join in the dance to the strains of the music furnished by the clan orchestra, which was up to its usual high standard. Brother William Johnston acted as master of ceremonies and had a busy time calling out the various figures. Everybody was in the best of spirits and sorry to part and wend their way home when 11:30 appeared on the clock, this being the hour when according to the rules of the house all entertainments must stop.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
118 Thirty-fifth Street, Representative.
Newport News, Va.

The New York Scottish Society

The society started off the new season Monday, November 8th, when a large crowd turned out to witness the installation of the new officers, who are as follows: President, Malcolm McNeil; vice president, George Wotherspoon; second vice president, Corwin Black; treasurer, Francis Dykes; financial secretary, Andrew Tully; secretary, Thomas M. Lennox.

Piper McKenzie kept skirlin' on his pipes while the officers were marshalled forward one by one to President Crawford, who put the oath of allegiance to each one, who in turn promised to honor and obey.

President McNeil said: "Officers and gentlemen, I thank you for the great honor you have done me by appointing me president of your society, and when I look through the list of illustrious names of the men who have held that position in the past, I feel that this society must have been a power for good through the years it has been in existence. I hope that we will continue to wield that power for good and ever keep Auld Scotland to the front, and tell to the younger folk the great good that has been done in this old world by Scotland's sons and daughters, and to what heights they have attained in every walk in life. I will try and fulfil the duties of president in a worthy manner and to the best of my ability, and I will try and do what is right and just at all times, and if you are willing to take me on these terms, I thank you." (Great cheers).

Remarks were also made by the other officers, after which President McNeil presented Ex-President Crawford with the society's badge as a token of respect and esteem from the members of the society. Ex-President Crawford replied in fitting terms.

We then adjourned and had some refreshments of tuppenny pies and ginger beer (eh, my but it's a gae dry country). And then we had a game at the bowls and awa' hame aboot twal', feelin' gae and prood o' oorsel's and the wark we had done that nicht. I maunna' forget tae tell ye we jined up some new members, three braw laddies named Willie Don, Willie More and Jack McLuckie. Eh Man, if ye' had seen them marching up the flair ahint the piper wi' there knees nearly touching their chins and a smile that widdna' come off, ye kent fine they were prood tae be Scotch and I have nae' doot we a' felt much aboot the same. A'weel, so long the noo', and gies a bit luk' in on the by-gone.

T. M. L.

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Rhode Island Letter

In accordance with an appeal by Royal Chief A. G. Findlay and his executive for a drive to increase the membership in the Order of Scottish Clans, the Frasers of Pawtucket have decided to enter the lists and share in the honor of placing the Order on the pinnacle of fame as sketched in the October issue of THE CALEDONIAN, Chief John Richardson practically sent off a "Fiery Cross" already to this end, which Past Chief Thomas Maclean is carrying round with such energy that at the next meeting of the clan it is expected fourteen new members will be enrolled. Of course the other clans in Rhode Island are doing the same in a varying degree according to their size and circumstances. Another matter that is stirring up the dormant spirits of the various clansmen in this and adjacent States is the system of clan visitation, which was inaugurated by Clan McAlpine, of Fall River, Mass., whereby the members from New Bedford and Fall River in Massachusetts and Providence and Pawtucket in Rhode Island have been brought together in social and brotherly intercourse that must inevitably tend to advance the Order. It was rather unfortunate, however, that the visit of the Frasers to the McAlpines should have been undertaken on such a night, as the very elements went out of their way to render auto driving for over twenty miles both dangerous and unpleasant. Still a procession of nine automobiles to make the journey in such weather shows that clansmen when thoroughly roused fear nothing, even unpropitious elements do not daunt them. The change from cold, rain and wind to the warmth of the McAlpine Clan moot coupled with the warmth of the welcome was sufficient to drive away all dull care and thoughts of the return journey, so much so, that when Chief Semple desired at an already very late hour to close, a motion was made to go on some time longer, which was unanimously agreed to. For one thing the singing talent had not been nearly exhausted and then the speaking capacity on the platform was sufficient in itself for a good program, for besides three clan chiefs, three past chiefs and a Royal Deputy Chief all had their say on such subjects as the above mentioned drive, the wisdom of the Royal Clan postponing the Royal Convention, and the success of the coming convention in Brooklyn with the great demonstration of the Order in New York city. No wonder it was well on next morning when the Frasers arrived home. My suggestion is that such visitations should be made in the summer or early fall when the slack time is on in the various moots. They would be a source of attraction during a period that sadly wants stirring up. Still it is better to maintain these visits even in winter than stagnation should set in which was gradually drawing near.

The Saturday evening entertainments of the Frasers are certainly quickening life in the young people of Pawtucket, which should lead to an addition in membership. The Daughters of the Heather (the Auxiliary of the Frasers) are ably supporting their brothers in the endeavor to arouse enthusiasm besides which they have shown their interest in home matters by donating a sum of one hundred dollars towards a memorial for the Pawtucket soldiers who lost their lives in the World War.

The Church Parade of the Caledonians in Providence was well attended, and those who took advantage of the privilege were well repaid by the address of Dr. Brown of the Second Presbyterian Church, who emphasized the fact of its being the jubilee year of the Caledonians. The whole service was a complete answer to those who consider the day is past for Church Parades by Scotsmen on this side of the Atlantic.

The Camerons of Providence report good progress in membership and in enthusiasm among the young members which is very encouraging at a time when dullness was preparing to fall upon the order in Rhode Island. Concerts and bowling are the means of attraction employed by them.

Chief Richardson of the Frasers did good service when he arranged an anniversary of the commemoration service in the clan for the three fallen clansmen in the World War: Robert Johnston, James Sargent, and George M. Ross. It was held in the moot hall when the friends and relatives were invited. Two addresses were given by the Rev. Thomas J. Steuart and the Rev. John Thomson, both honorary members of the clan. The Smithfield Avenue Church choir, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Titmas, kindly gave their service in the singing of "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Lead Kindly Light," and "Abide With Me," and the anthem, "Nearer My God to Thee."

28 Carpenter Street, JOHN BALDWIN.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Joseph Hislop

Scots Pictorial, that most interesting weekly chronicle of Scottish life, gives the following interesting account of Joseph Hislop, the Scottish tenor, who after his appearance with the Chicago Opera Company will

be heard in a series of concerts under the direction of William Morris.

"Joseph Hislop, whose fame as a tenor has reached us by way of report ever since his brilliantly succesful appearance in London, was born in Edinburgh some thirty odd years ago. He started singing at an early age as a chorister in St. Marys Cathedral, Edinburgh, and was educated at the Cathedral School. Later he became apprenticed to a photo-engraving and art publishing firm in Edinburgh, and afterward was for some years engaged by the Dux Engraving Company, Ltd., in Glasgow. About this time, Mr. Hislop had serious thoughts of taking up painting. He showed great promise as a portrait painter, and there are friends in Glasgow who will doubtless prize the work of his brush more highly now than ever. He did no singing at that time except in the homes of his friends, his voice then being a sweet and refined tenor without much power. In 1907, Mr. Hislop went to London to study color reproduction at a technical college and from there he proceeded to Gothenburg, Sweden, where he was engaged in the reproduction of art treasures in the galleries of that city. It was while in Gothenburg that he learned he possessed a voice of distinct superiority and was ultimately persuaded to take up operatic work as a profession. After three years' study with Dr. Bratt, the eminent teacher at Stockholm, he obtained admission to the opera school attached to the Royal Opera. There he obtained a scholarship, and subsequently made his debut in 'Faust.'"

The Sinn-Fein Circus

(Continued from page 356)

indignation and sorrow and for funeral services throughout the country, in cathedrals and churches." The Government at Washington and the Republican and Democratic Presidential candidates were condemned for refusing to intervene in the cause of Ireland. The Mayor of New York proclaimed McSwiney to be a "hero-martyr," and the Mayor of Newark called him "one of the noblest martyrs that ever died for the cause of liberty," and ordered the flag on the city hall at half-mast. It was lowered, however, on the protest of Newark citizens.

Of course, Mr. Walsh was heard from, pronouncing the doom of the British Empire: "Lord-Mayor McSwiney is dead. His death already has convulsed the world; in time it will shake the British Empire to its foundations." He announced that "the murderers of McSwiney would be brought before the bar of justice of the Irish Republic and punished for the monstrous crime." He stated also that a request for a hearing had been made to the State Department in Washington, upon which "an appeal will be made for official protest in the name of humanity."

Judge Cohalan also had to be heard from. He said: "Loyd-George has given a new proof that the British Government, the last stronghold of tryanny, must be destroyed in the interest of humanity. The death of this young man will fix anew upon Ireland the eyes of the world, and mankind will be staggered by seeing the campaign of brutal murder that England has been carrying on there."

Similar speeches were made by other Irishmen, both lay and clerical, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against Lloyd-George and his government for the "murder" of McSwiney. At one of the many meetings, Professor Michael Kelley went so far as to advocate "the impeachment of President Wilson because of his refusal to enter a protest with England over the imprisonment of McSwiney."

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CHARLES NOE DALY
139 West 15th Street, New York

I have quoted the foregoing items—a few of many such—that my readers may see how quickly and how deftly the death of the poor hunger striker was fitted into the propaganda of the American Sinn-Feiners. McSwiney's case was a prize of great value in their eyes, whether he lived or died. Had he been released, what a triumph for the Sinn-Fein! The surrender of a great government to the demand of a Sinn-Feiner! How they would have rejoiced over it as over a glorious victory! Now that he has committed suicide, they must transmute his act of self-destruction into a brutal murder by the British Government. Oh no! it was not suicide at all. He was foully murdered in a British prison by Lloyd-George! So they tell the world, but the world knows better; and in their own secret hearts they know it was plain, deliberate suicide. No doubt McSwiney, knowing that his church regards suicide as a mortal sin, squared his act with the tenets of his church, for priests were consulted on the matter, and even—it was reported—the Pope himself. But even so, that could not shift the blame of his death from himself to the British Government. That government was no more to blame for McSwiney's death than were the authorities in Chicago for the death of the anarchist who, after having been tried for the Haymarket murder, found guilty and sentenced to death, killed himself in prison by blowing off his head with dynamite. In both cases it was an act of suicide committed for a purpose, which was successfully accomplished. Engel—that was the anarchist's name, I think—determined to cheat the gallows, and he did it; McSwiney determined to die of hunger rather than serve his two years' term of imprisonment, and he did it. In each case it was simply an act of suicide; and all the eloquence of all the Irish orators cannot change McSwiney's into a case of murder.

But the jury of Ireland and Greater Ireland has sat on McSwiney's case, and has unanimously found a verdict—that Lloyd-George is guilty of the murder of Terence McSwiney. Let us hear what the accused British Premier has to say in his defense. As spokesman for his government, when appeal was made to release the Mayor of Cork, he said in a statement issued at Lucerne:

"A law which is a respecter of persons is no law. If the Cabinet departed from its decision, a complete breakdown of the whole machinery of law and government in Ireland inevitably would follow. The release some weeks ago of hunger strikers in Ireland was followed by an outburst of cruel murder and outrage."

The question of life or death was therefore left with McSwiney. His life was in his own hands. He chose death. Responsibility for his death rests on him alone. If any others are to be blamed, it must be his Sinn-Fein friends, who glorified his hunger strike, and confirmed, commended and urged him in his fatal course.

Poor Terence McSwiney! *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis.* It is not for us to question the sincerity of the impulse which prompted his self-sacrifice. His devotion to an ideal commands respect; his unfaltering courage compels admiration. All the world admires a brave man. Pity it is that his courage was so blind and misdirected as to force him to attempt the impossible. His release from prison he himself would have considered a confession of weakness by the British Government—at best a futile act of expediency unworthy of a civilized government.

Who is to blame for the present deplorable state of affairs in Ireland? It certainly is not the British Government; nor do I think it is primarily the Sinn-Fein. I am bound to believe that most of the blame lies on the Irish in the United States. It is here that the poison—hatred of England—is generated, to be injected into the hearts of the Irish in Ireland. Here it is that the money is raised to conduct a ceaseless anti-British propaganda. From the days of the Fenian outbreak to the present tie, the numerous and powerful Irish societies in America have never rested in their efforts to bring about the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Home Rule won't satisfy them. Dominion rule they scorn. Nothing will satisfy them but this—that the British get out of Ireland and leave the Irish to set up a republic. Home Rule would have been established but for them ten years ago. The measure had been accepted by the Nationalist leaders in Parliament, and it would have been adopted, but the *Clan-na-Gael* in America sent a telegram to Redmond and his colleagues opposing it. That telegram, we are

informed, was signed also by six Irish judges of the New York and New Jersey Supreme Courts and by the Governor of Rhode Island and other Irish dignitaries. Thus the Home Rule bill was killed by "Greater Ireland." We have seen already how busily the Irish in America are endeavoring to foment war between Britain and this country.

A word or two about Emilio de Valera —Eamon de Valera, "President of the Republic of Ireland." I had almost forgotten him. His Sinn-Fein Circus is no longer on the road. Like other circuses, it seems to have gone into winter quarters. But he is still here, and we hear of him, and from him, occasionally. He is enjoying life in America, living in fashionable hotels like an exiled prince. He would find genial companionship in Switzerland, among the emperors, kings, princes and other high dignitaries in exile. It appears that even here his bed is not altogether a bed of down—that there are some thorns in it. Judge Cohalan, John Devoy and "other Friends of Irish Freedom" have been accusing him of spending too much money—$50,000— in supporting a "nondescript" group at the Republican Convention. His reply is very instructive and ingenious. "That sum," said he, "is absolutely exaggerated. We did not spend more than half that sum for expenses in Chicago. When I came to this country, I expected that an effort might be made to control me through the power of the purse, and I arranged with the Irish Parliament to vote me appropriations to cover my expenses.

"That money came out of the Irish Treasury. The money obtained by bond sales here went into the Irish Treasury. The bonds were sold with the express understanding that they were for all uses of the Irish Government, and furthering the cause of that government in this country is a legitimate use of the money."

The "President" suggested that the Friends of Irish Freedom should get a new national council, one that would be more ready to co-operate with him.

De Valera characterized the charges against him, published first in *The Gaelic American,* as a "tissue of mis-statement," and he referred to "the charge that I have been guilty of the mis-use of funds" as a "malicious charge."

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"Uneasy is the head that wears a crown," and even an Irish hat does not ensure perfect ease. He wishes us to understand, however, that the Irish Republic is "functioning." But has he forgotten that the $10,000,000 raised by bond sales in this country were to be devoted "to the economic development of Ireland"? He had told us that in his Circus speeches.

When the subject of Dominion Rule was submitted to him, he haughtily dismissed Earl Grey's letter, announced that Ireland would accept neither Dominion Rule nor

Home Rule, but only recognition of the republic. When that is given, he announced, he would be willing to treat with Lloyd-George's "plenipotentiaries." Mighty high talk that, but we must bear in mind that he is "one of the ablest statesmen in the world to-day." We have Mr. Walsh's word for it.

Before bringing this lengthening article to a close, I must touch upon a subject which is inextricably involved with the Irish question. I mean the question of religion. "Oh, but," exclaim the Sinn-Feiners and their sympathizers, "the question of religion has nothing to do with the Irish question." That was the text of poor Dr. Irwin's discourses. He assured us that the feeling between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland was entirely friendly, and that not one man in Ireland with an opinion worth having would deny it. But the sad fact is that there the age-old antipathy between Catholic and Protestant is as strong and bitter to-day as it was on the day of the Battle of the Boyne. This is why Presbyterian Ulster stands ready to fight and die in the last ditch rather than be subjected to Catholic rule in an Irish republic or ever to submit to a Catholic Parliament in a Home Rule Ireland.

All during the "Hearings" before the committee on the Mason Resolution, the religious question was rigorously barred. On the several occasions when it seemed to be referred to, even indirectly, the chairman promptly barred the door against its introduction. This is surely a case of "protesting too much." The fact remains that with few exceptions the Irish people are Roman Catholics, while the Ulster Scots and those of English blood are Protestants. It is also a fact that no Catholic nation, not even the Austrian, "the favorite daughter of Rome," is as devoted and loyal to the Roman Church as are the Catholics of Ireland. For this devotion and loyalty they deserve great praise. It is in striking contrast to the prevailing Laodicean lukewarmness shown by Protestants towards their numerous churches. But it is bound to have its effect upon the attitude of the Irish people towards the British Government.

The King of England, Scotland and Ireland is officially the head of the Church of England, the Church (Episcopal) of Ireland and the Kirk of Scotland—an office which he inherits from Henry VIII and James I. It is inscribed in Latin on the coins of the realm that he is "By the grace of God defender of the faith." What faith? Not the Roman Catholic, but the Protestant. It is the doctrine of the Church of Rome that a Protestant is a heretic, and that a Protestant government is a heretic government. This naturally does not encourage the growth in the hearts of the Irish Catholics of sentiments of loyalty or devotion to the British Government. I read that they are taught from their cradle to hate the heretic government. This may be stating it too strongly, but certainly they are not taught to like it, nor to pray for its continuance. Their devotion to their church necessarily places them in a position of antagonism to Protestant government

After the abdication of James II—the last Catholic monarch of Great Britain—the Act of Succession was passed, which absolutely requires that the Royal family must be of the Protestant faith. That Protestant bulwark stands to-day, a fundamental law. If that Act of Succession were repealed to-morrow, and if the British Royal family were to go over to the Church of Rome, thus acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope, who could doubt that the Irish question would be instantly settled? The Sinn-Fein organization would disband; *Te Deum* would be sung in every Irish Catholic cathedral, church and chapel; Irishmen everywhere—even here in America—would with one heart and voice sing "God Save the King," and King George would find in the Catholics of Ireland his most ardent adherents and most faithful subjects.

NOTE—I take the liberty of adding as a *finis* to this article the just conclusion of the venerable sage of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, in which he sums up the Irish question most admirably. He presents it, as it were, in a nutshell:

"All Americans know Great Britain has treated Ireland badly in the past, has treated it much better since Gladstone's time, and wants to treat it thoroughly well now, but cannot see what to do with the distracted Ireland of the present moment.

"Almost all Americans of English stock would, I think, like to see Ireland firmly attached to the British Empire on something resembling the Canadian plan."

The Caledonian

NEW YORK
JAN., 1921

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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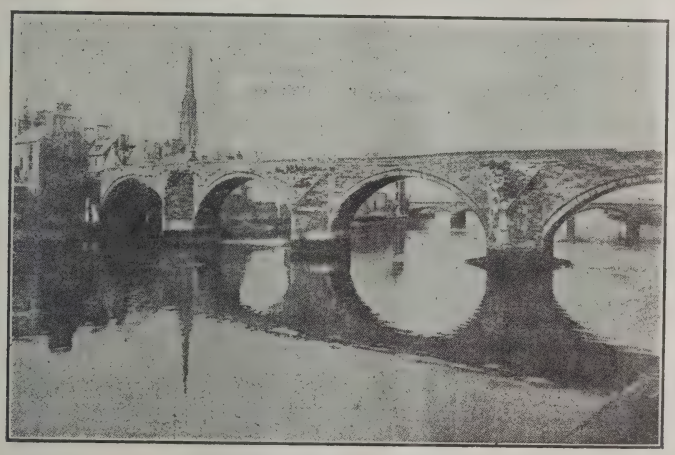
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Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.



AULD BRIG O' AYR

Byways of the National Bard

Three notable names link themselves with the old place of Dunscore. Carlyle, Emerson and Burns were each here, and you will remember that the church is mentioned by Emerson in his "First Visit to England," when he describes his memorable visit to Carlyle at Craigenputtock. It was of the same church that Burns wrote a letter to John Mayne, the Dumfries poet, then editor of the London *Star*:

> I went last Wednesday to my parish church, most cordially to join in grateful acknowledgment to the Author of All Good for the consequent blessings of the glorious revolution. . . . It could not be any silly political prejudice, which made my heart revolt at the harsh, abusive manner in which the reverend gentleman mentioned the house of Stewart.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

But you cannot wander by the Nith without conjuring up an image which emerges softly out of the gathering shadows to sing a music all its own. By the banks of the river Allan Cunningham passed the day dreams of his youth. The humble cottage of his birth, which stood amid the spacious trees of Blackwood, has completely vanished, but the place remains, and, with it, its wealth of story. Here, at the age of six, he heard Burns recite "Tam o' Shanter." Here, too, he came under the influence of Hogg—

> Often (he wrote to the Ettrick Shepherd in 1826) do I tread back to the foot of old Queensberry, and meet you coming down amid the sunny rain, as I did some

twenty years ago. The old sodded shealing where we sought shelter rises now on my sight—your two dogs (old Hector was one) lie at my feet—the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" is in my hand, for the first time, to be twice read over after sermon, as it really was—poetry, nothing but poetry, is our talk, and we are supremely happy. Or I shift the scene to Thornhill, and there, whilst the glass goes round, the lads sing and lassies laugh, we turn our discourse on verse, and still our speech is song.

Cunningham knew every foot of the Nith valley, where he wandered in his childhood, and on many a favored haunt has he cast a lustre by the majesty of his verse. To the sylvan beauties of Friars' Carse, beloved by Burns, he was oft a stroller, and time and again did he sit in the secluded summer house, which Burns called his Hermitage, listening to the gentle murmur of the stream, the thrush's noon-day song, and the mournful symphonies of the wood-pigeon. A more fitting spot could not be imagined for poetic reverie. Green lawns and beautiful gardens run along the water's edge. Winding pathways intersect the surrounding woods. Ever before you stretches a vista of supreme loveliness and enchantment, and it is worth recalling that it was in this retreat of wild nature and romance that the national bard met Francis Grose, the antiquary, and promised to write for him the haunting tale of "Tam o' Shanter," if he would include Alloway's ancient kirk in his *Antiquaries of Scotland.*

ELLISLAND

To the hours spent by Burns at Friar's Carse the world owes a deep debt of gratitude. Never was minstrel's lyre tuned to sweeter songs divine than here, and if for no other reason than that they gave us that most tender of love songs—

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine:
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine—

the charming grounds of the "fair white house" deserve to be remembered. But that is only one of many of the poet's choicest efforts. The Hermitage was the cradle of some of his best known sonnets, and it is a touching picture to visualize him sitting there in the quiet of a summer afternoon, pondering his verse, with the sullen clouds of adversity hanging over him. His twilight and autumn were then setting in at Ellisland, and anxiety weighed heavily upon his mind. The stony path of misfortune was confronting him, the day of success was waning, and the eve of disaster was approaching with hurrying tread. Yet, in spite of this, he "laid aside idle eclat," working till he was "as tired as a dog." From Friar's Carse you look back across a field or two to this intimate landmark of the vale. Ellisland is the Mossgiel of Nithsdale. What it failed to produce as a farming venture, it more than made up for by giving to the nation the greatest masterpiece in Scottish literature, and certainly among the very first masterpieces of the world. The place has changed but little since the poet's time, and you may still view the sod-dyke where "Tam o' Shanter" was jotted down in one day. The stack-yard is the same in which, one cold winter's eve, he addressed that beautiful song "To Mary in Heaven"; nor can you forget that it was from the steading near by that he despatched "O' a' the Airts" to the absent Jean Armour. And to those who care to enter the homely parlor of the historic farm, they may trace for themselves on one of the window-panes the name of John Gillespie, the poet's friend, and that of the beautiful Jean Lorimer, the unfortunate "lassie wi' the lint-white locks," along with Burns' favorite line from Pope, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH"

Still following the river, you pass along the pleasantest of highways towards Dumfries. It is six miles of typically country road, leafy woods and green fields, but if you be possessed of the wayfaring disposition, the free airs and glorious vistas which greet you here will amply repay you. The romance of old ways clings lovingly to the "Queen of the South," for time's changing hand has been but gradual. You can saunter through old-fashioned lanes and narrow streets, and pay your devoir at ancient buildings redolent of the past. Literature is all about it. "If I was confined to Scotland," says young Melford in *Humphrey Clinker,* "I would choose Dumfries as my place of residence." And what was the sentiment of Smollett has been in a more or less similar degree the sentiment of others—with the possible exception of Carlyle—throughout the years. Allan Cunningham knew its every pend and close,



THE STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS, BOSTON, MASS.
Dedicated January 1, 1920
The figure is of bronze, nine feet high, the work of Henry H. Kitson, the famous sculptor.

Scott, Carlyle and Edward Irving favored it with their presence on several occasions, while you cannot pass that magnificent building of pathetic association, the Crichton Royal Institute for the Insane, without a backward glance at that wayward genius, Henry Scott Riddell, who wrote many of his poems, including his famous song, "Scotland Yet," within its walls.

Associations cluster thick in this little old old town, and there is not a spot without its story, nor a nook but suggests some stimulating memory to the stroller. Indeed, Dumfries has a whole world of reminiscences in it. Go down its sleepy hollows of far-away time if you would know their legends and their lore. Their fascination draws you thither, for at every step you are treading the paths of literary data. In the heart of one of them stood the old-fashioned bookseller's shop, where that distinguished litterateur and journalist, Dr. Robert Carruthers, afterwards editor of the *Inverness Courier,* began his career as an apprentice bookbinder. Dr. Carruthers was a native of Dumfries, and it was due to his intimate relations with Robert M'Diarmid, the editor of the *Dumfries Courier,* himself a distinguished journalist of note, that the opportunity was given

him of emigrating to the Capital of the Highlands. Other journalists who have contributed to the literary reputation of Dumfries were William M'Dowall, author of the standard history of the county; John Mayne, the poet, who later became editor of the *London Star*; Thomas Aird, the friend of Carlyle, and William Nicholson, the author of that word poem, "The Brownie of Blednoch"—a notable group indeed; and last, but by no means least, Sir J. M. Barrie, who still continues to charm us with his delightful novels and plays. Many a time, even now, must this famous writer look back on his happy childhood days in the "Queen of the South" and his gambols by the banks of the Nith. And certain it is that so long as the Dumfries Academy—where he received part of his education—continues to stand, his name will ever remain a cherished possession among the townspeople.

Greatest Figure of All

But you cannot wander in Dumfries without one particular name, and the greatest of all, taking possession of you. To Robert Burns the town owes its reputation as a literary center. Hither came the Scottish bard in 1791 to make it his home until his untimely death five years later. What walks were his by the riverside and in the vicinity of the Cluden! The meeting place of the two streams was one of his favorite haunts, and here he was often to be seen in solitary meditation. The wayfarer by Cluden's side to-day may still view the gleam of the water

> Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
> O'er the waves that sweetly glide
> To the moon sae clearly—

just as in the days when the shepherd girl "ca'd the yowes to the knowes." Close by stands the picturesque little church of Irongray, for all time connected with A. K. H. B., who occupied its pulpit, while in the middle of the quiet God's acre surrounding it sleeps Helen Walker, that humble yet noble heroine whom Scott has immortalized as "Jennie Deans."

Within Dumfries itself, you may visit the house in which Burns died, forever a touching memento, and enter, if you feel inclined, that haunt of tragic memory, the Globe Inn. Typically old-fashioned, this noted "howff" has changed but little since the fair Anna, she of the "light foot and merry eye," according to Cunningham, served at its bar. It is not a place for sentiment, for, extenuate as you may, there can be little doubt that the "Globe" dealt the death-blow to the poet. At any rate, it was from here that he went home with the shadows of death upon him.

> "I saw Burns' house (writes Carlyle), the little oblique angled hut, where the great soul had to adjust itself, and be a king without a kingdom. It seems vacant since the widow's death. Some dirty children sat on the door-sill, and the knocker seemed torn half off. The soul of the man is now happily away from all that . . ."

The house is still empty, and the dirty children remain, but it is pleasing to know that this home of the greatest of Scottish minstrels is now the possession of the people of Dumfries, and that all danger of its destruction has passed. And from here it is but a stroll to St. Michael's Cemetery, where he rests, a spectre shade amid the honored dead.

Girvan's Haunted Stream

Step aside from the beaten path, for a moment, to where "Girvan's fairy-haunted stream" flows peacefully along its tree-fringed course. Though lying somewhat outwith the Burns country, it has many pleasant connections which link it to the bard, besides keeping in its heart the poetry of names that lend to it a literary flavor all its own. Its atmosphere is charged with the reminiscences of many lives past, for here poets have meditated and left a pleasant halo behind. The muse is all around you as you go. Penetrate the hidden haunts if you would know their story, for every foot of them has been trodden by pilgrims gone before. By the old place of Bargany, you are in the homeland of Hamilton Paul and Hew Ainslee. Both were here at "Butler's Brae" by the Bridge of Bargany, but the cottage of their birth has vanished in the passing of the years, and only a laurel-covered eminence remains to mark the spot. It is pleasant to follow in their footsteps, to look out on the scenes they knew and loved, for with each passing phase comes other memories of other singers whose songs fill the shadows yet. Perhaps you have forgotten W. Bell Scott, that sweet sonneteer, who had his home

at Penhill, but you still keep a note of Hately Waddell, the poet-preacher, and best of Burns' biographers. And if you would linger in a spot that knew Dante Gabriele Rossetti, and tragic with sombre reflections, make your way to the Black Linn of Lambdoughty Glen, near Straiton.

> "We all descended to the overhanging margin of the linn," says W. Bell Scott in his 'Autobiographical Notes,' 'but never shall I forget the expression of Gabriel's face, when he leant over the precipice, peering into the unfathomed water, dark as ink, in which sundry waifs flew round and round like lost souls in hell. In no natural spectacle had I ever known him to take any visible interest: the expression on his pale face did not indicate such interest. . . . I interpreted it, 'One step forward, and I am free!' . . . I advanced to him, trembling, I confess, for I could not speak. I could not have saved him. . . . Suddenly he turned round and put his hand in mine—an action which showed he was losing his self command, and that fear was mastering him. When we were all safely away, we all sat down together without a word, but with faces too conscious of each other's thoughts.'

The Stately Lugar

Equally rich in literary lore is the stately Lugar, where you touch on scenes redolent and charming. And sweet, indeed, are the memories which haunt its banks. About half a mile from where the Afton Water steals into the Nith, in the old inn nearby, Burns wrote his beautiful and well known song—

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
And grateful I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb, not her dream.

The beauties of the song are really the beauties of the neighborhood as well as of the stream, for away to the south stretch the "green braes" and neighboring hills, with their whistling blackbirds, while the soft music of the water is so gentle in its rhapsody that it would not disturb even the lightest dreamer. Still to the fore is Logan House, where in the poet's day lived "the W'oful Squire, Hugh Logan"; Glencanner House, and the picturesque little kirkyard of Ochiltree, where sleeps the "winsome Willie" Simpson, the close friend of Burns. You may still go up to the brae of Ochiltree, too, and note the home of that wayward genius, George Douglas Brown. But to understand the author of *The House With the Green Shutters,* you must know the vicissitudes of his unfortunate career. Poor Brown tasted to the full of the bitter side of life. Little of the sweets of the world were his, though in the days when he rambled by the river's side and over the hills, he was happy enough. Much was expected, but the fruits were scarce, for seldom has a more relentless, cruel and dogging fate been experienced by man. Only the memory of his early days, of his hard-working and self-sacrificing mother, remained to brighten his later life. With the growing years his mind became more and more poisoned, until the climax was reached so tragically and sadly in London, in 1902.

Boswell and Johnson at Auchinleck

When Boswell with Dr. Johnson came awandering to Auchinleck, the famous Englishman's anti-Scottish outlook must have received a rude shock. He could not help having a secret admiration for this old Scottish home and its surroundings, for, situated in one of the finest parts of Ayrshire, it is a place of enchanting loveliness. It lies a little to the north of Ochiltree, close to the winding Lugar. You go along a tree-shadowed avenue to the ancient village, where stand the ivy-covered ruins of the old kirk which Johnson refused to attend, though he condescended to dine with the minister, the Rev. John Dun, at the manse; thence along another tree-bordered road to the avenue of oak and beech trees that leads you to the wooded and classic grounds. Here you visit the ancient keep which delighted the Doctor, and the spot where Johnson made his terse but significant reply when Boswell made known his intention of erecting a monument to his "reverend friend." "Sir," answered Johnson, "I hope to see your grandchildren." These were anxious days for Boswell, but the old laird more than held his own against the dogmatisms of the pompous Englishman. "Pray," said Johnson one evening in the library, after dinner, "what good did Cromwell ever do his country?" "Good God, Doctor," snapped the old Judge, "he gart kings ken they had a lith (joint) in their necks," and so began "the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian hemisphere."

(*Continued on page 430*)

The Auld Mauchline o' Rabbie Burns

BY SAMUEL M. ANDREW

(For The Caledonian)

To the visitor the little village of Mauchline is mostly interesting because of its associations with Robert Burns. Its history dates as far back as the twelfth century; for old records show that "the lands of Mauchline, with the right of pasturage in the forest on the upper branches of the river Ayr" were granted to the Monks of Melrose. The old castle, a battlemented keep of red sandstone, is all that remains of the ancient priory built by these monks. Mauchline, too, has memories of the "killing times," for it witnessed that black deed of 1685, when five Covenanters were killed for preaching the cause of their country, their bodies being thrown into a hole close to the place of their execution. A monument erected on the village green tells of their martyrdom:

"Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas, and Dundee,
Moved by the Devil and the Laird of Lee,
Dragged these five men to death with gun and sword,
Not suffering them to pray nor read God's Word;
Owning the Word of God was all their crime—
The eighty-five was a saint-killing time."

The village of to-day is little changed since Rabbie used to daunder jauntily from the steading of Mossgiel just one-half mile northwards, and pay his respects to the landlady of the "Jolly Beggars" howff. "Poosie Nansies's" has little altered since George Gibson kept it. It stands at the entrance of the Cowgate, and just opposite the old churchyard, the scene of the "Holy Fair" and the resting place of many characters immortalized by Scotia's bard. It would appear that the hostelry was a rendezvous for vagrants or beggars, from the poet's description.

"A'e night, at e'en, a merry core
O' randie, gangrel, bodies
In Poosie Nansie's held the splore
To drink their orra duddies."

On the opposite side of the narrow Cowgate stood the "Whitefoord Arms," and behind that the house where Jean Armour lived with her father, a strict "Auld Licht," who often remarked he would "raither hae seen the deil coortin' his dochter than Rab o' Mossgiel."

The proprietor of the Whitefoord was a character named John Doe, nicknamed by



Burns "Johnnie Pigeon." Little is known of Johnnie unless what is gleaned from his epitaph:

"Here lies Johnnie Pigeon
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl,
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnnie Pigeon had nane."

On a corner stone of the store built on the site of the Whitefoord Arms, there is an inscription to the effect that

"This is the hoose tho' built anew
Whar Burns cam weary frae the pleugh
To hae a crack wi' Johnny Doo
On nichts at e'en,
And whyles to taste his mountain dew
Wi' bonnie Jean."

Jean Armour was a dark-eyed, comely lass, and one of the belles of Mauchline.

"In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride of the place and its neighborhood a',
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lunnon or Paris they'd gotten it a'."

"Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw,

There's beauty and fortune to get with Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."

Burns first met Jean at Hugh Morton's ball room, the occasion being the evening of the annual fair. His faithful collie accompanied him, and would persist in following him in the dances, much to the poet's embarrassment. His remark that he "wished he could get a lass to like him as well as his dog" was overheard by Jean. A few days later, Burns was passing the bleaching green, where Jean happened to be, Mister Doggie again getting into trouble through romping over the white linen. Jean slyly remarked as to whether Rab had "gotten a lass to like him as weel as his dog yet," and possibly started the friendship that culminated in their marriage.

The house where they first took up housekeeping is situated in the Castle Street, overlooking the churchyard. Recently it was acquired by the Glasgow and Districts Association of Burns Clubs, mainly due to the munificence of Mr. Charles R. Cowie, an ardent Burnsite. It is the desire that the house should be preserved as a Burns shrine, especially the apartment inhabited by the poet and his wife, while the remaining rooms should be furnished for the benefit of some deserving poor family of Mauchline. The house is the near one shown on left of photograph, with the lamp over doorway.

The little thatched house should have as deep an interest to Burns lovers as the "auld clay biggin" at Alloway or the brig by the bonnie Doon, for there the lassie lived that he lo'ed best.

"O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best,
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between:
But day and nicht my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean."

The white house, nearly opposite, with the sign over the doorway, was the change house of Nanse Tinnock.

A walk through the quiet churchyard is interesting, for one can pick out the graves of many Burns characters—Gaven Hamilton, "the poor man's friend in need," Daddy Auld, Holy Willie, Racer Jess and many others.

Denver, Colo.

The House of Montgomerie and Its Chiefs

The ARMS of Montgomery are: Blue, three gold *fleurs-de-lis*. CREST: A man's heart surmounted by an eye proper. MOTTO: *Tout bien ou rien.*

Montgomerie Earl of Eglinton bears ARMS: quarterly, first and fourth quarters, blue, three gold *fleurs-de-lis* (Montgomery); second and third, red, three gold rings, gemmed blue (Eglinton); all within a gold bordure charged with a red double tressure flory-counter-flory.

It was in the first half of the twelfth century that the son of Malcolm Canmore, Earl David, afterwards King David I of Scotland, introduced the feudal system into his Cympric princedom of Strathclyde. His main purpose in settling the country with Norman and Saxon knights was probably to bar the way against the encroachments of the Norsemen who were then threatening to penetrate the heart of Scotland by the great waterway of the western firth. In the forefront of this defence, David planted Walter Fitz Alan, ancestor of the great house of Stewart, in the throat of the waterway at Renfrew; and Fitz Alan was supported by five Norman knights, of whom three were De Croc of Crookston, De Lyle of Duchal, and Robert de Montgomerie of Eaglesham. This Robert de Montgomerie was descended from Roger de Montgomerie, or Mundegumbrie, kinsman of William the Conqueror, who led the Norman van at the battle of Hastings in 1066, and in consequence was created Earl of Chichester, Arundel and Shrewsbury, with extensive possessions in Shropshire, and no fewer than fifty-seven lordships throughout England. Roger de

Montgomerie captured for himself the castle of Baldwin in Wales, and imposed upon it his own name, which, with the neighboring town and the county, it still bears. When Walter Fitz Alan, ancestor of the Stewarts, came from Shropshire to settle at Renfrew, it was natural that he should bring with him as one of his feudal supporters a younger son of the great Shropshire house of Montgomerie.

The Montgomeries, as lairds of Eaglesham, stoutly fulfilled their part in the purpose for which they were planted on the uplands of Renfrewshire, and presently they are found extending their possessions by an advantageous marriage. In the neighboring county of Ayr, about the same time as the settlement of the Montgomeries in Scotland, a certain Eglin had given his name to a possession which, from this fact, is known to the present day as Eglintoun. His descendant, Sir Hugh of Eglinton, was one of the knights made by David II on the occasion of that monarch's invasion of England in 1342, five of whom were ambushed and taken prisoners shortly afterwards. His name appears frequently in the historical documents of his time, and he was "The gude Syr Hew of Eglintoun" mentioned in William Dunbar's "Lament for the Makaris," who is believed to have been author of certain of the famous poetical romances of the period. He married Giles or Egidia, daughter of Walter, the High Steward, and sister of King Robert the Second, and was Justiciary of Lothian in 1361. Sir Hugh had no son, and his only daughter, Elizabeth, having married John de Montgomerie, seventh Laird of Eaglesham, carried the estates of Eglinton and Ardrossan into the Montgomerie family about the year 1376.

This Sir John de Montgomerie was one of the most romantic figures of his time. Along with his son, Hugh, he took part in the great raid of the Earl of Douglas into Northumberland in 1388, which culminated in the battle of Otterbourne. In that fight Hugh de Montgomerie fell, as recorded in the well known ballad which celebrates the event, but Sir John Montgomerie himself captured Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur. The lines in the ballad which describe the occasion are well known.

The Percy and Montgomerie met,
That either of other was fain;
They swacket swords and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

'Yield thee, oh, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low."
"To whom must I yield?" quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so."

"Thou shalt not yield to Lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows upon yon lily lea."

"I will not yield to a bracken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh Montgomerie if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomerie
He struck his sword's point in the ground;
The Montgomerie was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the hand.*

Sir John Montgomerie compelled Hotspur, by way of ransom, to build for him the strong castle of Polnoon, the ruin of which may still be seen in the neighborhood of Eaglesham.

The next laird of Eaglesham, another Sir John Montgomerie, son of the hero of Otterbourne, was one of the hostages sent into England as security for the payment of the ransom of King James I, in 1423, and his son, Sir Alexander of Ardrossan, was not less distinguished. He was a Privy Councillor in 1425, Joint Governor of Kintyre and Knapdale in 1430, State envoy on several occasions, and keeper of Brodick castle in 1444. In consequence he was raised to the peerage as a Lord of Parliament in 1445. He married a daughter of Sir Thomas Boyd, ancestor of the Earls of Kilmarnock, and his son, the Master of Montgomerie, married the eldest daughter of Sir Adam Hepburn of Hailes, while the latter's son, a third Alexander, who succeeded his grandfather as second Lord Montgomerie in 1451, married a daughter of Gilbert, Lord Kennedy. The family was thus closely allied to some of the most distinguished houses in the West of Scotland, and it was therefore what might be expected that Lord Montgomerie should be created Earl of Eglinton by James IV. in 1508. Ten days after the fall of that monarch at Flodden in

*It was not of course Earl Percy, but Hotspur, his son, who was captured, and the captor was not Sir Hugh Montgomerie, but his father, Sir John. The bracken bush represented Earl Douglas, whose body it concealed.

1513, the Earl was one of the peers who met at Stirling and arranged for the coronation of the infant James V. He was named one of the councillors of the widowed Queen Margaret, and was afterwards appointed Justice-General of the North of Scotland. He was also one of the Council of Regency in 1536, when the young King departed on his romantic mission to seek a wife in France.

Hugh, the second Earl, formed a new link by marrying the daughter of an east country house, Mariota Seton, Mistress of Borthwick, sister of George, Lord Seton, and it was probably through this connection that their son, Hugh, the third Earl, took part on the side of Queen Mary at the Battle of Langside in 1568.

Meanwhile a fierce and bloody feud had broken out between the Montgomeries and their Ayrshire neighbors, the Cunninghames. The first Lord Montgomerie had been made King's Bailie for the Cunninghame district of Ayrshire, and his grandson, Hugh, first Earl of Eglinton, had obtained a charter making the office hereditary in his family, along with that of Chamberlain of the town of Irvine. The Cunninghames, headed by Lord Kilmaurs, eldest son of the Earl of Glencairn, took this as an affront to themselves, and more than one act of assassination and revenge followed. Upon his marriage with a daughter of Sir John Montgomerie, in 1425, Sir Robert Cunninghame of Kilmaurs had obtained a life-rent of these offices, and the Cunninghames had come to look upon them as hereditary in their house. The neighboring families took part in the feud, the Sempills with the Montgomeries and the Maxwells and Crawfords with the Cunninghames. In 1488 Lord Montgomerie had razed Kerrielaw, a Cun-Cunninghame stronghold; the Cunninghames had replied by raiding the Montgomerie lands no fewer than twenty-two times during the next thirty-five years. In 1526 and 1528 Lords Montgomerie and Sempill had slain Cunninghame of Auchharvie and Cunninghame of Waterstoun; and William Cunninghame, Master of Glencairn, had retaliated with a furious raid in which he burnt Eglinton Castle and destroyed the Montgomerie lands. In 1533 Lord Sempill's followers had slain Cunninghame of Craigend and thirty years later the Master of Montgomerie had wounded Craigend's grandson. In 1580 Montgomerie of Skelmorlie had slain Maxwell of Stanelie, whose mother was a Cunninghame, and had also shot a brother of the Earl of Glencairn at his own gate; and forthwith, by way of retaliation, Maxwell of Newark had in a single day slain Skelmorlie and his son. The climax of the feud was reached in 1586. Hugh, fourth Earl of Eglinton, had inherited the family honors when considerably under sixteen years of age, and the tutorship or management of the family estates had been seized by his grand-uncle, Sir Neil Montgomerie of Lainshaw. Sir Neil's wife was a daughter of Cunninghame of Aiket, and upon the young Earl regaining his inheritance, Aiket, along with his kinsmen, David Cunninghame of Robertland, and other Cunninghames, emissaries of the Earl of Glencairn, waylaid his lordship at the river Annick, and shot him dead.

This was on 20th April, 1586, and the deed may be believed to have had vital consequences upon the whole Montgomerie succession. Had the young Earl survived, he would probably have had a larger family. As it was, by his wife, who was a daughter of the fourth Lord Boyd, he had only one son, Hugh, the fifth Earl, and as this nobleman had no children, he obtained in 1611 a new charter of the earldom, settling it upon the younger sons of his aunt, Margaret Montgomerie, who had married Robert Seton, first Earl of Winton. Thus, on the Earl's death in 1612, the family honors and estates of the Montgomeries passed to Alexander Seton, third son of the first Earl of Winton.

According to his cousin's settlement, Alexander Seton, on succeeding as sixth Earl of Eglinton, assumed the name of Montgomerie, but he and all the later Earls of Eglinton have been Montgomeries only in the female line. The Seton family, however, was not less ancient and not less historic than that of Montgomerie. The first of the name to be established in Scotland was a certain Secher de Say, settled by King David I on land in East Lothian, which in consequence became known as Saytoun. In 1424, the head of the house, Sir William Seton, fell at the great battle of Verneuil in France, along with John, Earl of Buchan, Constable of France, and many others of the Scottish nobles. Sir William's son and successor,

George Seton of Seton, married Lady Margaret Stewart, the Constable's daughter, and in 1448 was made a Lord of Parliament by King James II. George, second Lord Seton, was one of the commissioners for settling differences on the marches, appointed by the treaty of Nottingham in 1484, and filled several other high state appointments. He married the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Argyll and founded the Collegiate Church of Seton. George, third Lord, fell at the battle of Flodden 1513, and George, fifth Lord Seton, was the noble who played so romantic a part in the affairs of Mary Queen of Scots.

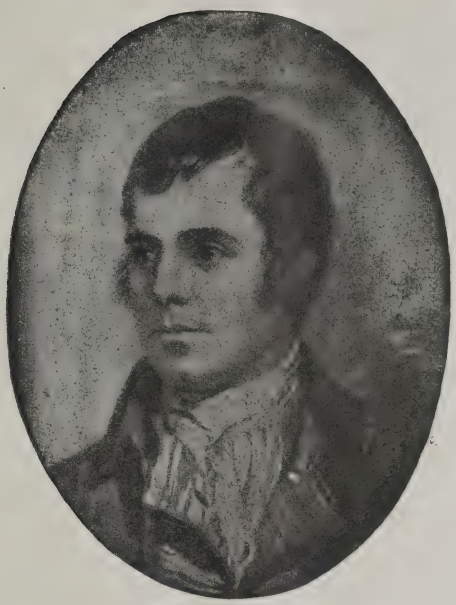
To begin with, in 1557, he was appointed by the Scottish Parliament to attend the marriage of Queen Mary with the Dauphin of France. Two years later he took the part of the Queen Mother against the Scottish Lords of the Congregation, and on Queen Mary's return from France he was sworn a Privy Councillor and appointed Master of the Household. After the murder of Darnley, it was to Seton Castle that the Queen and Bothwell went. There they passed some days as Lord Seton's guests, and there the compact of marriage between them was signed. The imprisonment of Mary in Loch Leven Castle quickly followed, and Lord Seton was one of those who waited at Kinross, on the shore of the Loch, for the Queen's romantic escape on that May night in 1568, so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in *The Abbot*. Lord Seton conducted the Queen first to his Castle of Niddrie, where she spent a few hours, and thence to Cadzow Castle, on the Avon, the stronghold of the Hamiltons. After the Queen's defeat at Langside he retired to Flanders, and there, during two years' exile, he drove a wagon with four horses for his livelihood. A picture of him in this character was painted on the north end of the long gallery at Seton. In April, 1570, he was back in Scotland active in the Queen's cause, and was sent to the Netherlands to beg the assistance of the Duke of Alva for Mary's friends. Finally in 1583, he went as Ambassador to France, but died in the following January and was buried at Seton, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Lord Seton's third son, Sir John of Barnes, went to Spain, where he became a knight of the Order of St. Iago, Master of the Household and gentleman of the Bedchamber to Philip II. James VI recalled him to Scotland and appointed him an extraordinary Lord of Session in room of his brother, Alexander, who was first constituted an ordinary Lord and afterwards made High Chancellor of Scotland and Earl of Dunfermline. James, fourth Earl of Dunfermline, was forfeited for taking part in the cause of King James VII at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689, and died at the Jacobite court of St. Germains five years later. Margaret Seton, again, daughter of the fifth Lord, married Lord Claud Hamilton, Commendator of Paisley, and became mother of the first Earl of Abercorn.

Meanwhile, Robert, sixth Lord Seton, who stood high in the favor of James VI, was created Earl of Winton in 1600. It was he who married Lady Margaret Montgomerie, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Eglinton, and it was his third son, Alexander, who, by special remainder, succeeded his cousin as sixth Earl of Eglinton. The two elder sons became, successively, second and third Earls of Winton, and the eldest son of the latter, George, Lord Seton, fought under Montrose for King Charles I, and was made prisoner upon Montrose's final defeat at Philiphaugh. His younger brother, Alexander, was made Viscount Kingston in 1650.

George, fourth Earl of Winton, commanded the East Lothian regiment at the overthrow of the Covenanters on the Pentlands in 1666, and at Bothwell Bridge in 1679, and his only son, George, fifth Earl. was the Jacobite whose escape from the Tower was one of the most romantic incidents of the Rebellion of 1715. Captured at Preston, he was carried to London, and there, alone of the seven peers, tried, he manfully refused to plead guilty, and was condemned to death, but having led a life of wild vicissitudes, and being possessed of considerable mechanical skill, he managed to saw through the bars of his window, and elude his jailors. He ended his "motley life," as Sir Walter Scott puts it, at Rome, in 1749, and for ninety-one years, until 1840, the honors of his illustrious house, remained dormant.

(*Continued on page 428*)



ROBERT BURNS

Born January 25, 1759 Died July 2, 1796

To-day be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy;
We take, with thanks, the gold of heaven
And leave the earth's alloy.
Be ours his music as of spring,
His sweetness as of flowers,
The songs the Bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
Of household melodies,
Come singing, as the robins come
To sing in dooryard trees,
And, heart to heart, two nations lean
No rival wreaths to twine,
But blending, in eternal green,
The holly and the pine!

Written by John Greenleaf Whittier for the Centennial of the Birth of Robert Burns, 1859.

Ayr

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'r a toun surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

By these lines the poet Burns set an imprimatur on the character of the Ayrshire capital and its inhabitants which has needed no argument for its support down to the present day. The honesty of the men in Ayr is never likely to be impugned by anyone who knows the straightforward, hearty, genial spirit which animates the sons of this west-coast county town; while for the good looks of its daughters one has only to walk along the High Street or Sandgate of an afternoon when the gentler half of the population is abroad, to have the pleasant anticipation excited by the poet's line confirmed and fulfilled to the utmost. Little thought is needed to suggest the idea that the town which has for centuries bred a race so virile and debonair must possess specially favorable features of atmosphere and custom and a story of more than ordinary human interest.

A little knowledge of the town and people is enough to show that both of these suppositions are true. There is nothing finer of its kind in Scotland than the great sweep of the Bay of Ayr, with the picturesque Heads of Ayr, ruin-crowned, to the south, its two noble river mouths of the Doon and the Ayr, its miles of firm, level, yellow sand, along which a horse may gallop as on the finest turf, the faint smoke of the town of Troon away to the north, and, in the offing, the splintered peaks of Arran dominated by the summit of Goatfell. The rich, warm country that rises inland, again, with some of the loveliest river gorge scenery in the Scottish Lowlands, has contributed not less than its seaward magnificence, to form the physique and character of the people of this ancient district of Kyle. As for the town of Ayr itself, which forms the chief feature in the splendid amphitheatre, no one who has lived there for any time is ever likely to forget either the charm of its aspect, the mellow softness of its atmosphere, combined of inland clover scent and the subtle salt tang of the sea, or the reminders of old romantic story which meet the informed eye at every turn as one makes one's way about these pleasant streets, along the harbor quay, and out upon the noble tree-shaded roads which lead into the country in all directions. Ayr is a pleasant place to stay in, whether for a summer or a winter holiday, or for a lifetime, and one can easily understand how the town and its neighborhood seem always to have exercised an attraction upon people fortunate enough to be able to choose the place of their abode.

The name of the district at once carries back the mind to remote antiquity. Kyle, or Coyl, and the river Coyl, commemorate in their name an early king of the British tribes, that Coyl or Coylus who is immortalized otherwise as the "old King Cole" of the nursery rhyme, and who, as an actual chief of the sixth century, fell in battle against the forces of the invading Gael from Kintyre, led by the doughty Fergus Mac Erc, who may be regarded as the first founder of the Kingdom of the Scots. The tumulus under which "auld King Coyl" lies is still to be seen at the back of Coylsfield House, where Burns's Highland Mary once was a dairy maid. The fact of her living there probably made the poet choose the name of Coyla for his muse.

Even before the days of old King Cole, Ayr itself must have been a place of note, for the Roman road from Galloway by way of Dalmellington seems to have ended at the mouth of the river in a military station or seaport. Cooking vessels, urns, and other Roman relics have been found here deep in the earth.

Compared with the date of the Romans and old King Cole, that of William the Lion seems almost modern. It is on record that this king built a castle near the mouth of the river Ayr, which he mentioned five years later, in 1202, as "Novo meo castello de Arc" in the charter by which he erected the place into a burgh. This burgh must soon have grown into importance, for it stood upon the main highway north and south along the coast. To carry the road, some time in the reign of Alexander III, two sisters of the name of Lowe, are said to have built the narrow higharched bridge across the river which happily remains to our own time. Another work of the same kind, built about the same date, is the great old bridge across the Nith at Dumfries, erected by the Lady Devorgilla, heiress of the ancient Lords of Galloway, and mother of John Balliol. Who the sisters Lowe were no one now can tell. Their effigies are said to have been carved on a stone of the eastern parapet, but the bridge itself forms a sufficient monument of their public spirit.

The stones of the Auld Brig, if they could speak, might tell many a dramatic tale. Over their causeway must have come the young William Wallace, when, tired of retirement with his uncle at Riccartoun, he came to the fair at Ayr, accepted the challenge of the English "strong man," and with the stroke of a staff broke the fellow's back. One can easily picture the sudden hubbub which arose—the rush of the English garrison from the Castle, the astonishing resistance put up by Wallace single-handed, till hemmed round and borne down by the twelve-foot spears, then his imprisonment and dysentery in the town's dungeon, till he was cast out for dead on the dunghill. The Wallace Tower at the head of the Mill Vennel, rebuilt in 1830, with the old "Dungeon Clock" and bells alluded to by Burns in its top, and a statue of the hero by the self-taught sculp-

tor, Thom, in front, is said to have been the building in which the patriot was imprisoned. Here one may picture his old nurse finding the body, and amid her grief, suddenly discovering that he was still alive, then begging the body, and having it conveyed across the bridge to her dwelling in the Newton of Ayr, where she and her daughter were to nurse him slowly back to strength.

This was by no means Wallace's last heroic appearance in the town. Another house with a statue of the hero in front is said to occupy the site of the court house of that time. Here it was that the Scottish Lords, invited to attend a "Justice ayre," were admitted two at a time, to be treacherously noosed and strung up to the rafters. Not a mile away has been identified the spot where stood the Barns of Ayr, the barracks of the English garrison, in which the patriot exacted his terrible retribution by burning the whole English force in their beds.

Still in a space of its own near the harbor stands the western tower, all that now remains of the old parish kirk of Ayr, which was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and dated from the middle of the twelfth century. After being long occupied as a private house, it was acquired by the munificence of the Marquis of Bute, to be converted into a museum, the work being carried out under the supervision of Mr. James Kennedy Hunter, F. R. I. B. A. The "sang schule" in connection with this church is mentioned in a mandate of Pope Gregory IX. Within the walls of the church, in the April after the Battle of Bannockburn, gathered the Scottish parliament in which King Robert the Bruce, till then without a son, settled the succession to the throne of Scotland on his brother Edward, Earl of Carrick. That brother, alas! possessed too much the spur in his restless blood. Not content with the assured inheritance of a throne, he determined to conquer one for himself, and shortly afterwards, with a brilliant following, set sail from this same harbor of Ayr, on his romantic expedition to drive the English out of Ireland.

There is another interesting association of the neighborhood of Ayr with King Robert the Bruce. In the adjoining Newton of Ayr, and at Prestwick, a mile or two farther north, are still to be seen certain lands divided into small holdings, and possessed by descendants of the men to whom the far-sighted monarch presented them in recognition of their services at the Battle of Bannockburn. At Prestwick, also, the King is said to have sojourned when stricken with leprosy, in order to benefit by the curative properties of a spring there, still known as the King's Well, and he endowed there a leper sanitorium for the support of eight afflicted ones less happily situated than himself.

Three hundred years after King Robert the Bruce, another great historic figure cast its shadow across the story of the town of Ayr. Oliver Cromwell in 1651 had defeated General Leslie and the Scottish army of the Covenant at the battle of Dunbar, and to secure his rule in Scotland, he built four great fortresses or citadels in different parts of the country, at Leith, Perth, Inverness and Ayr. Considerable and interesting remains of the citadel at Ayr are still to be seen on the harbor side. The area of twelve acres which the fortress covered included the old parish kirk of St. John, which was largely demolished in consequence. To make up for the damage, however, the Protector was magnanimous enough to pay the burgh a thousand merks, with which they purchased ground farther up the riverside, and proceeded to erect the church still standing on the spot. Almost on the same spot, in earlier times, stood a monastery of the Grey Friars, and the ancient archway at the head of the Kirk Port, or passage, has in its day seen the passing out and in of these old Franciscan brethren.

In the building of Cromwell's citadel materials seem to have been taken from the old Castle of Ardrossan, and by way of redress, after the Restoration the Earl of Eglinton received a grant of Cromwell's citadel, as a burgh of regality under the name of Montgomeriestoun. In 1687 it was sold by his descendant, and ultimately became a quarry for the town.

Ayr had its martyrs in the "Killing Times" which followed the restoration of the Stewarts and the accession of James VII and II. A monument of seven of them is to be seen in the kirkyard, along with many other tombstones bearing highly quaint epitaphs. It is appropriate enough, therefore, that the man who reared the

earliest monument in Scotland to King William, the sovereign who put an end to these barbarities, should have been a native of the town of Ayr. James Macrae is said to have been the son of a poor washerwoman in the town. Overcome, like many boys, by that strange fascination



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS

which works so strongly in the British blood, by reason perhaps of our Viking ancestry, he ran away to sea and was not heard of again for forty years. When he returned he was one of the richest men in Scotland, having been Governor of Madras, and having shaken the pagoda tree with singular success. One of his first endeavors was to discover the cousin who had befriended his mother in her last days. This cousin, he found, had married a wandering fiddler named Macguire. The pair had four daughters and James Macrae undertook their education. Lizzie, the eldest of them, he married to the Earl of Glencairn, and dowered with the estate of Ochiltree. For another he purchased the estate of Alva, and under the title of Lord Alva, her husband afterwards became a judge of the Court of Session. A third sister he married to young Dalrymple, son of the minister of Ayr, and dowered with the estate of Orangefield; and the fourth to a nephew or natural son of his own, for whom he acquired the estate of Houston in Renfrewshire. He is chiefly commemorated to-day by the fine equestrian statue to King William II and III, which he set up at Glasgow Cross in 1734, and which was the first of Glasgow's possessions of the kind.

James Macrae is linked up with the story of another and greater son of Ayr, Robert Burns, in rather an interesting way. As is well known, when the poet went first to Edinburgh, in 1786, it was through the good offices of Dalrymple of Orangefield that he was introduced to the Earl of Glencairn, whose friendship played so large a part in making his debut a success. There is still, however, another link between the nabob and the poet. When Lizzie Macguire was a barefoot girl she was employed, it is said, at the farm of the Tennants, a few miles southwards of Ayr. One evening, on her way to the farm, as she passed the old kirk of Alloway, she became aware of a fearsome uproar going on within. With much boldness for a girl, she went over the graves to the window of the ruined kirk, and there in the dim light was met with a frightful spectacle—nothing less than "Auld Clootie" himself, with great horns and staring eyes, wrestling among the giant ivy, and uttering sounds of the most terrifying sort. Fear lending her wings, she sped home to the farm, and told her master what she had seen. The news was highly welcome to him, and the apparition was soon explained. A stirk had been missing for a day or two, and Lizzie's "vision" revealed its whereabouts. When Lizzie Macguire became Countess of Glencairn she did not forget her old friends, but appointed one of the Tennants factor of her estate of Ochiltree. The family, as has been said, was friendly with Burns, and the story of the incident at Alloway Kirk, told him by them, afterwards suggested the central episode of his immortal tale, "Tam o' Shanter."

Another incident which suggested the machinery of the poem is said to have occurred at the door of the quaint old Tam-o'-Shanter Tavern, which still stands in the High Street of Ayr. The farmer who became the hero of the poem had, it is said, tied his grey mare to the ring at the tavern door while he proceeded to refresh himself inside. The tail of the mare excited the cupidity of the boys of the town, and they proceeded to pull out the long hairs for the purpose of making fishing lines. So late did the farmer sit "bousing at the nappy" that every hair was carried off, and the next morning at Shanter farm, a good fourteen miles away, when his wife asked him how the mare had lost her tail, he tried to cover his own delinquency with a wonderful story of escape from an attack of witches as he rode home past Alloway kirk.

The chief attraction of Ayr to-day to hundreds of thousands of sightseers is its associations with the memories of Burns. More worshippers every year make a pilgrimage to the thatched cottage at Alloway, where the poet was born, than pay a visit to the birthplace of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. And few who have felt the human interest and power of the poet's works can stand unmoved in the kitchen of the "auld clay biggin," with its enclosed bed, in which, in the beginning of the year 1759 "a blast of Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin." A few hundred yards along the road rises the ruin of Alloway kirk, with the grave of the poet's mother, Agnes Brown, in its quiet enclosure, and still a little way farther the poet's monument looks down on the picturesque old brig of Doon, across which the eye of imagination must ever picture the fleeing figure of Tam-o'Shanter" on his steed escaping from the hell fury of the witches at the cost of his good mare's tail.

Burns owed much to his early memories of Ayr, but Ayr owes much also to Robert Burns. Not least of its indebtedness to the poet is the preservation of its "auld Brig," which for his sake, and not for its historic memories, was rescued from destruction a few years ago at a cost of £12,000 publicly subscribed. During the agitation or its preservation, which was led by Lord Rosebery, *Punch* published a poem which might almost have been written by Burns himself. Of this the first verse ran—

"Meant for a poet, born an earl,
His lordship, like a pawky carl,
Has ta'en a spiggot frae his barr'l,
And let it run
In gowden thoughts and word o' pearl
Weel oiled wi' fun."

Ayr has an interesting association with another man of letters only less famous than Robert Burns. In the chancel wall of the little Episcopal church, a tablet commemorates Major Smith, Thackeray's stepfather, who is understood to have been the original of Colonel Newcome in the famous novel that bears his name.

The town to-day has many amenities for the attraction of the sight-seer and the resident. Its Academy, if one takes it to be the lineal successor of the "Sang-Schule" of the ancient Kirk of St. John, is said to have been famous as a place of education since the thirteenth century; and Ayr Races, discontinued on account of the war, have been revived. More recent of the town's amenities are its Carnegie Free Library, its public and private bowling greens, its golf courses—there are some six of these in the immediate neighborhood—its tennis greens, and its model yacht pond. Bathing and boating go on all the summer through on the beautiful waters of the bay, and the sandy beach affords a world of endless delight for children and their guardians. In the matter of hygiene



ALLOWAY KIRK

Ayr is well provided with all modern requirements. Its streets are well made and kept, its water supply is abundant, and its drainage perfect. It is lit with electricity and furnished with excellent tramways, and its houses and shops are modern and substantial. Its public walk for two miles up the river Ayr provides a ramble of unwearying charm; its well-paved esplanade, running for a mile along the sea front, affords a delightful meeting place! and its Low Green between town and sea, and its Old Race Course a little way inland afford public recreation grounds which are always attractive. Last but not least it may be mentioned that abundant and excellent accommodation is to be found in the hotels, boarding-houses and apartments of the place.—*Scottish Country Life.*

NOTE—An interesting article, "The True Story of 'Tam o' Shanter'," by Dr. Douglas Graham, of Boston, Mass., was printed in the January, 1918 CALEDONIAN. Dr. Graham is a great-grand-nephew of Douglas Graham of the farm of Shanter, Burns' original, and prizes a clock that belonged to Hugh Rogers, schoolmaster of Kirkoswald, which undoubtedly timed the lessons of Burns.—EDITOR.

The Story of Pasadena

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW
(For The Caledonian)

PART III

The boom lasted for about two years, and many persons all over the valley who during that period could easily figure that they were millionaires, or nearly so, found themselves at the end of the boom much poorer than when it began. Finding themselves at last hopelessly insolvent, they liquidated their affairs or surrendered to their creditors quietly, and sought new occupations.

During the boom period, Pasadena made considerable progress. The initial sewer system was constructed at a cost of $150,000; a fire department was established; the San Gabriel Valley Rapid Transit Railroad to Los Angeles had been constructed; the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad had laid its rails into the city, and the water system had been greatly extended. Many new residences and store buildings had been erected, and many new streets had been laid out and extended, and arrangements for cleaning and sprinkling them had been perfected.

It was soon found that the charter powers of a city of the sixth class were not great enough to meet the needs of the growing city, and an effort to have a charter with greater powers was made in 1894; but it failed to carry at the polls. In 1900, however, the movement was carried through, and in January of the following year (1901) the State Legislature granted a new charter with as full powers as those of any city.

Again in 1912 it was thought that more satisfactory results could be obtained through the commission form of government, for which, about that time, great interest was manifested all over the country. The proposition was submitted to a vote of the people on May 24th, and it carried by a large majority; since that time the affairs of the city have been managed by a board of five commissioners, at a salary of $3,000 per annum each. The plan seems to give general satisfaction.

Beginning in 1885, several attempts were made to introduce the use of mule-power street cars, five different efforts being made between that date and 1896, all of which proved to be failures. In 1894 a company was organized to construct and operate an electric line between Los Angeles and Pasadena, that also proved a failure. In 1896 along came Henry E. Huntington, at the head of the Pacific Electric Company, and bought out all the rights and privileges of the various other companies, and at once proceeded to construct his great system that to-day ramifies the whole of the San Gabriel Valley, extending through four counties, proving to be the greatest developing influence that exists in the community. This system is pronounced by all who know it to be one of the finest trolley systems that exists anywhere, with a splendid roadbed, the best of cars and a service that is unexcelled; it has made the whole vast territory through which it runs a neighborhood, with Los Angeles as its center.

Pasadena to-day has a population of about 46,000, and its boundaries enclose 14 46/100 square miles. At its center—the corner of Fair Oaks Avenue and Colorado Street—it is 833 feet above sea level; at its northern boundary, less than two miles distant, it is 267 feet higher, showing how admirably the location adapts itself to drainage. At the present time its assessed valuation is $73,363,977. Think of the difference between this valuation and the purchase price forty-six years ago. The tax rate for city, county and state is $2.64 per hundred dollars valuation. There are 178 miles of streets, 160 miles of which are well paved and bordered with cement sidewalks. There are about 15,000 telephones in use, and demands for many more. Electric current for light and power is furnished at from three to five cents per kilowatt hour. Water of splendid quality is furnished by meter at ten cents per

hundred cubic feet, and gas at 70c. per one thousand cubic feet.

The two little churches that we saw established in the first two years of its existence have been replaced by sixty-eight churches and missions, embracing every known denomination, from the oldest 'ism to the newest cult. Some of the church buildings are second to none anywhere; the Presbyterians, the first to build, still hold the lead, with the Methodists and Christian Scientists close seconds. This Presbyterian Church has a seating capacity of 1,600 and cost $300,000. It is of up-to-date design, to meet all conditions of modern church work. Some of the struggling missions are humble structures, like those of the first years. On Sunday they all seem alive with effort, judging from the crowds that pour into them. If one who thinks the church decadent could see the streets of Pasadena on Sabbath morning at the church hour, hope would revive in his heart.

The public schools, including the kindergarten and elementary departments, have twenty-three buildings. The high school has a group of four or five. All these buildings are of fine modern design, the high school buildings being second to none anywhere. It offers courses in commercial work, wood shop, machine shop, cooking, sewing, agriculture, art metal, drawing and music, as well as all formal subjects. In addition to the public school, there are eighteen others that include the Southern California School of Technology, that proposes to fill a place in Southern California similar to that of the Boston "Tech" in Boston, Mass.; a parish school, several business colleges, a school of fine arts, a school of expression, the Pasadena School of Lip Reading, and several others. There is also a fine public library, with a very neat central building, a juvenile department. and three branches, there being 65,000 volumes on its shelves; the circulation for last year, 1919, 438,000 volumes—a gain over the previous year of 119,000 volumes. The building has already become too small for the growing work, and there are whisperings of a new and greater building that will have in it ample book room, a lecture hall, a large museum and art gallery.

As early as 1886, the need of a rendezvous, a place for the social gathering of young men, was very much felt. There being no saloons, it was thought that something must be found to take the place of the saloon. Several meetings were held in the churches, and it was agreed that a Y. M. C. A. would best suit the need. Offers of gifts of lots on which to build were at once made, but were considered to be too far from the center of things. It was decided to buy a lot at a central point. Forty thousand dollars was subscribed to carry out the project, and work was begun on the building, but the boom came, and in the wreck that it left behind this scheme suffered so much that it had to be abandoned.

It was not undertaken again until 1910, when it was taken up with much vigor, and in six days $112,000 was subscribed towards the purchase of ground and the erection of a building, that with the complete outfit cost $150,000. It is a plant to be proud of, and is a great credit to the city. The membership is something over 1,000. A Y. W. C. A. also came into being about the same time that has also been most successful in filling a long felt want.

Another splendid organization is the Chamber of Commerce and Civic Association, an association made up of the business and professional men of the city. It practically directs and controls all the public and civic movements. Anything that the members endorse is sure to be successful. Then there is a fine hospital that has been established and is maintained by public subscription. It is an up-to-date institution of its kind, its affairs being well managed and the best of service rendered to the sick and afflicted.

Mention must be made of Pasadena's great hotels, known and appreciated by tourists the world over. First comes the Raymond, named for its founder, Walter Raymond, completed and opened in 1886, with several hundred rooms. The Green, named for the man who furnished most of the money with which to build it, the first section completed in 1891, the whole in 1895, has 550 rooms. Then comes the Maryland, that with its great main building and thirty-four bungalows, has 500 rooms, and is an all-year-round hotel, the others being seasonal. It first opened its doors in a small way in 1902. It makes a most attractive hotel, and is much favored by tourists on the sunny side of life, life

there being very gay. The Huntington, opened during the season 1914-15, is a type of stately dignity and ease. It has a commanding situation, standing on a summit, surrounded by twenty-six acres of garden that slopes down to acres of orange and lemon groves. The garden is well laid out, and planted profusely with all sorts of blooming shrubs and a great variety of flowers that make it a most charming spot in which to linger.

The outlook from the hotel is over miles of fruit groves, bounded on all sides by distant hills and mountains that make a fitting background for the great sweep of green foliage, dotted with many homes, making a most satisfying and noble view.

Of the climate, one might say that there are only two seasons, the wet and the dry. Things grow and bloom right along, so that the four-season year seems to be non-existent. I have before me the Government's official report of the rainfall for thirty-four years, 1882-83 to 1916-17. The average rainfall during these years was 20.62 inches, the lowest being in the season 1897-98, when only 8.82 inches of rain fell, and the highest in the season 1883-84, when it was 44.93—a very wide variation. Twice in that period there were two years in which seven months passed with practically no rain. In nineteen of those years the rain began in September, a very little falling in that month, and in eleven of those years very little rain fell in June. This irregularity, however, seems to cause no trouble.

The rains up to the end of May are always enough to carry the wheat and barley to maturity, they being harvested in June. All other crops are irrigated, every fruit grove of any sort being provided with the means for irrigation.

Regarding the temperature, the party who wrote the letter to Indianapolis friends that brought about the organization of the colony did not state exact facts when he wrote, "One can wear the same weight of underclothing all the year round." There are days in the rainy season when one can take comfort in an overcoat, and there are many days in the dry season when he wants no coat of any kind at all. In 1918-19 the range of temperatures was from 26 degrees in December to 107 degrees in August. These extremes may have been only for one day. The number of rainy days in that time was forty-six, with a total rainfall of 25.20 inches.

One meets people here from all over the world. All seem to agree that the climate here is the finest they have found anywhere the wide world over. People say this who have no reason for saying it, only that they believe and know it to be the truth; and all agree that nowhere have they seen such a fine grouping of elegant homes as is here. Many pronounce it a perfect Elysium. Handsome residences are lined along broad boulevards that are parked and shaded it may be with palm trees or with the graceful pepper trees that arch them over with their lace-like foliage, or the prim camphor or acacia tree, or mayhap it is the jackoranda that in June makes such a wonderful showing, when, shedding its old leaves, it covers itself with a mantle of blossoms that remind one, when looked at singly, of the Scotch bluebell, which they do much resemble. This tree, when without the blossom, is a very handsome, shapely one, with a neat fern-shaped leaf and stands some forty feet high, is rare to us, and one of the most beautiful flowering trees we have seen. There are also many homes that stand in gardens that are acres in extent, some of which make one think of an English squire's house, others the Casa Grande of a Spanish Don, the chateau of a Norman baron, or an Italian villa, there being many that are true to either of these types. Then there are humble bungalows, the homes of honest toilers that Mother Nature with the magic of her sunshine, decks with blooming vine or rose bush, enveiling them with color and form which man can nourish but cannot create. Beauty is everywhere, all the varied plants and flowers of Southern California being present in great profusion.

Some years ago I was told a story that well describes the condition. The story is, of course, a fiction, but it might well be true.

Three young men were students together at one of the great universities in the East. They had been chums all through the course, and graduated together. Having graduated, their parents were naturally very anxious as to their future career. They hit upon the plan of sending them together on a tour of the country to see

what they could find. They crossed the continent on one of the Northern routes and arrived in San Francisco, and after spending some time there, they worked their way down the coast, stopping at all the important towns and cities on the route. Finally, they arrived in Pasadena, where they were to turn their faces eastward, bound for home, on the Santa Fe. They spent many delightful days, but at last the day and the hour came when they must leave. In this last hour, one of the trio disappeared. The other two could not find him. After long search, they located him, sitting very thoughtfully under a rose bower. They called to him, "Jim! hurry up or we'll miss the train. It goes in less than half an hour, and you haven't packed a thing yet." Jim replied, "Well, boys, I'll tell you. When mother lay dying, she made me promise to meet her in Paradise! I have decided that this is Paradise, and I'm going to wait here for mother."

The little village center, with its two or three shops, stores and school, that in the early years we saw grouped around the cross roads, has long ago given place to many palatial business buildings. They line Colorado street on both sides for a good mile and a half, and also run well back into the cross streets, some of them six, seven or eight stories high. In them are displayed for sale some of the finest of wares, the products of all lands. For to this town of rest, people of wealth, taste and refinement come to spend their declining years, and it goes without saying that they must have around them, in their homes, things that are pleasing and beautiful.

The one bank that we saw opening for business in the little village has been multiplied by six. In the first six months of the year (1920) they passed through their clearing house $56,841,008. In the corresponding period of last year (1919), the amount was $32,855,035, showing a gain of over 57%. Surely, a most satisfactory showing.

From Pasadena as a center, there radiate in all directions many well paved roads, some of them extending hundreds of miles, the entire length of the State, through mile upon mile of fruit groves, that are in the very highest state of cultivation, or they run through valleys and over mountains that are in extremely wild condition. One can ride in his auto up Mount Wilson, a distance of nine miles, to a height of 6,000 feet, and there see the Carnegie Solar Observatory that is equipped with some wonderful telescopes. One of them is the largest in the world, its reflector being one hundred inches in diameter. Through its use, astronomers will in the years to come learn much more about the universe than has been known before.

The bridge that carries Colorado street across the Arroyo Seco is a most magnificent structure of reinforced concrete of splendid design. It is 1,460 feet long, the roadway being 150 feet above the river bed.

Then there is the trip up Mount Lowe, a peak near to Mount Wilson. This trip is made by inclined railway and trolley car, through most wonderful mountain scenery, to a height of about 5,000 feet. A trip down this mountain road at night, at the full of the moon, is one that is well worth enjoying. Under the starry dome of the heavens, lit up by the moon in full splendor as well as by the stars, one rides far above the lamp-lighted cities and villages that are scattered over the great valley, and that can be seen as far as the shore of the Pacific. It is as though we were riding above the stars; the lights twinkle far below us.

There are many other things to see that are most interesting. I will, however, further mention only the Tournament of Roses that occurs annually on January first, Pasadena's

"Happiest Day of All the Year."

The idea originated in the mind of Professor Charles Frederick Holder, a gentleman who had traveled much. Living much abroad, he had seen many floral fetes, but always they had been in Spring or Summer, when flowers were in greatest profusion. Realizing that it would be possible in Pasadena to hold such a fete in mid-winter, he proceeded to interest his neighbors in the project, and on January 1, 1890, the first Tournament—as they called it—was held with great success, and every year since it has been repeated, each successive year being an improvement over the one that went before, a very high state of perfection being reached since the advent of the automobile. The

The great floats move along in silent, majestic beauty, decked with masses of flowers and evergreens worked into designs symbolic of noble themes and portraying historic episodes, in the execution of which millions of roses and all sorts of flowers are used. Besides, many beautiful young ladies and children have a place in the development of the living picture on each float. The great procession takes place in the forenoon, the afternoon being set apart for a series of sports at Tournament Park. In the early days, horse racing was the great feature. Now it has become the day for a contest between the best football teams in the universities east of the Rocky Mountains and those west of them. So that each recurring January 1 is a day of joy in Pasadena that is watched by the entire nation.

NOTE—The facts set forth in this story have been abstracted from *The History of Pasadena*, by Hiram A. Reid, M. D., 1895, a book of 675 pages.

To the Memory of Robert Burns

BY JAMES MACFARLAN

In lonely hut and lordly hall a mighty voice is heard,
And neath its wild, bewitching spell the honest brows are bared;
From Scotland's hills and twilight glens, to far Columbian floods,
It stirs the city's streets of toil, and wakes its solitudes;
It speaks no triumphs reap'd with swords, it brings no conquering cry
Of buried honours, battle-crowned, and veiled with victory;
But hearts leap loving to its note, and kindling bosoms glow,
To hail the poet born to fame, a hundred years ago.

O, like a glorious bird of God, he leapt up from the earth,
A lark in song's exalted heaven, a robin by the hearth;
O, like a peerless flower he sprang from nature's meanest sod,
Yet shedding joy on every path by human footstep trod.
How shall we tell his wondrous power, how shall we say or sing
What magic to a million hearts his deathless strains can bring?
How men on murkiest battle fields have felt the potent charm,
Till sinking valour leapt to life, and strung the nerveless arm.

How hearts in dreariest loneliness have toil'd through barren brine—
The only glimpse of sunshine then, his pictures o' langsyne;
How far amid the western wilds by one enchanting tune,
The wide Missouri fades away in dreams of "bonny Doon,"
More hearts and hands renew the pledge—sweet pledge of other years—
That sacred "Auld acquaintance" vow, the light of parting tears.

O' blessed be the brawny arm that tore presumption down,
That snatched the robe from worthless pride and gave to toil a crown;
That smote the rock of poverty with song's enchanting rod,
Till joy into a million hearts in streams of beauty flowed;
And while that arm could stretch to Heaven, and wield the lightning dart,
It brought the glorious sunshine, too, to cheer the humblest heart;
For free as spring, his gladsome muse danc'd o'er the daisied plain,
Or rang in organ gusts of praise through grandeur's mightest fane.
Then blest forever be the soul that link'd us man to man—
A brotherhood of beating hearts—God's own immortal plan;
While labour, smiling at his forge, or stalking at his plough,
Looks up with prouder soul to find God's finger on his brow—
Feels man is man, though russet-robed, and smacking of the soil,
And all are brothers, whether born to titles or to toil.

Then pledge his mem'ry far and near, although the hand be dust
That oft has swept the golden lyre, that ages cannot rust;
No sun of time ere sits upon the empire of his fame,
And still unwearied is the wing that bears abroad his name.
There may be grander bards than he, there may be loftier songs,
But none have touch'd with nobler nerve the poor man's rights and wrongs.
Then, while unto the hazy past the eye of fancy turns,
Raise high the fame, and bless the name of glorious Robert Burns.

NOTE—James Macfarlan who was of erratic habits was born on Kirk street, Calton, Glasgow, April 9, 1832, and died November 5, 1862, in the Drygate, Glasgow, in the 31st year of his age. At noon, the 25th of January, 1859, he staggered into a newspaper office, soliciting employment. The kindly editor gave him five shillings and requested him to write an ode on Burns to be read at one of the banquets in the city that evening. Before the appointed time the above poem was sent in to the chairman of the meeting. ALEXANDER RUSSELL.

The Scot in London

As President of the Caledonian Society of London, your correspondent sends greetings to you, the readers of THE CALEDONIAN and all kindred societies overseas. Let me express it in the words of the old Scottish toast: "May the hinges of friendship never rust or the wings of love e'er lose ae feather!"

With our welcome to the New Year and in these times of change, it is a pleasant privilege to think of the customs associated with the old Scottish Yule-tide—Hogmanay and the bringin' in of the New Year. In our younger days we played odd pranks at this time of the year, but there was also a serious side which imprinted itself on our memories. We recall what took place in the rural districts when, like the father in Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night," the head of the house solemnly engaged in religious worship just before the hour of midnight; then the door of the cottage was opened wide so that the old year with its cares should go out and the New Year with its hopes should come in. In London the custom is kept up in a modified form, but the prevailing thought is more on the lines of—

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out wild bells and let him die."

The New Year is welcomed with good resolutions and joyous congratulations. A picturesque ceremony is associated with the Hogmanay gathering of the Scottish Clans' Association of London, where, a few minutes before midnight the kilted officials assemble in the centre of the hall while the general company make a huge ring round the walls and all join in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The passing of the year is sounded by twelve strokes on an antique gong which has done similar duty for over a century. On the first stroke the lights are lowered and dead silence prevails until the twelfth stroke when the lights once more blaze forth and the whole company joins in singing "A guid New Year to ane an' a'." Cheers and hearty congratulations follow and the first dance after the ceremony is a Scotch reel, danced by the kilted members in the centre of the hall.

The London and Middlesex Archoeological Society is not a Scottish society, but some ardent Scots are members of it and it seemed appropriate that a typical Scottish outing should take place at the meeting nearest to St. Andrew's Day. In November 20, 1920, the society visited the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Chapel of the Savoy. It is the custom at these meetings to have papers on the archoeological and historical items of interest and the writer of this letter was called upon to read a paper on Scottish associations with the Savoy. Part of the notes have already appeared in the September issue of THE CALEDONIAN. Special attention was directed to the archoeological features and more especially to the piscina which dates back to the 16th century. There is also a very fine gold-ground picture of the Madonna and Child which seems to be of the early Siennese School, which has an inscription underneath: "This picture was in the Master's House when the Savoy Hospital was closed in 1702. Found and purchased at Hereford, 1876." Much interest was shown in the grave of Gawain Douglas Bishop of Dunkeld, who died "an exile from his country," and in the fine stained glass window to the memory of Dr. Charles Hay Cameron, who was the last to suffer execution for taking part in the Stuart rising of 1745. Another fine window is to the memory of Richard Lemon Lauder, the discoverer of the source of the Niger, and the first gold medallist of the Royal Geographical Society.

At the Scots Corporation Hall, Mr. T. R. Moncrieff, Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, read an excellent paper on the history of the Charity. Reference was made to George Heriot and his position as jeweller to the King at a salary of £150 per annum. There were many ways, however, of increasing the official salary, as in ten years the bill for jewellery and decorations supplied to the Royal Family totalled nearly £40,000—a large sum in those days. There were others who shared in the prosperity, such as Kerr, who was created Earl of Somerset; Hay, who was created Lord Doncaster; Sir Gideon Murray (Lord Elibank); John Achmonty, James Bailie, John Gib and many more. It was when the prizes became fewer that many Scots were stranded in London and then it was that the creation of the "Scottish Box" for the help of the poorer brethren became a necessity. The society grew and gained strength and in 1665, secured their first charter. A further charter was granted in 1676, and yet another in 1775, and as the corporation steadily grew in influence the original premises in Blackfriars were given up and larger accommodation secured by the purchase of the premises of the Royal Society in Crane Court in 1782. On November 14th, 1877, the premises were destroyed by fire and the present offices were erected on the site. This is where the beneficent work of the Corporation is carried on so sympathetically and in a business-like way at the present day. Mr. Moncrieff referred to the architecture of the building which shows its Scottish impress and conducted the party over the rooms and also over the adjoining Newton Hall. The latter

is in much the same condition as when Sir Isaac Newton presided over the meetings of the Royal Society which were held in the building. Originally this hall was erected in the garden of the old Crane Court House purchased from Dr. Barbone. The house formed the administrative block and was separated by a considerable gap from the hall which saved it from the fire. It was in the hall that the general meetings of the Royal Society were held, and it also housed the collections which after the voyages of Captain Cook and Dr. Banks, became so great that they had to be taken over by the British Museum at Montaqu House. After its purchase by the Royal Scottish Corporation the hall was long used for lectures, and at one time it was rented by the London Philosophical Society. In 1818, Coleridge gave a course of lectures on Language, Education, Social and Moral Questions, and in 1819, he delivered his famous twelve lectures on Shakespeare in the hall, these being the last lectures given by Coleridge in public.

Mr. Moncrieff gave a sumptuous tea to the visitors and the meeting was voted a big success. Associating the name of Moncrieff with tea recalls the fact that another Moncrieff with the Christian name of Alexander in 1780, was the proprietor of the *Rainbow Tavern*, which stood near the foot of Crane Court. He was described as a man of singularly robust and determined views. The *Rainbow* was the second coffee house started in London, some four years before the Restoration by a barber named Farr. It is on record that the Vintners grew jealous of him and the neighbors, disliking the smell of coffee, also grew jealous and indicted Farr as a nuisance, but Farr persevered and the Arabian drink prevailed. A satirist wrote regretfully of it—

"And now alas! the drink has credit got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not."

The London Inverness-shire Association has played an important part in bringing together those who have left the straths and glens of their homeland and settled in the Metropolis. It takes a special interest in looking after the welfare of young men and women natives of the county, who come to seek their fortune in London. A hearty welcome is given to the younger generation by the older members who like to revive old memories, and social gatherings are arranged where all can meet and enjoy themselves. It was only when the Jacobite hopes were shattered at Culloden that Invernessians began to find scope for their energies in the civil life of the nation. Up to that time the remoteness of the county, hemmed in as it is by vast mountains, coupled with the warlike habits of its people, prevented much intercourse with the more settled portions of the United Kingdom, but exceptional cases did prevail as, for instance, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, statesman and patriot, who so nobly, at great personal sacrifice, struggled to mitigate the brutal severities with which the embers of the Jacobite rising were crushed out. James Macpherson is also claimed as a London Invernessian and notwithstanding the contrary views which have been held as to the authenticity of *Ossian*, he had an influence on European literature. Although many Invernessians had made their way to London during the 19th century, it was not until May, 1881, that an association was formed. Its first care was the encouragement of education, and by the distribution of prizes in the public schools of the county, much was achieved in the remote glens and the Isles of the Hebrides. A Bursary for Inverness students at Edinburgh University was founded and medals have been annually distributed to the Royal Academy and High School, Inverness. The encouragement of the teaching of Gaelic has always been a leading feature, but the movement has not been very successful. The President, Mr. Stewart Bogle, took an active interest in the work carried on by the Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London on behalf of sailors and soldiers during the war, and the association has given annual subscriptions to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools; it has also assisted in raising funds for the Northern Infirmary, Inverness.

The Vernacular Circle of the London Robert Burns Club opened its session on 22nd November, 1920, with a lecture by Mr. William Will on "The Preservation of the Scottish Vernacular." Colonel Sir James Cantlie, K. B. E., F. R. C. S., etc., presided and made his introductory remarks in the Scottish doric. The lecturer traced the history of the Scottish tongue from its Anglo-Saxon origin to its present position, marking the various influences — Scandinavian, French, English and Latin—that had conspired to produce the distinctive Scottish language which kings and peasants spoke, and which was in decay when Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson sang, and which in recent times reached its zenith "when Robert Burns burst upon Scotland, and infused life in our literature, and national pride in our language and institutions." The lecturer spoke of the corruption of a language, and instanced the great mass of slang words recently brought by the soldiers from various fronts, and now incorporated in dictionaries—words such as "old bean," "brass hat" (staff officer), "dugout"; he mentioned the fact that bawbee had its origin in the fact that when the half-penny was first minted, Alexander Orrok of Sillebawby, was Master of the Mint. In tracing the decay of the vernacular, the lecturer pointed out that John Knox in preaching in English and in introducing the Bible in English, had struck a fierce blow at braid Scots. In recent years false pride had done much to unseat the language in the homes of the rich and middle class people, because it was considered vulgar to speak Scots, and a stilted English had been introduced. He told the story of the Banffshire boy who, returning from an English boarding school

met his little brother and addressed him thus: "Ha, haw aw ye, m' little fellah? Haw aw ye? Ha! ha!" The little fellow rushed howling to his mother: "Mither, oh mither oor Jock's come hame a craw. He can say neathing but 'Ca' ya, ca' ya!" Mr. Will showed by examples how expressive Scots words are, and how many of the best of them defy English equivalents of one word. He referred to the use of the diminative, such as wife, wifie, wifockie; and spoke of the differences in pronunciation which might be attributed to the climate and soil on which people are reared.

The clever epigram and metaphor were referred to and several examples given; and in conclusion, it was claimed that Scots was a separate and vigorous language, meet vehicle for conveying the thoughts of a virile people. The lecturer claimed that what they had to fear was much more than the loss of a few words. "The language of a people represents and reflects the character of a people. . . . When Scotland sheds her vernacular language, she will have shed her national character; her language is the mirror of her soul. The day that Scotland has shed her national character—which may God prevent—that day she will have become the mere dependency of a more powerful neighbour instead of being, as she is, a free and independent nation."

JOHN DOUGLAS,
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6 St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, London, S. W. 13, England.

Our Glasgow Letter

Owing to a slight illness, Miss Wilson was unable this month to send us her usual letter. We are certain the good wishes of our readers go out to her, and that all will look forward to the renewal of her interesting letters in the February CALEDONIAN.

Current Events

Domestic

Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly of the British Navy, joint commander with Admiral William S. Sims of the British and United States fleets off the coast of Ireland during the World War, arrived in San Francisco, December 29.

H. G. Wells, the English author, who was to have begun his lecture tour in the United States in January, is ill of pneumonia and his physicians have ordered him to postpone his trip. He will visit America as soon as his health permits.

More than a million flowers were said to have been used in the decoration of the 125 floats with contended for prizes in the 32nd annual Tournament of Roses, at Pasadena, California, January 1. The crowd was estimated at 500,000.

General Robert Georges Nivelle in placing a wreath upon the grave of Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay in behalf of the French Government, said: "In the name of the French Republic, I offer this wreath to the memory of the great American who was the foremost and most steadfast friend of the Allies. He was the first not only of the Americans, but of all the neutrals to raise a voice in defence of humanity. The gratitude of France will be everlasting, and history will couple his name with those of Washington and Lincoln as champions of liberty and justice."

Ross Geddes, 13, son of Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, sailed December 28, by the *Carmania* to enter Rugby , accompanied by Captain Clarence Henry, Sir Auckland's secretary.

Lloyd B. Sanderson, senior partner of Sanderson & Son, New York, has announced that the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, with its affiliated services, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and the Nelson Line, will open its own offices in 26 Broadway. Mr. Sanderson will be American director of the Royal Mail and his son, Lloyd B. Sanderson, Jr., will be associated with him. The firm of Sanderson & Son will be incorporated and continue, but under the control of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, with Lloyd B. Sanderson as managing director.

A proposal that the constitution of the Presbyterian Church be amended so as to make it permissible to elect women to the eldership and deaconship carried overwhelmingly at the January meeting of the Philadelphia Presbytery. The proposal was submitted to the Presbyteries of the nation by the General Assembly of the Church. If a majority of the Presbyteries vote in favor of the measure, the church constitution will be amended.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, who was granted the freedom of his native city of Edinburgh on his recent visit, has returned to his home in Cape Breton.

The United States at the close of 1920 had a balance of trade in its favor of at least $2,722,955,008. Exports for the year, the Department of Commerce said in a statement, will probably total $8,191,008,468, while imports for the year will amount to at least $5,468,053,460. Exports for December will probably exceed $675,000,000 and imports will be in excess of $320,000,000.

The Capitol of West Virginia, together with priceless records of some of the departments of the State Government, was destroyed by a fire of mysterious origin on January 3. The loss amounts to several millions of dollars, which is covered by a blanket insurance policy of $6,000,000 on all the State buildings.

The original colors of the King's Royal Rifle Corps of Great Britain, which was first known as the Royal American Regiment and which was stationed at Governors Island from 1756 until 1783, recently presented by the officers and men of the regiment to the little chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, were accepted January 9, in the presence of a notable gathering. The formal presentation of the colors was made by Emile A. Hart, great-grandson of General Aaron Hart, who was commissary to General Sir Jeffery Amherst of the Royal American Regiment. The colors, which were presented to the First Battalion of the Royal American Regiment in 1788, were formally accepted by the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, and after being blessed and dedicated were hung with appropriate ceremonies above the high altar of the chapel.

A great mine fire is burning under lower West Scranton, Pa., in abandoned workings. While there appears to be no immediate danger to the thousands of people living over this particular area, officials fear that if any surface settlings should occur while the blaze is raging, the fumes of gas, sulphur and black damp would creep up through the crevices and possibly enter the homes of the residents, with results that might in some cases prove fatal.

An empty high chair, on the dinnerless tray of which there gleamed the yellow light of a single tallow candle, stood in the centre of a long, bare wooden table in the great dining room of the Hotel Commodore, New York, on December 29. At either end of the long table sat General John J. Pershing and Herbert Hoover, and between them and all around them at other long wooden tables sat 960 men and women who had paid $1,000 each for the privilege of being guests at a dinner which consisted solely of rice, bread and cocoa. The empty chair marked the place of an invisible guest, the 3,500,000 starving and diseased children of Eastern and Central Europe, for whom the dinner, which cost 22 cents a plate, was given, and it is for these children that the $960,000 paid by the guests of Mr. Hoover and General Pershing will be spent.

Canadian

The report comes from Canada—that 15,000 Scottish farmers are ready to leave for Canada at once. They are delayed on account of shortage of shipping accommodations. These men hope to arrive sufficiently early in the spring to be able to commence operations on farms in the West.

Canada's Christmas gift from the Motherland was three fine ships, a cruiser and two destroyers, *Aurora, Patriot* and *Patrician*, presented to the Dominion government by Great Britain. The ships arrived in Halifax late in December, and constitute the beginning of a Canadian navy.

British Columbia contributed 41 per cent. of the total value of the fisheries of Canada in 1919, $21,518,595. This total surpassed that of Nova Scotia by $7,056,275 and that of all the other Provinces combined by $11,156,941. The year's increase for this Province is $6,881,249. The value of plants, etc., is estimated at $15,807,058, which employ 20,883 persons, and whose production for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1919, was valued at $28,329,501. Practically 75 per cent. of the 1919 salmon pack was shipped to Great Britain.

Past Chief, Dr. W. A. Dunbar, of Clan Stewart, No. 92, Winnipeg, Canada, passed away on October 15, at the age of eighty years. By his death, Clan Stewart and the entire Order of Scottish Clans has lost a staunch friend and a true and loyal Clansman. Doctor Dunbar has been for many years The Fiery Cross Correspondent from Clan Stewart. He was treasurer of the clan for fifteen years, and served the clan in other official capacities. He leaves behind a host of friends who will always hold his memory dear.

A correspondent of the Montreal Gazette, in an interesting letter on "A Flag for Canada," gives some reasons for the unsuitability of the provinces' coat of arms, as they are massed at present on the British red ensign, and the limitations of the Maple Leaf as an emblem typical of the entire Dominion. In part he says:

"My suggestion is this: Do away with the provinces' coat of arms, and place on the flag, beneath the Union Jack, stars representing 'The Great Dipper,' and in the upper corner 'The North Star,' and we will have a flag that we will all be proud of, a Canadian flag that will represent something that everybody will understand. The stars that can be seen every clear night, the North Star, that never changes, the star that the mariner's compass points to, the most talked of star in the heavens.

"Australia and New Zealand (within the British Empire) have on their flags stars representing the 'Southern Cross.' Now it remains for Canada to crown it all by placing 'The Great Dipper and the 'North Star' upon her flag, and we will have the most beautiful flag in the world."

More than 250,000 tourists crossed the international border into Canada at Blaine, Wash., enroute for Vancouver, in 1920.

Sixty pairs of silver and black foxes, worth more than a million dollars, were sent from Prince Edward Island to the live fox exhibition held in Montreal recently. These valuable animals were shipped in steel baggage cars specially fitted up for their accommodation and their safety and comfort were both zealously and jealously guarded.

With the Australasian line established, the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, Limited, will next branch out in trade from Vancouver to India, followed by Oriental lines, and next with ships to the United Kingdom. After these lines are operating, the C. G. M. M. will put ships on the South American and Atlantic seaboard service if business prospects warrant such a step.

Three well-known Canadians passed away during the early days of the New Year: Sir William Peterson, former Principal of McGill University, who died in London, England, January 4, after a long illness. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1856. John Beattie Crozier, physician, philosopher, historian and political economist, died in London, January 8. He was born in Canada in 1847. He was educated at the Galt Grammar School and Toronto University. Sir Frank Baillie, one of Canada's best known business and financial men, died in Toronto, January 2.

British

The London Inverness-shire Association, has passed a resolution approving of the Lochaber Water Scheme of the British Aluminum Company, a Confirmation Order for which will soon be introduced as a bill in the House of Lords. The resolution took the form of welcoming the scheme as a means of providing work for 2,000 to 3,000 people in the Highlands and thereby preventing emigration.

Sir Ronald Crauford Munro-Ferguson, who has been created a peer, has taken the title of Viscount Novar of Raith, in the county of Fife, and of Novar in the county of Ross.

Robert Louis Stevenson's memory was honored in his birthplace by the first commemorative dinner of the R. L. Stevenson Club held in Edinburgh, December 19. Dr. Edmund Gosse, to whom Stevenson's last letter, an unfinished one, from Vailima was addressed, said that he "did not believe Stevenson had twenty real friends yet he was the incarnation of friendship, one of the truest souls and one of the most beloved of natures."

The King has approved the appointment of Edward Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, to be Colonel-in-Chief, Seaforth Highlanders.

The Public Library Committee of Inverness have unanimously agreed to accept custody of the Fraser-Mackintosh library of about 6,000 volumes which has been generously gifted to the town by Mrs. Fraser-Mackintosh. A committee, consisting of Provost Macdonald (Convener), Messrs. E. Barron, James Ross, Sutherland, and H. A. Braine, was appointed to make arrangements for the housing of the library. In addition to this valuable gift, Mrs. Fraser-Mackintosh has also given to the town an interesting collection of Fraser Fencible muskets, 37 in number, with stands.

Sir Edward Carson has decided to relinquish the political leadership of the Ulster Unionists and also not to take office in a new Ulster administration, according to the London *Times*, which adds: "He considers his work as Ulster leader ended with the passing of a home rule act acceptable to his followers and will make way now for younger men."

Miss Mary MacArthur, secretary of the British Women's Trades Union League and vice president of the International Women's Congress, died in her home in Golder's Green, London, January 1.

The staff and pupils of the Merkinch School, recently honored Miss Harriet Fraser, who has been connected with the teaching staff of the school for the long period of 43 years. Mr. Coutts Morrison, headmaster, in presenting Miss Fraser with a set of furs from the pupils and staff, paid a tribute to Miss Fraser's long and highly appreciated services in connection with the school, and expressed on behalf of the subscribers their best wishes to Miss Fraser on her retirement. Many other tributes were paid to the veteran teacher

An appeal has been issued by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland for funds to ensure the continued excavation of the prehistoric site on Traprain Law, on which the discovery of fourth century plate was made in 1919. The appeal contains a number of interesting illustrations of the finds, including the "silver hoard" and the beautful fibulae from the lower levels that give indication of the character of the attire of the early inhabitants of the Law. Evidence has been forthcoming, it is stated, that there were four distinct occupations during the first four centuries of the Christian era. "Wherever," continues the appeal, "the ground has been explored the same series of occupations has been exposed, and consequently the exploration presents a unique opportunity of recovering relics approximately datable and throwing much light on the fashion and culture prevailing throughout the respective periods, about which little has hitherto been known. One notable fact that seems conclusively proved is that we have here to deal with a site as purely of native occupation as the famous fort at Newstead was Roman."

Four interesting Burns letters were recently sold at Sotheby's, London. They are addressed to Mr. Thomas Boyd, an architect, who built Burns's cottage at Dumfries. In one of them the poet writes: "I am distressed with the want of my house in a most provoking manner. It loses me two hours' work of my servants every day, besides other conveniences. For G—d's sake let me but within the shell of it." And in another:—"I arrived from Edin, yesternight and was a good deal surprised at finding my house still lying like Babylon in the prophecies of Isaiah." From which one would judge that the building trade has not altered its ways vastly in the last century and a quarter. Several other relics of the poet were included in the sale.

Caithness County Council have unanimously agreed to accept the custody of the monument erected by the Duke of Portland to the memory of natives of Berriedale and Braemore, who lost their lives or were wounded in the service of their country. The memorial has been placed at the junction of the two rivers at Berriedale.

Dr. Kenneth Gillanders, son of Mr. A. Gillanders, headmaster of Portree Higher-Grade School, has been appointed assistant house surgeon in the Hull Royal Infirmary. Dr. Gillanders was educated at Portree and Glasgow University. He went to Mesopotamia in 1917, and was stationed at a military hospital at Basra until demobilized a few months ago.

Alexander Munro, late ground officer on the Badenoch estate of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. of Invershire and Ballindalloch, was entertained to a banquet in the Duke of Gordon Hotel, Kingussie, by the number of the tenantry and other friends, and made the recipient of tangible gifts of esteem and good-will on the occasion of his retirement after forty years' service.

Professor Patrick Geddes has been doing some town planning at the Jewish suburbs in Haifa and Tiberias, and is renewing the plans for the improvement of Jerusalem, for which he organized a civic and town-planning exhibition. This was opened by Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner, under whose advent Palestine has been settling down.

The Scottish Universities have a notable series of Lord Rectors, Lord Cowdray, for Aberdeen, being the only one who has as yet delivered his soul to the students—on "The Labour Problems and the Ideal Wage." As a great employer of labor in every part of the world, all that he said was well worth attention. Sir J. M. Barrie has been chosen for St. Andrews, and has offered a prize for an essay on the three Roberts: on Fergusson, Burns, and R. L. Stevenson. Mr. Lloyd George for Edinburgh, and Mr. Bonar Law for Glasgow University, should be well worth listening to when that time comes.

Rev. Lewis A. Sutherland, M.A., Motherwell, has been inducted by the U. F. Church Presbytery of Inverness to the charge of the United Free High Church congregation of Inverness.

At the annual meeting of the Clan Mackay Society in Glasgow, Mr. J. D. C. Mackay, principal of the School of Accountancy, was unanimously elected honorary president of the society. Mr. Mackay has done valuable service to the society in past years and the society will certainly flourish during his period of office. Messrs. W. U. Mackay, Glasgow; Duncan R. Mackay, Glasgow; George Mackay, Glasgow; John Mackay, The Hotel, Stromness; P. J. Mackay, Edinburgh; and A. M. Mackay (L. & N. W. Railway), Edinburgh, were elected vice-presidents. Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., 226 St. Vincent street, Glasgow, was elected honorary treasurer, and Messrs. D. N. Mackay, 219 St. Vincent street, Glasgow, and John Mackay, S.S. C., 37 York Place, Edinburgh, were re-elected as honorary secretaries in their respective cities. The society has 295 members.

The United Free Church congregations of Kingussie and Newtonmore have agreed to present a call to the Rev. Robert Sutherland, presently minister of the United Free Church at Kirkconnel, Dumfriesshire, as colleague and successor to the Rev. Alexander Bain, who has retired from the active duties of the ministry on account of ill health.

Mr. Bonar Law will be the principal guest at the universary dinner of the Edinburgh Merchant Company in January. Founded in 1681 under a charter of Charles II. as a set off against the growing power of the craftsmen, before insurance became general, the Merchant Company made provision for a member's widow or child, when he died. At the present time it takes much interest in the development of Edinburgh industrially and its extension. One of its finest schemes has been the Merchant Company's schools, with about 4,000 scholars on the roll. Under the old hospital system the number was 428. Sir T. J. Boyd, the publisher, was master when in 1870, under a special Act, the old hospital system was abolished, and those flourishing institutions established of George Watson's College for boys and girls, Daniel Stewart's, and James Gillespie's,—this last now being under the Education Authority. The original funds under which these institutions were established were gifted by James Gillespie, a snuff merchant; Daniel Stewart of the Exchequer Office; and George Watson, first accountant of the Bank of Scotland, and Margaret Erskine. These funds, well invested, have borne great fruit. A former master of the company, Dr. John Harrison, has written an admirable monograph on "The Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh and its Schools, 1694-1920." The membership is now over 600, and the funds controlled by the company are over a million sterling.

While fishing flounders in Calgary Bay, Scotland, a youthful fisherman had the unique experience of capturing a huge lobster by one of the hooks on the flounder line. It measures 4 feet between the extended feelers, 3 feet 4 inches from the tail to the tip of the feelers, and 2 feet between the ends of the extended legs. The body and tail are proportionately large. The huge crustacean was taken alive, and is now in safe confinement.

During the month of November the total of Savings Certificates of the larger denominations—£26 to £500—sold in Scotland amounted to £121,627.

On St. Andrew's Day, the Glasgow St. Andrew Society sent a miniature St. Andrew's Cross flag to every Scottish soldier in the British Army.

What might have been a serious fire occurred at Achnacarry, the mansion house of Lochiel, late in December. A spark from a burning log set fire to a portion of the flooring and the wall in one of the rooms.

The total number of State-aided schools in Scotland in 1919 was 3,359, with an estimated population of 853,047 children from 5 to 14 years of age. The recognized total accommodation of these schools was for 1,113,305 scholars, but the average number of scholars on the register during the year totalled 837,923. If the actual average attendance is taken a total of 725,066 is shown. The number of certificated teachers for the year was 21,457, of whom 21 were provisionally certificated. There were also 283 uncertificated teachers.

With the Editor

THE CALEDONIAN wishes to thank its friends for the many expressions of good will received during the holiday season, far too numerous to acknowledge singly. Our very best wishes to you all for a happy and prosperous New Year; and we'll pass them on to you as sent us by an old friend, in case you may not have seen the verse—

"May the best ye've ever seen,
Be the worst ye'll ever see;
May the mouse ne'er leave ye'r pantry
Wi' a tear drap in its 'ee!
May ye'r lum keep blithely reekin'
Till ye're auld enough to dee,
May ye aye be just as happy
As I wish ye aye tae be!"

The Caledonian Club Resolution

That the New York Caledonian Club, by its outspoken and timely anti-Sinn-Fein resolution (October, 1920 CALEDONIAN, p. 276) crystallized the opinions and sentiments of the vast majority of American Scots is conclusively indicated by the volume of endorsements which it has received from other organizations. During the past three months, this resolution has been presented and discussed by bodies whose combined memberships exceed 50,000. Up to January first there had been 112 endorsing resolutions announced. For the most part these endorsements have come from the clans affiliated with the Order of Scottish Clans, over seventy of these clans being heard from, including many of the oldest and most influential. The other organizations include fifteen lodges of the Daughters of Scotia, seven Saint Andrew's societies, eight Caledonian Clubs, five Burns societies, the New York Scottish Society, the Highland Dress Association of Massachusetts, and the famous Scots Charitable Society of Boston, which was established in 1657, and is probably the oldest society in America.

Amang Oorsel's

For lack of support, two fine publications in Australia, *The Queensland Scotsman* (Brisbane) and *The Scot At Home and Abroad* (Melbourne), have been forced to suspend; even our sterling contemporary, *The Scottish Australasian* (Sydney), has been in difficulties, and only by again rallying a few sturdy friends to it's support has it been able to continue publication.

We all have fresh in our minds the fate

of the old standard-bearer in America, the *Scottish-American* (New York), now deceased, and we congratulate *The Australasian* not alone upon successfully tiding over a very serious situation, but also upon the blunt and truthful way in which it has presented some of the problems that face daily the publishers of similar periodicals.

THE CALEDONIAN, in the difficult months following upon the death of its founder and editor, Mr. MacDougall, has been fortunate in the considerate and wholehearted support it has received from a large majority of its subscribers. In a year that has been fraught with the gravest business depression, with all overhead and publication costs largely increased, without advancing our advertising or subscription rates, we are able to report "progress" and an outlook that is most encouraging. So the following quotations, which are aimed at those who, through thoughtlessness or neglect, fail to remit promptly for subscriptions or advertising, must be read with due apologies from the editor where the shoe does not fit.

"This is a reminder," says *The Australasian*, "that, although a single subscription is only a small amount, many single subscriptions in arrears mean a great deal to those who are responsible for the production of the paper. The daily papers, with their tremendous sales and overflowing advertising columns, have doubled their prices, and we have an idea that long-winded subscribers receive scant consideration from their managers. Considering the cost of printing now-a-days, a year is too long to wait for an indication to pay on the part of the person to whom a paper is sent: but what shall we say of those who 'for-get' for two years or more those modest reminders of indebtedness we send out now and again? With their national reputation for justice, we feel ourselves to be under a reproach when a Scot is far in arrears with his subscription. Now-a-days, when everyone has a banking account, it is a simple matter to send along a check the day the account for subscription arrives. And we would remind those who have no banking account that we have one on which there is a constant and heavy demand, and unless there is a succession of little raindrops in the shape of annual subscriptions, it is only a matter of time for the pump to suck air, and go on strike. We ask in confidence for prompt responses to our memos. of indebtedness, for it is quite possible that in our case 'evil is wrought from want of thought, as well as want of heart.'"

Speaking further of the resolution of the shareholders to continue, it was considered that

"the paper is of too great a value to the Scottish community to be allowed to succumb to the high cost of publication, even though several papers of the class have done so. There is such a strong feeling concerning the value of the paper, and its high-class, that we are encouraged to go forward, feeling that the crisis has passed. This does not mean that we do not need all the sympathy and support Scotsmen can give us, or that the load is immediately lighter. It does mean, however, that the Scots responsible for the publication are patriotically determined that the Scottish community shall not be unrepresented by a journal of its own, devoted to its interests in particular, and the public good in general.

"One thing, however, must be understood, and this is that long subscriptions can no longer be permitted. There is no reason why we should supply for more than a year issues, which cost more to produce than we obtain for them, and it is not fair that readers should presume upon our generosity beyond a reasonable time.

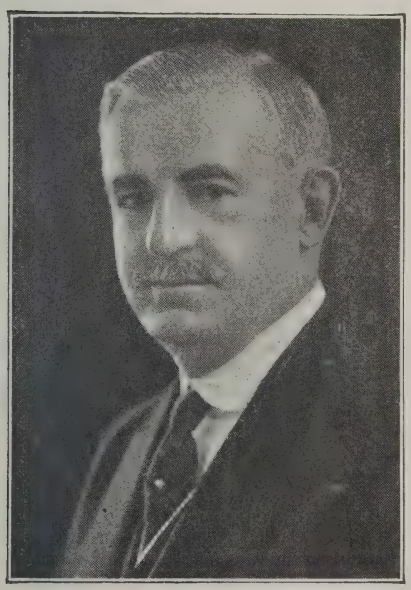
"We further ask that readers who appreciate the paper will make it their business to get their friends also to become subscribers to *their* paper. A large number printed means a smaller cost for a single copy, and this is most desirable. Will our friends generally imitate some of our supporters, who are always on the look out for another Scot to be introduced to a publication which gives pleasure? By-and-by we hope to turn the corner of the high cost of production, when concessions or improvements will be considered. In the meantime, what we want is prompt payment of subscriptions, more subscribers, and greater use of our pages by societies and anyone who has anything of interest to write about."

Now, friends, in behalf of THE CALEDONIAN, let us remember these things. Lend us your hand. We are working hard and making sacrifices to make THE CALEDONIAN the representative magazine it should be; it remains with you how far we shall succeed. Secure as many advertisers and subscribers as you can, and help to tide THE CALEDONIAN over the difficulties it is faced with, until the cost of production is reduced. For twenty years it has been at your service, and it has served a good purpose. Do your duty by extending your utmost support to it in these days of stress. Then will the honor be yours. We Scots are proud of the fact that we never turn our back to the foe or desert a friend.

Scottish and British Societies

In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Greetings From Colonel Scott



COLONEL WALTER SCOTT

DEAR MR. STODDARD:

My best wishes to T. E CALEDONIAN and its readers, also to yourself for the New Year. I certainly hope all your dreams and desires will be fully realized.

Yours very truly,
WALTER SCOTT.

New York Caledonian Club

The last regular business meeting of the club for 1920 was held in the club hall, Tuesday evening, December 7th, Chief James R. Donaldson presiding. Thirteen proposals for membership were received. Then new members were elected—William M. Smith, I. Drummond, Alexander Munro, Thomas G. Corbett, William E. Deans, William Garvin, Roderick McLennon, James Kay, John Elliot and Edward Kelly, John Gilchrist who dropped out some years ago, rejoined and was warmly greeted by many old club friends. The sick and visiting committee reported that James D. Lennox was a patient in the Presbyterian Hospital, where he expected to be under treatment for three months. Clansman Matthew Mackie was reported as suffering from an infected finger which limited him to the character of a looker on in affairs that previously he had participated in actively. On the recommendation of the trustees, a membership identification card will be issued to all on the club roll. The sociable committee announced that the attendance at the weekly dance on Saturday evenings was larger than ever. Ex-Chieftain Gilbert A. Burns was elected to the committee. The chief announced that he was a guest at the Kirkcaldy Association dinner on Thanksgiving eve and had had a great time. The annual meeting for the election of officers and committees for 1921, was held in the club billiard room, Tuesday evening, December 14th. Although there was no opposition for a single office, more than sixty members were on hand to see that there were no slip ups. Ex-Chiefs Reid and Foulis were tellers and received a hearty vote of thanks for the manner in which they discharged their duties. Everything went along lovely, but old members wished the election was more like old times when they stood out in snow around Horatio street to see that friends were supplied with the correct tickets and did not fall into the hands of or submit to the blandishments of the unscrupulous enemy. After adjournment all present spent a social hour as the guests of the newly elected officers with ex-Chief Reid in the chair.

NEW YORK-YONKERS CALEDONIAN SHUFFLEBOARD MATCH

Some years ago the Yonkers Caledonian Club challenged the New York Caledonian Club to a home and home shuffleboard match and were trimmed in proper style. The war came on and probably no club suffered more by members going overseas than the one in the city on the banks of the Nepperhan. Recently Chief McEneany of Yonkers considered the time was ripe for another match, sent in a challenge and as a result the New

York team travelled to Yonkers the night after Thanksgiving. Evidently the Manhattan men were suffering after the previous day's feasting, for coming back on the car headed south on Broadway for the subway station at Van Cortlandt Park they seemed to be hypnotized by the figures 278-155, with New York holding the short end. The second half of the game was played on the New York club's boards, Friday evening, December 17, and although the home team was in good form, they were only able to reduce the Yonkers' lead by 91 shots, the Terrace City men winning the match by 32 shots. Chief McEneany's men are now looking towards Newark for another victim.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The regular monthly meeting of the ladies was held in the club parlor, Monday evening, December 13, when business matters for 1920 were cleaned up and arrangements made for the New Year reception to club members in the club hall, Monday evening, January 10, 1921. The attendance was large and all expressed satisfaction when the reports showed that the year just closing had been one of the most successful in the society's existence. When the president, Mrs. John Stark declared the meeting adjourned the monthly competition on the alleys was taken up and Mrs. Alexander Caldwell again showed enough speed and precision to capture first prize. The other winners were Miss Annie Gordon, Mrs. John Ferguson and Miss Sarah Ferguson. Mrs. Gilbert A. Burns marched proudly homeward carrying the booty as her evening's trophy.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

New York Caledonian Curling Club

The sixty-fifth annual meeting of this old-time organization, which has done so much to promote the "Roarin' Game" in this country, was held in the rooms of the New York Caledonian Club, Wednesday evening, December 15. Vice President John Riddell was in the chair. Arrangements were made for the various matches for the 1920-21 winter season. Officers for 1921 were elected as follows: President, John Riddell; vice president, Thomas T. Archibald; secretary-treasurer, David Templeman; representative member, Thomas Wigley; skips, Thomas T. Archibald, John Stirling, William Cuthbertson and David Templeman. David Winton, Thomas T. Archibald, William Cuthbertson and Thomas Wigley were selected as the rink to represent the club in the Gordon International Medal Match. The members unanimously decided that a curlers' supper in the spring would fittingly close the season and resolved to take up the matter with the other clubs in New York. For many years a supper in the Casino in Central Park or the Old Homestead at Broadway and 51st street, was a feature of the game in New York, and there can be no doubt that a chance to again sit down to "Beef and Greens" will receive hearty support, especially as the ladies will be included.

New York Kirkcaldy Association

It was decidedly satisfactory to "Lang Tooners" of New York and vicinity when they found the largest crowd in the nine years existence of the association gathered at the Roma on Thanksgiving eve to participate in the festivities that are always a feature of the annual dinner. President Alexander Brown welcomed the guests. Hugh R. Westwood said grace, after which strict attention was given to the various toothsome items on the menu. When the tables were cleared, President Brown stated that a long program of song and story had been arranged and urged everyone to help out in a chorus when it was possible to do so. Chief Donaldson of New York and Chief Thomson of Newark, responded eloquently to toasts to their clubs. Captain William G. Reid of the Highland Guard gave his opinion of the recent characteristic murders of the Sinn Fein, calling British officers to their doors or gaining admission to their bedrooms and shooting them down without a chance to defend themselves. The company warmly indorsed all of his expressions regarding the brutes. His remarks on the territory to the east of Burntisland showed how really well posted he was on the "Lang Toon" and a few well put together sentences on the greatness of "The Kingdom" made him a friend for life of every "Whustler" in the room. Other speakers were ex-Chiefs Foulis and Gray, of New York. Ex-Chief Huggan, of Newark; Hugh R. Westwood, John Wilson and Francis Dykes. Songs were sung by Edward Currie, James Whyte, Gordon Whyte, James Hutchinson, Alexander Tasker, George Murray, Robert Watson, Alexander Wilson and John Walker. William B. Brown delighted the company with a recitation in his usual finished style. James Birrell played a fine selection of Scottish airs on the violin. Pipe Major Angus M. Fraser's performance on the national instrument was proof to all present that he is still second to none. Ex-President John Wilson who put in Thanksgiving eve of 1919 in the hospital, was warmly congratulated on his return to health and Kirkcaldy Association dinners. Sandy Tasker who was born November 24th, 1853, completed his three score and seventh year while sitting at the table—consequently never felt the eighteenth amendment more acutely. Captains James Tasker of the S. S. *Grace Dollar* and Chieftains Marshall and Nixon of the New York Caledonian Club, were among the guests who enjoyed the evening with the Kirkcaldy folk, although not one of them could claim the honor of Fifeshire ancestry.

The Brooklyn (New York) New England Society will present to the First Church in Plymouth, Mass., a set of chimes costing $15,000, as a tribute to the Pilgrim Fathers. The bells, ten in number, will be given next spring. Kindred organizations and individuals descended directly from the Pilgrims, also will contribute to the funds for the gift.

Boston Letter

SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY—"ST. ANDREWS' DAY"

The facetious remark has been made that Scotsmen observe two holidays in the year—one St. Andrew's Day (for the patron saint of Scotland), the other the birthday of Robert Burns (Scotland's beloved poet), whom they have not as yet canonized, and that Scotsmen spend the intervals between the two in recovering from the one and getting ready for the other. With respect to the intended witticism, Scotsmen are sufficiently endowed with a sense of humor to let it pass for what it is worth. Moreover as to Scotsmen in America, or to be more precise, in this United States, the Eighteenth Amendment precludes the necessity for recovery. Yet in spite of that forbidden by the aforesaid Constitutional Amendment it in nowise affected the enthusiasm of some 200 or more members and friends of the Scots Charitable Society gathered in the City Club on November 30 to commemorate St. Andrew's Day and observe the 263rd anniversary of the society.

The procession to the banquet hall was led by Piper George Martin. Stewart W. Millar, president of the society, presided over the banquet, and seated with him were Governor Calvin Coolidge, vice president-elect of the United States; Corporation Counsel Arthur D. Hall, representing Mayor Peters; Professor Charlton Black, of Boston University; T. P. Porter, British Consul; Rev. Archibald Black, and representatives of British societies in Boston. During the serving of the banquet, chorus singing was led by Dr. Robert Farquhar.

President Millar, in his introductory address, remarked that wherever Scotsmen were gathering to-night they were paying homage to the patron saint, St. Andrew. Across the water the only difference between their gatherings and this here in Boston is that they are drinking toasts with the mountain dew of Scotland, while we must confine ourselves to nature's wine. He then proposed the toast, "The Day and a' Wha Honour It." Afterwards toasts were drunk to the President of the United States, and to King George V of Great Britain. Governor Coolidge was then introduced and was cheered and applauded for three solid minutes.

The Governor urged that "we are all equally determined that this Commonwealth of Massachusetts shall be and remain the grandest Commonwealth in all this great nation of ours." He paid a high tribute to Scotsmen, declaring that they have a right to be proud of the name of Scotsmen—the name, which has adorned many pages of our history. "As long as home life as represented in Robert Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' continued the Governor, "endures in America, so long will America be secure. Around the firesides and in the home is the strength of every people, the greatness of all nations."

President Miller remarked that Governor Coolidge was good enough to be a Scotsman and that he would entertain a motion that the Governor be made an honorary member of the oldest society of its kind in the United States of America. Past President Robert Pirie proposed the motion which was several times seconded and unanimously adopted. Thereupon the Governor was again introduced as the baby honorary member of the society.

Professor Charlton Black delivered the oration. A forcible speaker, with a remarkable fund of humor, and the ability to give it expression, the professor had his audience several times convulsed in laughter. Especially amusing were his definitions of a Scotsman, his first meeting with Robert Louis Stevenson, when as a boy he went from his home in Leddlesdale to Edinburgh University, and his father's beadle in Leddesdale, who swore he had been as drunk on "sneeshin" as ever he had been on "whusky."

T. P. Porter, British Consul in Boston, who by the way hails from Paisley, remarked that the sentiment expressed in a recently published cartoon that Great Britain has the respect and friendship of all the decent people of America is reciprocated in Great Britain by the high esteem which throughout the British Empire is felt for this great republic. Corporation Counsel Arthur D. Hill spoke for the City of Boston, and paid tribute to the Scots Brigade in the World's War, claiming for it first place as a fighting unit from observations personally made while in France during the war.

Rev. Archibald Black, from Rothesay, assistant to Dr. George Gordon of the Old South Church, spoke on "Scottish Characteristics." Songs of Scotland contributed by James Singer and H. Wilkinson, added much to the evening's enjoyment, Fred Pirie making an efficient accompanist. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a most successful evening to a close.

SCOTTISH BAZAAR

This was the principal subject of interest in Scottish circles for three days, December 9th, 10th and 11th. The bazaar was held by the Women's Board of the Scots Charitable Society at Horticultural Hall, Huntington avenue, for the purpose of raising five thousand dollars for the permanent fund of the board. The bazaar was opened on Thursday afternoon, December 9th, by the Rev. Archibald Black, of the Old South Church. President Stewart W. Millar, president of the Scots Charitable Society, and members from that body marched into the hall, headed by three youthful pipers. President Millar introduced the Rev. Archibald Black, who in the course of his remarks said the bazaar feature of raising money was peculiarly adapted to the Scots; that it was a perfect heaven to them, for they dearly loved to bargain. He hoped the women would achieve what they had set out to do, for the purpose was a most worthy one, which was to aid and assist their unfortunate kinspeople who

may be in stress, and in need. As no undertaking in Scotland was started without first invoking the divine blessing, he would ask them to join with him in prayer. President Millar then declared the bazaar open and ready for business. During the three afternoons and evenings the bazaar was largely attended—the Scottish people responding splendidly to the call on their generosity. Saturday evening the crowd was so large that the capacity of the hall was sorely overtaxed. A novel feature of the bazaar was the special attraction of an entertainment. This was held in another hall in the Horticultural building, and proved a grand success. This entertainment was under the direction of Mrs. R. Earl May, and consisted of singing, Highland and fancy dancing and piping. Beginning at three p. m., a concert was given each hour until closing time. There was no lack of talent and services were freely given. As an example of the spirit of the workers, Mrs. D. Skinner, of Medford, Mass., who was actively engaged on the Cafe Committee, sang at each performance, and it was even so with the others,—all eager to contribute to the success of the bazaar. The great attraction however, was the wonderful life sized baby doll and carriage. The doll was exquisitely dressed, every bit made by the donor, Mrs. Alexander Smith, of Needham. A goodly sum of money was realized by the sale of chances on this doll and carriage, and the winner was a six months' old baby in Jamaica Plain. The Highland Dress Association Pipe and Drum Band, and the Boston Girls' Pipe and Drum Band were present and played on Thursday and Saturday evenings.

In charge of the various tables and rooms, were: Tea room, Mrs. R. C. Husband and assistants; dolls, Mrs. Crawford Ferguson and assistants; candies, Mrs. W. C. Martin and assistants; flowers, etc., Mrs. P. M. Miller and assistants; aprons, Mrs. Alexander Souter and assistants; preserves, Mrs. A. K. Rogers and assistants; men's table, Mrs. J. M. Maxwell and assistants; bags, Mrs. J. E. Dick and assistants; groceries, Mrs. Annie Meikle and assistants; household articles, Mrs. J. T. Shaw and assistants; fancy articles, Mrs. J. Frank Newcombe and assistants; bundles and grabs, Miss A. W. Irving and assistants; miscellaneous, Mrs. D. L. Macfarlane and assistants; cafe, Mrs. T. S. Abercrombie and assistants.

The ladies and their assistants deserve great credit for the success of the bazaar and particular mention must be made of the Committee of Arrangements who were indefatigable in their labors which contributed so much to its success, for it was a signal success, the fondest hopes of the ladies having been realized.

Miss Agnes Thomson, whose name on any program spells success, was chairman of the committee and was ably assisted by honorary chairman, President Mrs. P. H. Lawson; Mrs. C. B. Lamont, treasurer; Miss Lena Mackenzie, secretary, and Mrs. Peter Reed, assistant secretary. The success of the Women's Board was well earned, for the members worked hard to that end, but as Past President Robert Earl May tersely remarked, "They are a grand bunch of workers."

JOHN MCGAW

Died, Friday, December 10, 1920.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of John McGaw, one of Boston's most representative Scotsmen. Mr. McGaw took a very great interest and active part in Scottish societies in Boston. He was a life member and past president of the Scots Charitable Society, a life member of the Boston Caledonian Club, and a member of the Boston Scottish Society. He was a keen bowler on the green and as keen a curler on the ice. To him Boston is indebted for both the Boston Bowling Green Club and the Boston Curling Club. He was an honorary member of the National Bowling Green Association, an honor conferred on him in recognition of his services in the interests of that game in New England. Mr. McGaw, who was born in Stranraer, Wigtonshire, followed the business of contractor, retiring from active work a few years ago. He was seventy-two years old.

W. Lawson Reid, M. A.

71 Simpson Avenue,
W. Somerville, Mass.

Doings of Detroit Scots

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

St. Andrews' Society held their Annual St. Andrew's Nicht Banquet in their own banquet hall. Chaplain Anderson started the large, hearty-looking crowd with Burns' Grace. It was a real Scotch dinner—chappit tatties, finnan haddies, Bubbly Jock, and Sowens, and Piper Blair played in the Haggis while Brother Anderson recited Burns' address to the Haggis. Kebbuk an' partens followed while cider and coffee cleared the throats of the speakers and singers. President Fowler was chairman of the occasion, while Mr. Tolmie, M. P. of Essex, Ontario, was the principal speaker of the evening. Dr. Sykes, Dr. Jack and Treasurer Watson also took a whack at Detroit Scots while Messrs. Rankin and Oliver and Mrs. Haystead sang.

BURNS CLUB

The monthly meeting of the Burns Club, held in the Tuller Hotel, December 10, was the most satisfactory meeting of the year. President Goodwillie was in the chair. The City Council had already given a permit for the erection of statue in Cass Park. Bids from contractors were read for pedestal, although at this writng the contract was not yet awarded. It lay between a Detroit and New York contractor. The pedestal will be of gray granite. The bronze statue will be shipped from London at the beginning of the year. In another letter we will be able to give a complete description of statue and pedestal.

The Burns Club will also celebrate the birthday of the poet with a banquet at the

Hotel Tuller, January 25th, where some of Detroit's famous orators will be heard.

MASONIC DEDICATION

As so many Detroit Scots belong to the Masonic Order, this letter would be incomplete without a notice of the great gathering at the turning of the sod of the new Masonic Temple on Cass Park. It will cost nearly five million dollars and will be the finest in the world. Fully 25,000 Masons were in the parade Thanksgiving Day, led by Kiltie Bands and Knight Templars through the main streets to the grand stand, to Cass avenue, where the new temple will stand. The ceremony was very impressive. "We know now," a gentleman said to the writer, "Who the safeguards of our nation are."

Zion Lodge and the Ashlar Blue Lodge have many Scotch members. Zion Lodge's charter dates back to 1764, having been organized by the British then in occupation of Detroit. Zion Lodge has also a Highland Degree Team, all wearing kilts and some being pipers.

Eastern Star Lodge also contemplates building a $400,000 temple for the ladies; while Ionac Lodge is already erecting a fine new temple.

Detroit has so long been reckoned a Roman Catholic City that the huge gathering of Masons on Thanksgiving Day has awakened, we notice, another feeling among some of our daily papers that have been strangely pro-Catholic for years back.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

6744 Vinewood Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Cincinnati, Ohio

The ninety-third anniversary dinner of the Caledonian Society of Cincinnati, was given at the Hotel Gibson, Tuesday evening, November 30, in honor of our patron saint, Andrew.

This affair has continued to grow in popularity, and the last committee left nothing undone to please all present. Not alone was the excellent spread most pleasing to the folk gathered about the festive board, but the entertainment was second to none.

As usual, the Caledonian Pipe Band opened the evening's pleasures with several selections. This splendid organization, under the direction of Major William L. Nimmo, is continuing to grow, both in numbers and ability.

The tables were beautifully decorated "wi' heather just frae the hills o' bonnie Scotland," and the committee endeavored to make all feel that the spirit of St. Andrew himself was present.

"Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crown a welcome."

As has been the custom, the bag pipers led the haggis procession, and big Sandy Buchanan Pfister, holding the chief o' puddins aloft, entered the banquet hall amid much applause.

Following dinner which was presided over by Dr. William Gillespie, president of the society, the Rev. J. B. Ascham responded with an excellent talk on St. Andrew.

"St. Andrew's name the oriflame
Which, once a year, from far and near,
Draw Scotsmen a' thegither."

Program—Song, "The Auld Scotch Sangs," Miss Agnes K. Wagner; song, "Hills o' Skye," Mr. L. F. Bader; dance, Highland Fling, Miss Marion Reeves; song, "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose," Miss Mildred Rohe; The Scot—"His genius and learning has created an influence for good that will last forever"; response, Dr. C. A. L. Reed; song, "The Maid o' Dundee," Catharine Drysdale Kloo; song, "Shir a Bhata" (sung in Gaelic), Rev. Louis G. Hoeck, D. D.; sword dance, Lomond and Donald Nimmo; song, "I'm Wantin' You, Jean," Mr. L. F. Bader; song, "Lochnagar," Miss Agnes K. Wagner; bag pipe solo, "71st Quickstep," Donald R. Nimmo; response, Judge Miller Outcalt.

"For her we'll fight—let come what may,
The Stars and Stripes forever."

Song, "Star Splangled Banner," Mr. L. F. Bader; song, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," Catharine D. Kloo; son, "The Skye Boat Song," Rev. L. G. Hoeck, D. D.; song, "Blue Bells of Scotland," Miss Mildred Rohe; "Auld Lang Syne," led by Mr. David Craig.

"The hour approaches, Tam maun ride."
"Good nicht, an' joy be wi' ye."

Too much praise cannot be given the dinner and the entertainment committee, and special mention is due the members of the Bagpipe Band, Miss Wagner, Miss Rohe, Catharine Kloo, and the several speakers.

During the evening a splendid message was received from the Detroit Caledonian Society.

Dr. John Robertson, D. D., late of the British Expeditionary Force, made a splendid talk on the Scot in war, and Thomas McNeil, the old local favorite, as exponent of Bobbie Burns, recited several of the bard's best verses.

Following the program, cigars were passed around, and all enjoyed getting better acquainted.

Following are the present officers of the society: William Gillespie, president; Montgomerie Christie, vice president; M. A. Lindsay, secretary; George W. Galbraith, treasurer; Rev. Louis G. Hoeck, D. D., chaplain. Council: Robert F. Taft, William L. Nimmo, James Robertson Stewart. Dinner committee: William M. Donaldson, James Harper, D. D. McDougall, James Niven, J. E. Richardson, Rev. Peter Robertson, D. D.

CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CALEDONIAN

Philadelphia Letter

Its comin' yet for a' that. "When man to man the warl o'er shall brithers be for a' that." So said our revered Bobbie, but little dreamt he of Woman Suffrage, and Daughters o' Scotia, The Lady Camerons No. 66 of our city, had open installation, inviting to attendance the clansmen of the several clans, O. S. C., in addition to the sisters of the sister lodge, D. of S., and well might they feel proud of the manner in which the ceremonial work was performed, no books were used, everything memorized. All the elect in white dresses presented a pretty picture, marching around the large hall to a march played on the piano by their official pianiste, describing intricate evolutions ere being presented to Deputy Sister Jessie Lawrence of the Past Chief Daughters' Association. Grand Secretary Sister Helene Scott, was present, and expressed her delight at the perfect and attractive work of the evening. The clansmen might well sit up and take notice, the lassies can give them pointers.

On December 4th, the ladies of Lodges Cameron, Gordon, Campbell and MacGregor, gave a Complimentary Banquet in Moseback's to Grand Treasurer Annie E. Leslie, presenting her with a beautiful platinum bar pin and a gorgeous bouquet of flowers, generously inviting the men, many of that ilk were conspicuous. After disposing of a sumptuous menu, speeches and songs, enlivened the evening, "The Queen Bee" of the evening being P. C. D. Sister Connal, of the Lady MacKenzie Lodge, of New York. This lady was charming and entertaining in the different recitations she rendered, denoting versatile oratorical powers. Grand Secretary Sister Helene Scott and Grand Deputy Sister Jessie Lawrence, gave expression to their delight at being present, and the guest of the evening, Miss Leslie, never at a loss to express herself, was very happy and gracious in thanking the sisters for such tangible gifts, expressive of the good-will permeating the Daughters of Scotia towards her.

On November 30, St. Andrew's Day was celebrated by the society of that name for the 171st time. Guests and members to the number of 300 sat down to an unparalleled menu. Amongst the speakers at the Bellevue-Stratford, were Dr. Nicolas Murray Butler, of New York; the Rev. Robert Norwood, rector of the Memorial Church of St. Paul, Overbrook, Philadelphia, and Judge John M. Patterson. The following night, the Patron Saint o' Bonnie Scotland was toasted at a banquet held in Moseback's by the Auld Scots Thistle members and their friends, it was their 124th Anniversary, and was most successful and entertaining. When an attractive and appetizing menu had been disposed of, the old standing custom was the president, Mr. MacVicar, calling upon the company to change their glasses and drink to "the day," an' a wha honor'd. Then came along in rapid succession, Scotland and the United States, responded to by Dr. J. L. Cameron and John Chesney, Esq., respectively, who both championed their pet countries to the edification and merriment of their willing listeners. "The Lassies," were responded for by the pawkie treasurer, Peter B. MacLeod, who seemingly was pretty well versed on the merits of women, considering he is yet a bachelor. Peter has a very estimable widowed mother who doubtless he used as a basis for his theme.

A veteran past officer of all Scot's societies, Alexander White, ably and intelligently responded when representatives were called upon, and Mr. Hugh Johnston, a past deputy of the Order of Scottish Clans, and responsible for the creation of Clans Gordon and MacGregor of Frankford. He is also an ex-president of the Auld Scots Thistle. Rising he reviewed the different Scots bodies, handing out some good solid reasoning and which steps might be adopted to increase the membership in the several Scotch organizations. He wa' short o'or revealing itself, heated a "wee deoch an doris," and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" lustily, by the happy company brought to a termination, a weel spent nicht, in memory o' Scotland's Patron Saint. Where are our Glawegians that St. Mungo's memory is not so honored.

ST. MUNGO.

Westbrook, Me.

One of the most pleasing affairs ever held in this city, was the first annual Scotch concert and ball given recently by the members of the Cumberland Mills pipe band at the Armory. There was a long program of entertainment for all classes of people, including numbers by several well known local entertainers. The numbers were interspersed with selections by the pipe band, led by Pipe Major Smith, who also played several solos on the pipes. All the stage decorations were also the work of this versitile gentleman and reflected much credit on his ability. The concert concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the audience. A dance followed, with music by the Colonial orchestra.

Westbrook's new pipe band, the first of its kind ever formed in this city, is making rapid progress, having been completely organized and its ranks filled. It numbers some 13 or 14 members, including six or eight pipers and four drummers. The uniforms for the members have arrived, as have also the pipes. The band presents a natty appearance, the uniform being a white tunic, the Stuart kilt, white spats and Glengarry's. Under the instruction of "Jack" Smith, formerly of Holyoke, and considered the best piper in the State, the members have attained quite a degree of skill in the art of coaxing music from Scotland's national musical instrument. Their band hall is rapidly approaching completion and will soon be ready to occupy.

Rhode Island Letter

At the last meeting of Clan Fraser in Pawtucket, fourteen candidates were initiated and a complete change of spirit seems to animate the members. The pessimism which has been so evident as to throw a cloak of apathy over officers as well as members seem to have been driven away by the successful action of the amusement committee in handing over to the clan a sum of over five hundred dollars as profits from entertainments which they had provided during the year. This was all the more noteworthy since for several years the results of former amusement committees have found the balance on the opposite side of the ledger. That and the additional fact that the election of officers resulted in a number of young men to fill the offices has produced a cheering outlook for the coming year.

Before going out of office this committee decided upon providing a Christmas tree for the children of Clansmen on Hogmany, to which I understand our good friend and well-wisher, Walter Scott, Royal Tanist, was a liberal subscriber. The above optimism may also be seen in a unanimous donation of $100 towards the great drive for members started by the Royal Clan.

The following is a list of the new officers for 1921: Chief, John Burt; tanist, W. Taylor; chaplain, John Baldwin; secretary, Robert E. McCulloch; treasurer, David Weir; financial secretary, John Black, Jr.; senior henchman, F. Caldwell; junior henchman, John Brown; seneschal, J. Ferguson; warden, D. Douglas; sentinel, G. Mason; standard bearer, J. Williamson; physician, Dr. Clarkson; trustee, A. G. Adam. The installation will be held on January 5, 1921.

JOHN BALDWIN.

28 Carpenter Street,
Pawtucket, R. I.

Albany, N. Y.

The Albany Burns Club, at its annual meeting, December 21, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, the Rev. David Hutchinson; vice president, George H. Thatcher; secretary, William A. Glenn; treasurer, David M. Kinnear. A committee named to arrange for the dinner of the organization which is to take place on Burns' birthday, January 25, includes Thomas H. Clemishire, Willard M. Douglas and David M. Kinnear. The committe on speakers comprises the Rev. David Hutchinson, Dr. John M. Clarke and John W. McHarg.

British Veterans Dine

Several hundred members and friends of the British Great War Veterans' Association met in the grand ball room of the Hotel Pennsylvania, January 5, for the first annual dinner and dance of the organization. From General Pershing the following telegram was received: "Your meeting tonight commemorates not only a patriotic service to the British Empire, but to the whole world of suffering humanity. Your American comrades on the battlefields of France have not forgotten the standards of courage and self sacrifice you set for them. I send you my warmest wishes for the new year."

From the Prince of Wales was received the following by cable:

"Sandringham.

"Best wishes for the occasion and a Happy New Year. EDWARD, P."

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Chicago, Ill.

Steady improvement in the condition of John Williamson, leading Chicago Scot, is reported from the Presbyterian Hospital, where he is a patient.

Daniel A. Campbell, former postmaster of Chicago, passed away early in December. Mr. Campbell, who was born in Elgin, Ill., in 1863, was a Scots American citizen of wide popularity, a former first vice president of the Illinois St. Andrew Society, and a few years ago, was banquet chairman at one of the biggest St. Andrew Day feasts on record.

Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn

The feature of the annual Burns gathering of Clan Macdonald, at the Masonic Temple, January 21, will be a lecture and song recital, "A Nicht wi' Burns," by the famous Scottish tenor, Mr. Anderson Nicol. It will be a rare treat. Mr. Nicol's program has been highly praised, both in Britain and Canada as furnishing a most novel and unforgettable evening of music.

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FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS,
501 Broadway New York

A Book Review by James Kennedy, Ex-President Burns Society of the City of New York

The Poems of Robert Burns—Edited by James L. Hughes. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York. 292 pages. Quarto ornamented cloth. Profusely illustrated.

The appearance of a new edition of the Poems of Robert Burns does not necessarily call for particular comment. New editions may be said to be called for perennially, but the work before us has distinguishing characteristics that attract attention. As is well known, Burns in the last year of his life expressed a regret that he had written things which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement.

In his short, sad life, illumined as it was with the transcendent gift of a constantly creative genius he was not to be blamed for not pausing and purifying the fine gold that he left to the careless keeping of the winds. He was swept on, as it were, in the whirlwind of ecstatic song, burning satire, vivid portraiture, and an everflashing wit. He had not time to gather the scattered sheaves of his creative imagination and winnow the chaff from the glistening grain. He was denied the serene old age of a Wordsworth or a Whittier to select and classify his imperishable work. The long succession of more or less qualified editors of Burns' works seem to have brought to their task an eagerness to discover fragments that might have fallen from his gifted hand, some of which might better have remained hidden. It is idle to conjecture what Burns himself might have done had his too brief day been blessed with a golden afternoon. We cannot agree with Lord Rosebery that the work of the great poet of humanity "had been accomplished and it was time for him to be going." There was much noble work of which he was capable of doing besides the moral purification of his country's songs. He might have given us a score of companion pieces to his incomparable "Tam O' Shanter." The crescent moon is but a promise of the full orbed queen of night. To many the dross of his work is as precious as the dust of a gold beater's bench.

It will be admitted however, that there is a constantly increasing realm of readers that look for a perfect purity of expression, a freedom from vulgarity, and avoidance of aught that would give offense, and an abiding choice of subjects that, if not always ennobling, are at least uplifting, taking a joy, as it were, rather in contemplating the brighter side of human character than in an exaggerated contemplation of its weakness that are only too common.

The reviewer would deeply regret writing a single word that would give offense to those who are possessed of the most exalted admiration of the marvellous genius of Robert Burns. He takes no second place to any one living in his love of the great lyric poet of Scotland, the champion of democracy, the clear prophetic voice of the eighteenth century. But he never forgets that there were Kings before Agamemnon and there were poets before Robert Burns. Those who have taken pains to read the delightful "Canterbury Tales" by Chaucer in the Original Norman-English will recall with amazement the apparent coarseness and gross vulgarity of such productions as "The Miller's Tale" and "The Carpenters Tale," yet Chaucer was not only a polished gentleman, but a devout and good man. He wrote in the language of the age in which he lived, and the modern attempts to emasculate his work are hardly worth regarding. The same may be said, in a more limited degree, of some of the work of Henryson, Dunbar, Kennedy, and others of the old Scottish poets. The purists probably began with Spenser and reached their culmination in Dryden and Pope. Burns brought them all back to nature, and whether we should take Chaucer's advice to "Turn over the leaf" when we come to what is now considered unfit to print, or whether each reader should do his own winnowing, is for each reader to arrive at a sensible conclusion. To these Mr. Hughes selections and classification and we venture to say, the purification of the poems of Robert Burns will particularly appeal. He brings to his work a fine sense of propriety, a chaste and classic purity, a rare artistic sense polished by education and broadened by experience. To say that it is such as Burns himself would have done would be saying too much, but that something of the kind would certainly have been done had Burns survived the blows of circumstance and change that we all wish had come over the light of his evil star.

As the editor states, "The book is published with the view of securing a wider reading and study of the universal poems of Robert Burns by young people." The poems are arranged in four classes: I. Poems of Nature. 2. Religious and Ethical Poems. 3. Poems of Democracy and Brotherhood. 4. Love Songs. The illustrations are largely reproductions of photographs of places associated with the life of Burns, which he made immortal by associating them with his poems. The book cannot fail to be received with much popular favor.

Charles C. Stoddard, editor of THE CALEDONIAN, has been re-elected Commodore of the Hiawatha Canoe Club, New York, for 1921. The club is one of the oldest and most active in the American Canoe Association, and holds among its members a notable record in cruising and camping. The Hiawathas have under way a large two-story addition to their present boat house on the Harlem River, which when completed will give them much needed facilities and one of the best equipped clubhouses in the vicinity.

The Woods

BY WALTER SCOTT

The lover of the woods understands them as well as himself, and feels they are partners and chums. He knows he is among friends, and finds comfort even in the great silence. The music that comes from the wind-blown boughs holds a thrill for him, and he is lulled to sleep by the sweet singing of the brook as it rushes over its rocky bed. He sees a blessing in the green buds that appear in the spring-time, and in the shower of leaves that come to cover the ground in the fall.

He loves the gay-plumaged birds and all the wild animals of the forest, finding both work and pleasure in the fascinating study of their habits. He learns not to kill for pleasure, but only for food, or perhaps that which would destroy life.

He hails with delight the rain, for is it not manna to the Earth that brings forth Nature in all her dazzling splendor?

And lastly he rejoices when, covered with her mantle of white, Mother Nature goes to rest in the fall, and straightway begins to dwell upon what will soon take place beneath the snow in preparation for the spring that is to come.

New York, December 2.

Recognition of Faithful Service

Clansman Duncan MacKenzie, for many years a member of Clan MacLeod, No. 31, New Haven, Conn., after thirty-four years of service, has been retired on a pension by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Mrs. MacKenzie, who died November 18, 1916, will be remembered by all the Daughters of Scotia, and by many outside that order, as "Mother MacKenzie." She was the first Chief Daughter of Victoria Lodge, No. 1, and first Grand Chief Daughter of the Grand Lodge.

Flora Macdonald College

His Excellency Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, will visit Flora Macdonald College, North Carolina, on January 14 and deliver an address in the Auditorium. Sir Auckland is a Scot himself and is greatly interested in the work of this institution. He will be the most distinguished visitor ever to have been entertained by the college, and plans are now under way for a dinner and reception to follow the address. Many prominent guests will be in attendance and the occasion will be a noteworthy one in the history of the college.

Halifax, Nova Scotia

The skirl of the pipes and the lilt of the pibroch rang through the corridors of the Halifax Hotel, November 4th, when the clans from Glenorchy to Cape Wrath and from Penielheuch to Buchan Head gathered in annual mode to appoint their chief and his ghillies.

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The old North British Society is well maintaining at this present day the glorious traditions of its past one hundred and fifty-two years, and is to be congratulated upon its excellent record of the past year.

The following officers were elected: President, Alvin F. MacDonald; vice president, Alfred Dickie; senior assistant vice president, Dr. H. A. Kent; junior assistant vice president, M. McF. Hall; treasurer, F. G. Taylor; secretary, J. J. Bryden; assistant secretary, William Murdock; Committee of Charity, John Strachan, James Halliday, James Farquhar, Rev. John McMillan, Arthur McMillan, Arthur B. Mitchell; Chaplains, Rev. Dr. J. A. Clark, Rev. Donald MacOdrum; Historian, Dr. Howard Murray; Auditors, S. Y. Wilson, A. D. Morris; Marshal, George Anderson.

During the meeting a large quantity of purple heather in excellent bloom was distributed, this having been gathered personally and forwarded by Past President James Halliday, who is at present on a visit to his native land.

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A Princess of Thule

BY WILLIAM BLACK

"Oh, ferry well, sir—ferry well, sir," he said, going off to the boat, and grumbling as he went.

They sailed out into the rippling waters of the loch, and rounded the point of the island, in absolute silence, Duncan meanwhile being both sulky and curious. He could not make out why his master should so suddenly leave the island, without informing any one.

By dint of very hard driving indeed Mr. Mackenzie just caught the boat as she was leaving Stornoway harbor; the hurry he was in fortunately saving him from the curiosity and inquiries of the people he knew on the pier.

It was on a wet and dreary morning that Mr. Mackenzie arrived in London; and as he was slowly driven through the long and dismal thoroughfares he could not help saying to himself, "My poor Sheila!" It was not a pleasant place surely to live in always, although it might be very well for a visit.

When he got to Pembroke Road, he stopped the cab at the corner, and paid the man. Then he walked along the thoroughfare. At length he came to the number mentioned in Sheila's letter, and he found that there was a brass plate on the door bearing an unfamiliar name. He went up the steps and knocked: a small girl answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Lavender living here?" I am her father. It will do ferry well if you will show me the room."

The small girl obediently shut the door, and then led the way up-stairs. The next minute Mr. Mackenzie had entered the room; and there, before him, was Sheila, bending over Mairi, and teaching her how to do some fancy work.

The girl looked up, on hearing some one enter, and then, when she suddenly saw her father there, she uttered a slight cry of alarm, and shrunk back.

"How do you do, Mairi? And are you ferry well, Sheila. And you will not expect me this morning; but when a man will not pay you what he wass owing, it wass no good letting it go on in that way, and I hef come to London—"

He shook the rain-drops from his cap, and was a little embarrassed.

"Yes, I hef come to London to have an account settled up; for it wass no good letting the man go on for effer and effer. Ay, and how are you, Sheila?"

She had been coming nearer to him, with her face down, and the speechless lips trembling. And then suddenly, with a strange sob, she threw herself into his arms, and hid her head, and burst into a wild fit of crying.

"Sheila," he said, "what ails you? What iss all the matter?"

Mairi had covertly got out of the room.

"Oh, papa, I have left him," the girl cried.

"Ay," said her father, "oh, ay, I thought there was some little thing wrong when your letter wass come to us the other day. And you hef left your own home, Sheila? And where is Mr. Lavender?"

"Oh, papa," she cried, "you must not try to see him. You must promise not to go to see him.

Sheila sat down, and with averted eyes told her father the whole story, ingenuously making all possible excuses for her husband, and intimating strongly that the more she looked over the history of the past time, the more she was convinced that she was herself to blame.

"Oh, well, there iss no great harm done—no, no," said her father lightly, and perhaps beginning to think that after all something was to be said on Lavender's side of the question. "And you will not suppose, Sheila, that I am coming to make any trouble by quarrelling with any one. But you will tell me where Mr. Lavender is."

"I do not know," she said. "And I am anxious, papa, you should not go to see him. I must ask you to promise me that—to please me."

"That is foolishness, Sheila,' said the old man, with a little impatience. "You are making big things out of ferry little; and you will only bring trouble to yourself. How do you know but that he wishes to hef a l this misunderstanding removed, and hef you go back to him?"

"I know that he wishes that," she said calmly.

"And you speak as if you wass in heavy trouble here, and yet you will not go back?" he said, in great surprise.

"Yes, that is so," she said. "There is no use in my going back to the same sort of life: it was not happiness for either of us—and to me it was misery.

"But if you will not go back to him, Sheila," her father said, "at least you will go back with me to Borva."

"I cannot do that either," said the girl, with the same quiet yet decisive manner.

Mr. Mackenzie rose, with an impatient gesture, and walked to the window. He did not know what to say. He was very well aware that when Sheila had resolved upon anything, she had thought it well over beforehand, and was not likely to change her mind. And yet the notion of his daughter living in lodgings in a strange town—her only companion a young girl who had never been in the place before—was vexatiously absurd.

"Sheila," he said, "you will come to a better understanding about that. I suppose you wass afraid the people would wonder at your coming back alone. But they will know nothing about it. Mairi she is a ferry good lass; she will do anything you will ask of her; you hef no need to think she will carry stories. Go away and bring her into the room, Sheila; and we will see what we can do now, and if there is a theatre we can go to this evening.

But there was to be no theatre for any of them that evening. Sheila was just about to leave the room to summon Mairi, when the small girl who had let Mackenzie into the house appeared and said,—

"Please, m'm, there is a young woman below who wishes to see you. She has a message to you from Mrs. Paterson."

"Mrs. Paterson?" Sheila said, wondering how Mrs. Lavender's henchwoman should have been intrusted with any such commission. "Will you ask her to come up?"

The girl came up-stairs, looking rather frightened, and much out of breath.

"Please, m'm, Mrs. Paterson has sent me to tell you, and would you please come as soon as it is convenient. Mrs. Lavender has died. It was quite sudden; the doctor is there now; but he wasn't in time, it was all so sudden. Will you please come round, m'm?"

"Yes—I shall be there directly," said Sheila, too bewildered and stunned to think of the possibility of meeting her husband there.

The girl left; and Sheila still stood in the middle of the room apparently stupefied. That old woman had got into such a habit of talking about her approaching death that Sheila had ceased to believe her, and had grown to fancy that these morbid speculations were indulged in chiefly for the sake of shocking bystanders. In her own way that old woman in Kensington Gore had been

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kind to her; perhaps the girl was a little ashamed of herself at this moment that she did not cry.

Her father went out with her, and up to the house with the dusty ivy and the red curtains. How strangely like was the aspect of the house inside to the very picture that Mrs. Lavender had herself drawn of her death. Sheila could remember all the ghastly details that the old woman seemed to have a malicious delight in describing, and here they were—the shutters drawn down, the servants walking about on tiptoe, the strange silence in one particular room.

They went into another room, and then Sheila, with a sudden shiver, remembered that soon her husband would be coming, and might meet her and her father there.

"You have sent for Mr. Lavender?" she said, calmly, to Mrs. Paterson.

"No, ma'am," Paterson said, with more than her ordinary gravity and formality. "I did not know where to send for him. He left London some days ago. Perhaps you would read the letter, ma'am."

(To be continued)

The House of Montgomerie

(*Continued from page 398*)

Meanwhile, Alexander Seton, who had succeeded as sixth Earl of Eglinton, in 1612, had shortly afterwards married a daughter of Alexander, first Earl of Linlithgow. He was popularly known as Greysteel, from his intrepid bearing. In the Civil War he took part against Charles I, and fought on the side of the Parliament at Marston Moor, where he distinguished himself in command of a Scottish regiment of horse. He had petitioned against the English liturgy, and assisted in the preparation of the National Covenant, but after the execution of Charles I he supported the recall of Charles II. In 1651, after the battle of Dunbar, he was betrayed to Cromwell, imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, and had his estates sequestrated for two years, but was afterwards allowed the liberty of Berwick and included in Cromwell's Act of Grace. He lived to see the Restoration, and died in 1661.

His eldest son, Hugh, the seventh Earl, took part against his father on the side of Charles I in the Civil War, and fought against him at Marston Moor. He was a Colonel under General Leslie at Newburn, but somewhat failed to distinguish himself as a leader. He failed to seize Tynemouth in 1640, and on engaging in the northern campaign, under Middleton, six years later, was defeated by Huntly at Aberdeen. For becoming accessary to the Engagement he was disqualified for public service until 1650. He was taken prisoner in 1651, like his father, but, unlike his father, was not included in Cromwell's Act of Grace. His grandson, Alexander, the ninth Earl, was a representative peer of Scotland, a Commissioner of the Treasury, and a Privy Councillor to King William. His wife, Susanah, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy, Bart., of Culzean, was celebrated, with her daughters, for a characteristic gracefulness of feature and bearing known as the Eglinton air. Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet of the time, dedicated to her his *Gentle Shepherd,* and afterwards presented her with the manuscript. When advanced in years, she entertained Dr. Samuel Johnson at her house of Auchens, in Ayrshire, after his famous journey to the Hebrides. On that occasion the great lexicographer took occasion to tell her she had been married the year before he was born, and she replied that she might have been his mother and would adopt him. She was the mother both of the tenth and the eleventh Earls of Eglinton.

The former of these, by his fine taste and spirited exertions, gave a most valuable lead to the great improvements in gardening, planting and agriculture, which in the middle half of the eighteenth century took place in the parish of Kilwinning and throughout Ayrshire. His end, however, was tragic. Smuggling was then common on the Ayrshire coast, and one day, on the beach beneath the old ruined castle of Ardrossan, the Earl came up with a certain Mungo Campbell, formerly an officer in the army, and afterwards an officer of excise, who was trespassing there with a gun in his hand. Lord Eglinton insisted that Campbell should give up the gun, and in the dispute which followed was mortally wounded, and died within a few hours. His assailant, Campbell, was convicted of the murder, but hanged himself in prison. The Earl was a man of much public spirit, a representative peer for Scotland, Governor of Dunbarton Castle, and a Lord of the Bedchamber to George III. He purchased the Sheriffship of Renfrew, and was author of an enquiry into the origin and consequences of the public debt. His brother and successor, Archibald, the eleventh Earl, raised a regiment of High-

landers, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. He served in America, and was made Lieutenant-General in 1777. He was without sons, and at his death in 1796 a large part of his estates devolved upon his daughter, Lady Mary, married to Archibald, Lord Montgomerie, his successor's eldest son.

That successor himself was a highly interesting personage. Colonel Hugh Montgomerie of Coylsfield was the great grandson of Colonel James Montgomerie of Coylsfield, youngest son of that Alexander Seton who succeeded to the family honors of the Montgomeries as sixth earl. Colonel Montgomerie had been a Captain in the army during the American war, and was a Major of the Western Fencibles in 1778, ultimately becoming Colonel of the force. He was inspector of military roads in Scotland and M. P. for Ayrshire. Perhaps he is best remembered as the "Sodger Hugh" of Robert Burns' poem. According to the poet, he was more fighter than orator.

I ken that if your sword were wanted
Ye'd lend a hand;
But when there's aught to say anent it
Ye're at a stand.

Burns had good reason to know the laird of Coylsfield. Highland Mary was a dairy maid at the house, which was no great distance from Mauchline, and was the "Castle of Montgomerie" of one of his best known pieces.

It should be mentioned that Earl Hugh has some claim to be a poet himself, the well known translation of "The Canadian Highlanders' Boatsong" having been found among his papers. The credit for this is disputed between the Earl and the novelist, John Galt, but to be possibly the author of the verse beginning, "From the lone shieling of the misty island," must always remain no small distinction.

After he became twelfth Earl of Eglinton, Colonel Hugh projected a great enterprise for the public good and the improvement of his estates. This was nothing less than the building of a great harbor at Ardrossan, which he proposed to make the harbor for Glasgow by connecting it with the city through a canal across country. The canal was opened from the city as far as Johnstone, and was of great service for passenger and goods traffic till the introduction of railways superseded its usefulness. Its loading place in the city was known as Port Eglinton, and from this the Eglinton Street of the present day takes its name. The Earl's resources did not permit him to finish the harbor of Ardrossan, but this was done by his grandson, Archibald William, the thirteenth Earl, who was a much wealthier man than his grandfather, his mother being Lady Mary, daughter and heiress of the eleventh Earl, and his grandmother the daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Montgomerie, eleventh Baronet of Skelmorlie.

The thirteenth Earl was distinguished in several different ways. He was a knight of the Thistle, D. C. L. and LL. D., and an excellent and justly popular peer. He was made a Privy Councillor and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1852, and is described in Disraeli's *Endymion*. He is perhaps best remembered by his great revival of

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mediaeval feudal pageantry known as the Eglinton Tournament. This event, which took place at Eglinton Castle in 1839, was attended by all the *elite* of Scotland, and among the *jeunesse doree* who tilted in the lists on that occasion before the Queen of Beauty was no less a person than Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.

In the following year the Earl served himself heir-male general of George, fourth Earl of Winton, and thus revived the honors of the illustrious house of Seton. Nineteen years later he was made a peer of the United Kingdom under the same title.

George Arnulph, the present and fifteenth Earl of Eglinton, is the Tournament Earl's third son. His lordship, who succeeded his brother to the title and estates in 1892, began life as a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. He is hereditary sheriff of Renfrewshire, and has been Lord-Lieutenant of Ayrshire since 1897. Perhaps he is best known for his generous encouragement of healthy sport, having been Master of the Eglinton Foxhounds till some three years ago, when he was succeeded by his son, Lord Montgomerie. The Countess of Eglinton, who is a daughter of the late Boyd A. Cunninghame of Craigends, is a leader in all of the charitable enterprises of the country, and is known far and wide through the West of Scotland for her gracious and willing labors in every patriotic cause. The heir of the house, Lord Montgomerie, holds a commission in the 2nd Life Guards.

Among others of the name of Montgomerie who have been famous in many ways must be remembered Alexander Montgomerie, Laureate of the Court of James VI, author of *The Cherrie and the Slae,* and part author of the *Flyting betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart.* Robert Montgomerie, brother of the poet, was presented by James VI to the Archbishopric of Glasgow in 1681, and, having used armed force to take possession of his Cathedral, was excommunicated by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. He resigned the Archbishopric and died minister of Ayr.

The name of Montgomerie, it will be seen, has been distinguished in many fields, and must always hold a place of the highest honor on the historic page of Scotland—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

Byways of the National Bard

(*Continued from page 393*)

Many other stories are told of the altercations between the two, but, judging from the able and decisive answers of Lord Auchenleck, Johnson must have recognized he had met a foeman who could give as much as he got. Apart from the visit of Boswell and Johnson, the literary associations of Auchinleck are not important, though "A. K. H. B.," or, to give him his full share of the alphabet, Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd, was born in the manse here.

Mossgiel

You come back to the beaten path of the national bard, some four miles distant. And just as you look to Edinburgh, and not to far off Samoa, for the true perspective of R. L. Stevenson; to Craigenputtock and not to the little God's acre at Ecclefechan, for the true heart of the Carlyle country; to Abbotsford and not to Dryburgh for the true spirit of Scott; so you look to the fields around Mossgiel for the greatest triumph of Burns. If the Lugar is supreme in associations of other litterateurs, the Ayr has the greater glory as the happy rendezvous of him who sang its beauties into fame. From the high ridge on which the famous homestead stands, you look out on the stage of his peregrinations through central Ayrshire. Westward looms Tarbolton, with its historic Masonic lodge, where the poet became "a brother of the mystic tie" in 1781; the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbrook," Coilsfield House, and that memorable spot at the meeting of the gathered streams of Fail and Ayr, where the farewell parting with Highland Mary took place. You can speak with old people in the little clachan of Failford, who will tell you the whole story of the two lovers in their own charming way, and who will be at no end of trouble to point out the exact place. On the Fail, too, lie the ruins of the monastery where Thomas the Rhymer was once a visitor, and which Allan Ramsay made the subject of the following lines in his "Evergreen"—

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The Friars of Fail drank berry brown ale,
The best that e'er was tasted;
The Monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted.

To the south and east you look past the woodland charm of Barskimming to the braes of Ballochmyle, while away northwards ripples the water of Cessnock, with the moors of Galston, and the "bonnie woods and braes" of which Tannahill so sweetly sang, beyond. It was from the vicinity of these "woods and braes" that Burns made his way home from the manse of Loudon on that gloomy night of doleful memory in 1785, chanting what he thought would be "the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia." Happily, it was not to be, and to-day Mossgiel stands an everlasting memorial of the beginning of his brilliant career. The "bitter, blaudin' showers" that "cowpit the stooks" and ruined his crops, and were the means of driving him to "dedicate the hour in idle rhyme" was a glorious "disaster" for Scotland and literature.

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which penetrates you with a tender sentiment. But if you would know the poet at his best you must go down the leafy highway, past the "Lousy Thorn," to the pleasant little township of Mauchline. Burns is all about this haunt of olden days. You see him in the narrow village streets in all his moods, the picture of despair when dark clouds of adversity cross his sky; or jaunty and debonair in all the glory of his Edinburgh triumph. You see him at the Whitefoord Arms, the center of an admiring group of convivial cronies, beaming with joy and keeping the room in constant merriment with his witty quips and sallies. In the churchyard lie many upon whom he conferred everlasting fame, including Holy Willie, Racer Jess and Jamie Humphrey, the bletherin' body, while a few spaces off is the enclosure where his own children rest. You visit the modest single apartment where the poet and Jean Armour first took up house, immediately out with the kirkyard, and at the corner of the Cowgate, almost opposite, stands the immortal "Poosie Nansie's Hostelry," wherein

> Ae night, at e'en, a merry core,
> O' randie, gangrel bodies,
> In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,
> To drink their orra duddies

And who can ever forget Nanse Tinnock's "Sma" Inn" and the window in the upper story of the corner house where lived

> "The lassie I lo'e best."

"The Streets and Neuks o' Killie"

You view these treasured landmarks to-day as Burns knew them. His intimate acquaintance with them has enshrined them in the heart for all time, and venerable indeed are the traditions they awaken. Ayr, Mossgiel, all the Burns country, in fact, must yield the palm to Mauchline, for it visualizes to the wanderer, more clearly than any other place, the old Ayrshire of the poet's time. With the possible exception of Kilmarnock, no town has taken greater care to identify every haunt connected with the bard. But whereas Kilmarnock has allowed the civic march of improvement to sweep away many an abiding link, Mauchline cherishes with an undying devotion more than a shred of these memorable days of auld lang syne. What Kilmarnock lacks in perspective, however, it makes up in enthusiasm. Though many storied landmarks are now no more, their sites are exactly known, for the town has been a center of Burns devotees since the famous Kilmarnock "edition" was given to the world. Each spot redolent of the bard is a hallowed possession, and as you linger in the old ways and closes and quaint turning lanes traversed by his wandering feet, the passing pedestrians will tell you their associations, though no building stands to greet the eye of the meditative pilgrim.

In this way you visit the scenes of the old book shop of John Wilson, the house of John Goudie, and the Old Commercial Hotel, where Jeanie Glover sang in his presence the well known song, "O'er the Muir Amang the Heather." Sandy Patrick's Tavern, with its memories of "Goudie, terror o' the Whigs," Robert Muir and Tom Samson—worthies of imperishable fame—has also passed away, and only the echoes of the jovial times within its hospitable walls remain as pleasant reminiscences for the quiet hour. Yet, not all has vanished in the advancement of the years. Endeared places still stand, clothed in association, to which you may issue forth in dreamy forgetfulness, if you will, for they lead back the mind to shadowy scenes of yore. Tread the pathway of backward time as you visit the little attic in Waterloo street, for here, if you are silent and still, the story of the distant past comes back, bringing with it a fleeting glimpse of its own old world. Figures float before your excited fancy. Voices speak again from out the dusky shadows, and it is but a span of the imagination to view the poet in his misty mantle walk forth along the street, thence up the old world stairway, and hearken to his conversation with the worthy and far-seeing Wilson. With like illusion, you can look back on the merry nights at Tam Samson's, for the old house is little changed since Burns' day. What a world of memories linger round it! What a store of happy reminiscence clings to its cosy interior! Every nook and corner speaks eloquently of the dim glories of the past, alas! now gone forever, for its cheery owner and his equally cheery and distinguished visitor, left it long ago, and the silence that broods over it now is the silence of forsaken places.—*K. in Inverness Courier.*

NEW YORK
MARCH, 1921

The Caledonian

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE
FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MacDOUGALL, 1901-1920

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With the Editor

Why This is the "March" Number

Owing to mechanical difficulties in printing, the date of publication during the past six months has steadily fallen behind, until the magazine is now a full month late. The January issue was not off the presses until February 1. We also have had many complaints of failure in delivery of the magazine, owing to the uncertainty of the mails, etc. It is only fair to say that in neither case is it the fault of the office—or of the subscribers, to whom it has caused serious misgivings.

For some years THE CALEDONIAN has combined its July and August issues in a "Midsummer" Number, omitting the July issue. This has caused considerable confusion, especially in advertising and reporting the summer activities of the societies; and we had planned with the new volume, beginning with April, to publish the full twelve issues.

In view of this fact, and owing to the lateness of the magazine, and after serious consideration of our present facilities, it has been thought best to make this the "March" number, omitting February, the new July issue to take its place; so, in 1921, eleven issues will be published as formerly, and the new volume, beginning April, can be issued on time, on or about the first of the month.

Make Yourself Known

At the head of our department, "Scottish and British Societies" we have printed for several years, each month, the following note:

"In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere."

And further, we have written hundreds of letters to secretaries and other officers of societies throughout the country, requesting them to send regularly notes of the doings of Scottish people in their vicinity. We have some excellent and enthusiastic correspondents, and doubtless it is to their interesting gossip that you first turn when you receive your CALEDONIAN. The clans are widely scattered in the United States and Canada, but they hold to their clannish spirit, even to the third and fourth generation, and any little personal item or word of a Scottish gathering, no matter how remote, is to them like a handshake across the water.

Notwithstanding, it is almost a daily occurrence in this office for someone to write or to say to us, "Why don't you give the news of such-and-such a society," or, "Why didn't you have an account of such-and-such an affair?" The reason, my dear, friend is just this: that you did not tell us anything about it; that we did not perhaps even know you had a St. Andrew's or Caledonian Society in your city or town.

And what is true of Scottish societies is true of British organizations in general. The Scot is a good "joiner." He is not limited by prejudices to purely Scottish associations. Aside from his loyalty to his adopted country and his sentiment for his beloved Scotland, he is intensely interested in all that makes for the welfare of Britain and for better relationships between the great English-speaking nations.

THE CALEDONIAN stands ready, as always, to co-operate in every way with any and every organization. But the point is this: We are not mind readers; we have very human capacities, no astral body that we can project into the nooks and corners of this vast continent. We cannot come to you. You must come to us.

The Editor does not make your paper; he is only the medium through which you work to produce THE CALEDONIAN. His hand may direct the course, but it is you that furnish the power of vital interest. Your little message printed in its pages is a word of cheer or comfort to the lonely reader, wherever he may be, and his word to you and me is the impulse to go ahead to greater achievement. That is why we ask your co-operation.

If your society has no "press correspondent," constitute yourself one. If you have no society (and that is scarcely possible where even a few Scots are gathered), send us something about yourself

or some worthy Scot in your neighborhood. Send us a list of the societies in your city and State, and a list of the members of your society, that we may reach them directly with THE CALEDONIAN. When you have a "gathering," let us know in advance, and send us an account of it for publication. Do this regularly, or as often as something of importance may occur.

"The Sinn Fein Circus"

Letters of commendation regarding Judge Benet's timely articles, "The Sinn-Fein Circus," continue to pour in upon us. One subscriber, from Pittsburgh, writes: "The articles by Judge Benet, at this time, are a revelation to Scots." And not alone to Scots, but also to thousands of unthinking Americans who swallow whole the noisy Irish propaganda elaborated in the daily press. Another, from New Jersey, writes:

"I wish to congratulate you upon having the courage to publish this article. It is the first clear and searching statement which I have seen in any American publication; and I wish it might have fifty million readers."

And another from Maryland:

"The article on the situation in Ireland is admirable—goes right to the heart of the subject. On four different visits to western Europe, I travelled in Ireland, and know well the situation."

There is a demand for the truth in this matter. Of that there is no question. And that it has not reached the majority of the people of this country is a sad fact. Many of the newspapers seem to have ignored persistently or deliberately perverted every incident in the present crisis that might show that there is a second and very important side to the present Irish agitation in the United States. Only recently, and cautiously, to be sure, have a few publications hinted at its real purpose. The insistent demand of the people to know the truth is having its effect.

"I was delighted to see the stand you took against the Sinn Fein element. We want more articles of that sort."

"Thank you for publishing that article entitled, 'The Sinn Fein Circus.' That alone is worth the price of the paper."

"Those letters scoring the Sinn Feiners were great. Don't spare them. I only wish the New York papers would come out and show them up."

"Why not publish the Sinn Fein articles in pamphlet form—they are great. I could use 100 or more up here."

The writers of these letters are as widely separated as Massachusetts and Montana, voicing the sentiment of a wide section of the country; and, to date, no derogatory communication has been received.

The word "liberty" is a powerful talisman in America, though it is still true that "many crimes have been committed in its name," and to shout "freedom," whether of speech or conscience, political or religious, with sufficient insistency, whether or not it has a basis in fact or history, is the quickest and most certain way to obtain a following. These, and other words, including Mr. Wilson's "self-determination," the propagandists have worked to the last letter. But wherein, as Judge Benet has mercilessly shown, is Ireland less free than Scotland, Wales, Canada or even South Africa, which within a few days, in defiance of professional agitators, has voted overwhelmingly to remain a part of the Empire? In America, unfortunately, the seed of hatred of Britain falls on fertile ground. The "ancient grudges," so effectually punctured by Owen Wister in his recent book, are all playing their part. But careless thinking and lack of interest in a question that so vitally affects the friendly relations of the two great English-speaking peoples, and of the whole world, will not continue forever. THE CALEDONIAN is grateful for having had the privilege, even in a small way, of sounding the call and pointing the truth; and in such endorsement as this, the call is being answered.

"There should be a more serious effort made to combat the Sinn Fein, or anti-British campaign which is raging in the newspapers of the country, misguided possibly, but dangerous if continued. As I view it, anything which tends to create a break in the friendly relations existing between the English-speaking peoples will have a very backward tendency to civilization generally, and this seems to be the aim of the Sinn Fein campaign.

"I like very much the articles by Judge Benet. They are forceful and to the point. More power to his elbow.

"I also think the article by Mr. Robertson in the December magazine worthy of serious thought. It is plain something should be done along the lines he suggests."

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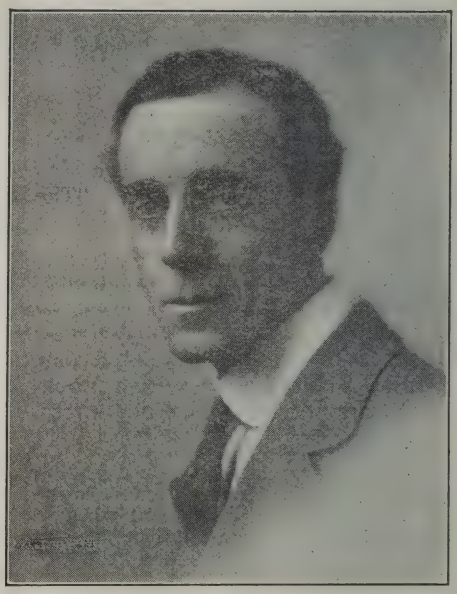
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THE CALEDONIAN

AN AMERICAN SCOTTISH MAGAZINE

FOUNDED AND EDITED BY DONALD MACDOUGALL, 1901—1920

Scotland's name! Scotland's fame!
Scotland's place in story!
Scotland's might! Scotland's right!
And immortal glory!
—CHARLES MACKAY.



From "The Pipes of War" *Painting by J. Prinsep Beadle*

PIPER JAMES RICHARDSON, V. C.

16th Canadian Scottish at Regina Trench, Vimy Ridge (See page 144)

A Waddin' at Oor Gate-en'

BY DAVID J. BEATTIE

Wintry winds swept boisterously along the street and by the outer door. Within the bairns crouched around a roaring winter's fire which sparkled merrily in the grate. It was nigh bed-time. Eight o'clock was the hour when ilka wean was expected to be cuddlin' doon. It wanted but five-and-twenty minutes.

Wee Tam speaks up: "Daddy, tell us another story about the bad boys who lived when you were a boy."

The father stopped reading, doubled over the corner of the leaf (a very foolish thing to do, of course), and laid the book in the lap of the guid-wife, who sat in the ingle nook darning stockings.

"Eh! Tam," says he, good-naturedly, "it's a bit story 'e want?"

Now, we verily believe that all fathers (and mothers, too, for that matter) are alike in regard to the telling of a tale of long ago. When there is anything creditable to tell of the goings-on of these bygone days, the first person singular is greatly in evidence. Has there been some rascally mischief, then, of course, the bad boys have been at work again. And so the fond father goes on.

"Weel, weel, there's no muckle time till ye maun be makin' to bed, so I'll just gi'e ye a wee ane, which I thought o' the day when we watched the cabs gang by to Mrs. Gibbie's dochter's waddin'. There's owre muckle o' the white ribbon on the coachman's whup and gaudy flo'ers stuck in the carriage lamps for my liking. There was nane o' that in oor bit toon when yer faither was a boy. Na, na, gie me the Temperance or the Croon bus that held aboot a dizzen, no coontin' the spruce chappie on the dickie wi' a big tea rosey in his button-hole, wha linked them in wi' a' the dignity o' a Court usher. Mair than that, they didna need to gang to the kirk (or the church as they ca't here) to get mairrit. 'Deed no; they just sent for the minister and 'twas dune in the kitchen, which was usually considered the 'best' room in maist cases, nae shame o' that. When there was a waddin' there was aye a gie guid cleckin' o' the younger en' gethered aboot the door o' the hoose where the ceremony was to tak' place, waitin' for the 'ba-siller'."

"The what, Daddy," asked Dick.

"Ba-siller, boy; d'ye no ken what 'ba-siller' is? Hoot, toot, what am I thinkin' aboot? How are 'e to ken? I just thought enow that we were a' sittin' roon' oor ain fireside in the Muckle Toon, but, faix, it's only ma thoughts that were there. Weel, it was the custom at a waddin' to 'scrive' ba—"

"What's 'scrive,' Daddy?"—it was Jean this time.

"Scrive, Jean, it means—it means—noo, let's see. 'Deed, lassie, I thought ye'd ken the meaning o' that word; but it's just like thae English schules, they canna haud the candle to the schule at oor Gate-en' for learnin'. Ay, we got it knockit into us, my certies! That just minds me o' what we used to sing aboot oor auld schulemaister—

> "Maister John Howie's a vera guid man,
> He teaches the scholars as weel as he can,
> In readin', and writin', and 'rithmetic,
> But he never forgets to lay on the stick."

"But ye were wantin' to ken the meaning o' 'scrive.' Weel, 'scrive' means—umphm, but I maun hae forgot masel', it's sae lang sin' ma tongue had a waggle at it. Hooever, I'll speir o' Jamie Thingabie the first time I'm owre at the Langholm. But, hinnie, if I'm no' exactly sure as to the dictionary meanin' o' the word, I'm far frae no kennin' what was meant when some rantin' loon in the crood yelled oot, 'A scrive!' There was a gey turn up then, I can tell ye, for here and there the pennies and ha'pennies cam' patterin' on oor heids, or jingled on the cassa, or got lost in the glaur. Ye'll maybe glower when I tell ye we mair times than no droppit the 'brass' quicker than we picked it up, but ye maun un'erstaun that the guidman wha scrived the ba-siller flung it oot owre oor heids on a shovel, for the simple reason that the bawbees had a' got a turn in the fire till they were owre het for the loon to haud them in his loof. Nae maitter, it was graun' fun daudlin' the coppers aboot till they got cool enough to drop into oor breek pockets. Mae mither aye talkit aboot brass burnin' a hole in ane's pocket, when, instead o' pittin' oor money by for the Hiring or the Common Riding, we gaed awa and spent the wheen bawbees we had. But, I'll warrant, it wadna tak' lang for a wee bit o' ba-siller to fin' its way through the lining o' yer pocket if ye were owre greedy, and wanted mair brass than ye could cool at ae waddin'. But I maun tell ye what thae bad boys did at a waddin' I mind weel o'. As I told ye, maist o' the mairrages took place in the hoose, and aince they got the minister safely back to the manse, they had a high auld time o't, wi' dancin' and singin', till a guid bit langer than Robbie's 'wee, short hour ayont the twal'.' Aweel, this night, there was a gey big squad ootside, listenin' at the window and through the keyhole o' the door, and whether it was that they were a wee bit jealous at no' gettin' a bid to the—"

"What's a bid, Daddy?"

"Noo, Jean, that's the second time. Ye'll no let me get on, wi' yer speirin',

but sin' ye hae asked, I maun say that a bid means naethin' mair nor less than an invitation to the waddin'. Noo, there's twa kinds o' bids. A bid afore the couple are 'cried' at the kirk, and a bid after they're 'cried'—what is kent as a fiddler's bid. Ye ken, when siccan a lad wants an invitation just because he kens siccan a lass has got ane, he just tak's a wee bit present alang to the bride-to-be, and says she—'Eh! Wullie, I clean forgot to send ye a caird; but ye maun be sure to come to the waddin' next Friday night.' That's a fiddler's bid, bairns. But I'm gettin' awa' frae ma story. Aweel, as I was sayin', there was a big crood ootside, and it lookit as though they were bent on mischief. Whiles there wad be a couple come oot in a' their fine feathers, wi' their noses in the air, and wad tak' a dauner as far as the Meikleholm Pool and back again. This only made the young uns ootside mair jealous than ever. But I should hae said that this ane was kent as a hungery waddin', for they keepit the door gey weel shut, which meant that if ye hadna been bidden ye might as weel gang hame, for ye werena wanted. Some o' the wilder speerits ootside laid a wager that if they wadna be mensfu' enough to let them in for a reel and a sip o' ginger wine or whatever was gaun the roon', they wad hae them a' oot o' the hoose into Wauchope Row in less than naetime. And, ma certies, they did, for up owre the slates o' the low roof clam' ane o' them, and clappit a great big sod right on the top o' the chimlaw pot. Talk aboot smookin' a wasp nest!—it wasna in't ava. Anyhow! it gars ane laugh now when I think o' them a' comin' oot, ane after the other, haudin' their nebs (no' in the air this time), and pretendin' they had only come to the door to get a braith o' fresh air (which truly they had!) and tried no' to heed the blockin' up o' the lum. But when the reek began to fin' its way oot by the window it wasna lang afore the fiddlin' and the dancin' and the hoochin' cam' to an abrupt en', and as I just said, in less than naetime the hale hoosefu' o' waddin'ers were a' in the street wi' their hankies at their noses, coughin' and sneezin' and (when they could get enough braith) giein' vent to a' manner o' naisty things aboot thae ill laddies, wha, by this time, were as far as the Bar lamp, laughin' like to en' themsel's at the antics o' the waddin'ers. And I'll no' say but what the anes wha didna get a bid got the maist fun oot o' the waddin' that night. But, look now, there's wee Tam beginnin' to nod, sae I'll hae to stop, and if yer guid bairns I'll tell ye mair o' the pranks we played at oor Gate-en' some other night afore the winter's oot. So 'good night, and sleep tight'."

"The Immortal Memory"

BY JOHN MCMASTER

(For The Caledonian)

Wi' hame and heather far away
The memory ever turns,
To Bonnie Jean, and Duncan Gray
And spell of Robert Burns.

When gowans deck the sunny brae
An black birds whistle clear,
Wi' Burns our hearts are ever gay,
And spring-time ever near.

Wi' him the westin' win blaws saft,
Wi' roses in full bloom,
When we would spin a verse o' rhyme.
Or hum an auld Scots tune.

On stibble rigs, when hearst was past,
And frost was gettin' keen,
Then Robin never was the last,
In keepin' hallow-e'en.

The biting, bitter winter sleet,
Drew out his tender heart.
With man or beast, 'twas ever meet
To ease the aching smart.

Our very heart goes out with him,
To cauld and coorin' beastie.
The puir wee moosie needna rin',
We would be lathe to chase thee.

For oft' he'd backward cast an e'e
To see his hopes in ruin',
And lookin forward only see,
His joys, the wild win's strewin'.

With every prop of life bereft,
And conscience but a canker,
Then did he find that nothing holds,
But heaven the solid anchor.

The matchless beauty of his song
Floats round and in us, while we'er here
The birds and flowers his notes prolong
Ever swelling sweet and clear
While fleeting hours with fairy wings,
Fly faster far while Robin' sings.

The Pipes of War

Never-to-be-forgotten Story of the Heroic Scottish Pipers Who Served in the Great War—Amazing Casualties, 500 Killed, 600 Wounded

For the readers of THE CALEDONIAN here is a rare and altogether glorious book indeed, the like of which it may well be we shall not see again.* No one with the heart of a man beating in his breast may read it unmoved, for it thrills with the spiritual grandeur of sublime romance, and relates the deeds of dauntless souls; it tells of men who "held aloft the torch" to fire the spirits of men; of men whose great heroism sheds glory and lustrous fame on Scotland forever. With "humble and contrite heart," well may Scotland rejoice and be proud over this revelation of the nobler powers of imagination, gallantry and devotion vouchsafed to her sons!

In these days, when we see men arrayed in the picturesque garb of the Scottish Highlanders and listen to the music of the bagpipes, the scene usually is cast in the pleasing atmosphere of a social gathering. But by this token the past is summoned before us more vivid than a dream, and our brains are made to flash with visions of other days. So it has been, and in large measure this explains why the sight of kilted men and the shrill notes of the pipes always have the effect of deeply stirring up the emotions in assemblages of Scots, and so after reading *The Pipes of War*, let us be reminded of a class of men who throughout the Great War lived up to the traditions of a great past.

Here, for example, is the story of Piper David Laidlaw, of the Scottish Borderers, quoted from *The London Gazette,* in recording the awarding of the Victoria Cross and the Croix de Guerre. "For most conspicuous bravery. . . . During the worst of the bombardment, when the attack was about to commence, Piper Laidlaw, seeing that his company was somewhat shaken from the effects of gas, with absolute coolness and disregard of danger, mounted the parapet, marched up and down and played his company out of the trench. The effect of his splendid example was immediate, and the company dashed out to the assault. Piper Laidlaw continued playing his pipes until he was wounded." This is a brief description from a colorless and unemotional chronicle. The evidence of eye-witnesses shows that, at the time, a cloud of gas was settling down on the trench, and there was heavy machine gun fire. "Laidlaw played 'Blue Bonnets Over the Border,' and the effect on the men was indescribable"; as they followed him over the top, he changed to "The Standard On the Braes of Mar," and the old tune was never played to better purpose. This was at Loos, where the 15th Division received its baptism of fire, and lost 6,000 men in two days' fighting.

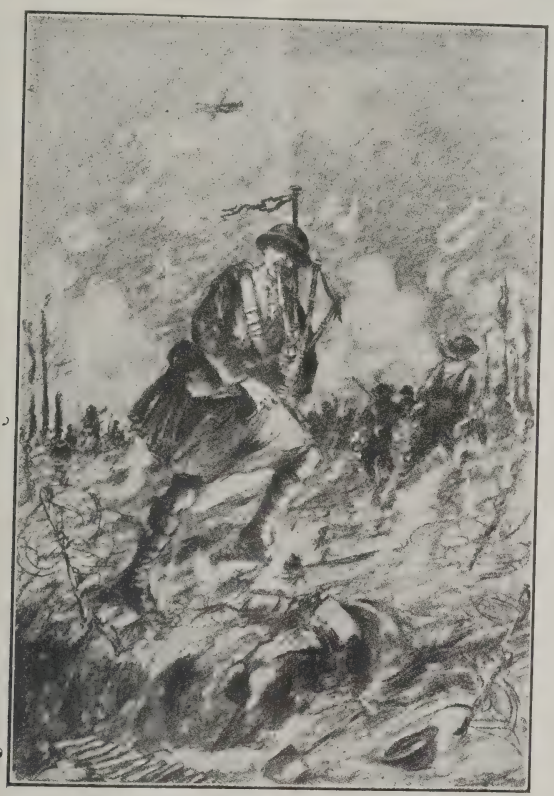
And here is the epic story of Piper James Richardson, V. C., of the 16th Canadian Scottish: "In the attack on the Regina trench on 8th October, 1916, he played his company to the attack. When they got near the enemy's position, very heavy wire entanglements were encountered, which took a considerable time to cut through; while this was being carried out, Piper Richardson marched up and down outside the wire, playing, while the men were falling all around him. When the wire had been cut he continued at the head of his company and played "The Reel of Tulloch" on the German parapet, followed by "The Deil in the Kitchen" as the battalion started bombing the dugouts. At this moment the company sergeant-major was dangerously wounded and Richardson volunteered to take him out. He successfully accomplished this, and then said he must go back to fetch his pipes, which he had left behind in the captured trench. He never returned and must have been killed. His commanding officer, Lieu-

*"THE PIPES OF WAR, A Record of the Achievements of Pipers of Scottish and Overseas Regiments during the war 1914-1918."

tenant-Colonel Cyrus Peck, V. C., D. S. O., writes of him: "I really think his V. C. performance was one of the great deeds of war. The conditions were those of indescribable peril and terror. *The lad's whole soul was bound up in the glory of piping,* and he was only taken into action after imploring his colonel with tears in his eyes. Altogether a most wonderful example of high-souled courage and enthusiasm."

To do anything like justice to this superb book would take us far beyond the limits of this article. Moreover, it would seem almost unfair to select any exploits for special mention. The book teems with such heroic deeds and such spirit as to command our wonder and admiration. admiration.

At the Western front, at Gallipoli, at Salonika, in Mesopotamia, on the desert front in Egypt, in Africa, for four years and a half the pipes of war played nobly their part in the greatest war in history; in the front, under conditions in which they could never have been expected to exist at all, they led men to victory; rallied them when victory eluded their grasp, and marched them back undismayed by the tortures of battle. Everywhere they expressed the idea of the race, and led men to follow causes, even causes which appeared to be lost ones, through to the end.



From "The Pipes of War" Drawing by Louis Weirter, R. B. A.

PIPER DANIEL LAIDLAW, V. C.
King's Own Scottish Borderers at Loos

The famous war correspondent, Sir Philip Gibbs, whose writings, above those of all other correspondents, disclosed poignant sympathy and understanding, contributes a notable chapter which alone would make the book worth while, but which is only one of its many attractions. One can hardly leave this pictureful article by so gifted a writer without quoting, and it is all quotable, so uniformly lum-

inous throughout. Hear then how he begins: "Through all the days and the years in which I served as war correspondent on the Western Front, it was seldom that I did not hear, from nearby or from afar, the music of the pipes. It was a sound that belonged to the great orchestra of life in the war zone, rising above the deep rumble of distant guns, traveling ahead of marching columns up the long roads to Arras or Baupaume, wailing across the shell craters of that desert which stretched for miles over the battlefields of Flanders, and coming to one's ears like elfin music through the dead woods above the Somme. Before every big battle, the skirl of the pipes went with the traffic of war and guns, surging forward to the fighting lines. For in every big battle there were Scottish troops, and their pipes played them on to the fields of honor and played them out again when their ranks had been thinned by heroic sacrifice. This music had a wonderfully inspiring influence not only on the Scottish troops, whose spirits rose at the sound of it when, after long marching, their feet were leaden on the hard roads, and their shoulders ached to the burden of their packs, but also on the English troops who were in their neighborhood, and on their way to the same battlefields. For though an Englishman cannot, as a rule, distinguish one tune from another, there is something in the rhythm, in the long drawn notes, in the soul singing out of these 'wind-bags,' as he calls them, which in some queer, magic way stirs the blood of a man, whoever he may be, and stiffens the slackening fibre of his heart, and takes him out of the rut of his earth to some higher plane of thought and gives him courage. It is an Englishman who writes this, but I am sure of it, for many times in the dark days of war I have been taken up by the sadness and the gladness of the pipes, borne by the breeze across the battlefields."

"Wonderful pipes!" says Stephen Graham of the *London Times*. "The men get tired and would fall out, but the pipes make a unity of them. Invisible tendons and muscles seem to connect the legs of all files, and all move as one, mechanically, rhythmically, certainly. The strong are reduced to the step, the weak are braced up to it. All bear the strain and share the strain. So we go on, and the miracle is in the power of the music."

French reports also have placed on record their admiration for the company pipers of Scottish regiments. "Some of the finest work," writes a well known French military author, "was accomplished at the very outset by the Highlanders, who carried the trenches in lightning fashion, urged on by the inspiriting music of their pipes." Describing an attack by the 51st Division, a French observer wrote: "Resolutely they crossed what seemed to be impossible ground. . . . They charged to the shrill sounds of the bagpipes . . . They charged like heroes of Walter Scott —*leurs bonnets a rubans et leur jupes de danseuses*."

The Germans, too, evinced keen interest in the pipes, the tartan and the kilt, and perhaps the sincerest tribute to them is the fact that, in their caricatures of the nations, the Germans usually depicted the British soldier as a particularly unattractive Highlander.

The Pipes of War is a work of love, and every true Scot has been placed under obligations to its authors—Brevet-Colonel Sir Bruce Seton, Bart., of Abercorn, C. B., and Pipe-Major John Grant. The noble purpose of the book is best described in their own words:

"This record of the achievements of pipers during the war is not intended to be an appeal to emotionalism. It aims to show that, in spite of the aims of a very efficient enemy to prevent individual gallantry, in spite of the physical conditions of the modern battlefield, the pipes of war, the oldest instrument in the world, have played an even greater part in the orchestra of battle in this than they have in past campaigns.

"The piper, be he Highlander or Lowlander, or Scot from Overseas, has accomplished the impossible—not rarely and under favorable conditions, but almost as a matter of routine; and to him not Scotland only, but the British Empire, owes more than they have yet appreciated.

"In doing so, he has sacrificed himself; and Scotland—and the world—must face the fact that a large proportion of the men who played the instrument and kept alive the old traditions have completed their self-imposed task. With five hundred pipers killed and six hundred wounded, some-

thing must be done to raise a new generation of players; it is a matter of national importance that this should be taken in hand at once, and that the sons of those who have gone should follow in the footsteps of their fathers.

"This is the best tribute that can be offered to the noble dead.

"The Piobaireachd Society intend to institute a Memorial School of Piping for this purpose, and all profits from the sale of this book will be handed over to this fund."

We venture the prediction that those unselfish authors have not made their appeal in vain. From men of Scottish blood in America should come a hearty response. The volume is splendidly got up; quarto size; illustrated by colored and half-tone reproductions of famous paintings; the printing is very well done and unusually clear and readable; the paper and binding bespeak quality; altogether the book in its mechanical get-up is worthy of its splendid contents. The publishers are Maclehose, Jackson & Co., Glasgow, Scotland, and the book can be ordered through THE CALEDONIAN magazine.

There are many features about this work about which we would fain speak—the eloquent foreword by General Lord Haig; the peculiarly fascinating chapters headed "The Spirit of the MacCrimmons," by Fred T. MacLeod, F. S. A.; "The Gordon Highlanders," by J. M. Bulloch; "The Black Chanter," by Charles Laing Warr; "The Pipes," by Edmund Candler; "Flesh to the Eagles," by Boyd Cable; "The Oldest Air in the World," by Neil Munro; poem, "The Pipes: Onset," by Lieutenant Joseph Lee, etc., etc., but we must withhold. Suffice it to say that for its intrinsic value alone, and not considering the object of its publication, to which its profits are to be applied, this should be a treasured book to all who have ever been responsive to the call of our old homeland.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

A Vacation

BY JAMES KENNEDY
(For The Caledonian)

City employees have two ingrowing problems in their minds—the increase in salary they expect to get and the vacation they are sure to get; the raise is visionary, the vacation is as sure as vaccination. They must take a vacation whether they want it or not; they certainly do not need it. As a rule, their yoke is easy and their burden is light. As the vacation approaches they save money, and when it is over they are in debt; and thus, like a dog chasing his tail, they pass their days. Not only so, but the vacation is no vacation at all, unless "idiotic dancing"—exhausting as a Marathon race—and getting bitten by poisonous insects, and blistered under the burning sun, be considered a vacation. Of course, it has its recompenses in the hollow joy of self-deception, heightened by sending illuminated postal cards radiant in kaleidoscopic views of nature in her beauty and solitude to their more or less fortunate acquaintances who have no vacation. This causes envy, and to be envied is to be great.

When our turn came, we hesitated; we were having a vacation all the time, but in Rome we must do as the Romans do. We would be wise for once; we would avoid the fashionable resorts, where the people seem to compete with each other in pride, as if vanity was a becoming accomplishment; where brazen orchestras smother tunes we never heard before, and hope never to hear again; where the head waiter orders us here and beckons us there, and then leaves us in the valley of humiliation among the forgotten. There is balm in Gilead, and we had had glimpses of little farms in the shadow of the Catskills, where there are no cabarets to bedazzle, no waiters to bribe, no pride to make us sick, and no prices to take the lining out of our pocketbooks and joy out of life. So we searched and we found something full of promise.

Farmer Toms met us at the landing and took us in his rickety wagon over a rocky road. Somebody in a burst of kindness had given us a bottle of something for use in case of chills; we had a severe attack of shakes long before we reached the farm, superinduced by the eccentric oscillations of the crippled caravan. In

a moment of unguarded generosity, we presented the bottle entire to the farmer; his eyes bulged. The house was full of a promiscuous assortment of nondescript boarders, but I got the chief parlor to myself. The principal article of furniture was a mahogany relic of the eighteenth century described by Goldsmith as being "a thing contrived a double debt to pay, a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

The farmer had the hallway as you go in. He had pains during the night and went to the barn, where he had hid the bottle. On his way to the barn he fell over a sleeping cow and landed upon his nose. He proceeded on his way and climbed up into the loft where he had the bottle hid, and fell through a hole in the floor, into the midst of a nursery of young mules. He beseeched them to spare his life, and miraculously climbed back into the loft and remained there until the dawn. In his dark hours he drank all the stuff in the bottle, and in spite of his bruises he was gay enough to dance a jig for his delighted boarders.

The farmer was evidently wet inside, and as ill luck would have it, it became wet outside. Three cows were lost, although they had bells on. The farmer explained that in a storm they got under a spreading tree, and kept as still as mice. We volunteered our services to help him find his cattle, and we explored two-thirds of Ulster County and a portion of Greene County, but to no purpose. Thoroughly soaked, we gave up, and when we came back we could not change our garments until all the other boarders had retired.

The skies cleared, and at night about a million frogs, who inhabited the neighborhood, began to tune up, and when they had tested their pipes and strings and gotten everything in good working order, they went at it in a Hallelujah Chorus. A lot of other miserable creatures, jealous of the frogs, broke in, and the humming and the buzzing sounded like an Irish picnic. Occasionally a whip-poor-will broke in; he seemed to take in a tankful of atmosphere and attempt a dozen of his startling calls all at once. I rather liked him, he was so persistent; he occasionally reached eleven, and one time he started the twelfth, but failed; but he will reach it some night if he is allowed to live.

When the members of the orchestra were exhausted, then the dogs began challenging each other from the far ends of the echoing valleys. About two o'clock there was a short period of appalling silence, then the roosters came in heavy and kept it up until a tame crow that flew about the house opened his drone, and sleep that binds up the ravelled sleeve of care was out of the question. Then the boarders upstairs began moving, and we knew it was time to appear clothed and in our right mind.

Then the farmer's grandson furnished us with fishing tackle; the boy had worms, but the fish, if there were any, did not care for the worms. The river was either so swift that they had not time or so muddy that they could not see. We asked the boy if anybody ever caught any fish there; he said they did, because his grandmother told him that her father caught fish there before the Civil War. Was he sure it was not the War of 1812? He was not sure, but he would ask. The nearest fish market was at Saugerties, fifteen miles away, so we had to go back as we came, minus the worms.

Then there was a young people's dance in the evening; they were not so young, because the most of them had children, all bundled and half-smothered in my sleeping quarters, including the chest of drawers. On the ample veranda the feet of the dancers sounded like the battle of Trafalgar. The dancers seemed to take a tumultuous delight in changing partners, and clutched each other with all the pent up force of Japanese wrestlers. The infants screamed, and I was unanimously appointed head nurse and bottle holder. The children did not like my looks and refused to be comforted; in my desperate efforts to soothe their sorrows I stupidly mixed some of the enwrapping shawls, and in the general break-up preceding the dawn, the infantry was completely disorganized, and the bamboozled mothers did not call me blessed.

Sleep, or rather the want of sleep, drove me to the woods. Clearing my way through an untrodden jungle, a stately tree furnished an overhanging canopy, and I slept the dreamless sleep of the weary. About mid-afternoon the farmer's dog howled like a Hyrcan tiger, and presently the farmer and his daughter and a bevy of boarders gathered around and said that

they thought that I must have fallen over a precipice or broken my neck, or something. They were evidently disappointed, but they dragged me back to the social activities. They were all going to a Grangers' sociable in the evening; it was to be semi-social and semi-political.

The Grangers were out in force. The Chairman had the fine quality of brevity; he kept us guessing. He merely mentioned the name of the next performer—"Miss Cherry will give us something, I know it will be good," was about as far as he went. His prophetic optimism was, to say the least, very misleading; half a dozen young people spoke pieces. They were so bashful that they hesitated opening their mouths that resembled slits in subscription boxes. One comely lass sang something about the great war, but except the words, "when the boys come home," it was utterly unintelligible. I proposed to Toms to move homewards, but he dug deeper than I imagined, and when the lass lapsed into silence, the Chairman laconically announced "a city official from New York," meaning me!

New Yorkers are looked upon as proper victims by country people. At first I was dumb, but in moments of great trial strength comes to us born of despair. I managed to mutter something about the Catskills reconciling me to the loss of my native land. It was the same magic splendor of the dappled dawn rising out of a sea of amethyst and breaking into orient flame, the mountain tops springing like islands out of the mist-mantled valleys, copper-colored and translucent shafts of light striking the expanding hillsides till they burned with iridescence, like a transfiguration scene in a Christmas pantomime. Then the tumultuous splendor of forest and flower, and the magical sunsets—a ball of fire kindling all the hills with scarlet and gold, and presently flashes of light coming out from unrevealed clefts in other hills, and touching the peerless panorama with a wandering flood of light that circled here and there in the woody wilderness. Then the great stars lighting their golden lamps, one by one, till we seemed like an awe-stricken devotee in a mighty cathedral.

Then we got our second wind. We dwelt on the happy homesteads, the fruitful farms, the merry milkmaids, in their bewitching beauty, the stalwart sons answering the bugle call to arms, and returning in triumph, laurel-crowned. Clustering these real and imaginary things together like a bag of mixed candies to a lot of innocent children, they swallowed it in a tumult, and called for more.

Venturing cautiously into the realms of common sense, we pointed to the need of better roads; they could not keep pace with the march of civilization with such roads. Why did the people of New York City go to the distant Adirondacks and the remote Alleghenies? Because the roads there were like monumental alabaster. There was a man among them who could change all this if he was sent to the Legislature at Albany. But his manly modesty shrank from public gaze. He kept his mouth shut. I referred to Farmer Toms. I had learned that he had been seven times around the world, from the far off gateways of the morning to the lands of the setting sun. He had blazed the trail through and over the seven seas, and left his footprints in the impenetrable forests. But he had kept his mouth shut. As a gallant sailor in the Bay of Biscay, when a squall struck the Imperial British Fleet, and a great battleship went down with hundreds of brave men, you could not drown Toms—he kept his mouth shut. You can starve a man to death with cold water, but you cannot drown him if he keeps his mouth shut. Toms does not care for water any more—(deafening applause.) He keeps his mouth shut. In this new sphere of intellectual activity, he could draw a shining pathway along the banks of the silvery Esopus, and the thronging myriads would come in chariots of fire and bless the name of Toms, the legislator, the constructor, the benefactor. Give him the nomination and behold the marvels that can be accomplished by a man that can keep his mouth shut! *Vir sapiens et tacticus non potest obscurari.*

The house came down, and after two days more that I have not space to describe, and after I had recovered from the muffled misery of my enforced vacation, the following came by mail from Toms: "Dear Mr. Kenedy—you dun the trik, I got the nominashun, wich is eckwivillant to Ann Elekshin—rite sune, and next yeare the Parler will be reddy fur yu."

The Trapper's Tribute

BY CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

There's a hint of Merry Christmas in th' camp fire's cheerful glow,
As it spreads its ruddy petals like a blossom in the snow,
Settin' all th' flakes a-glitter, shaken down with every breeze
From th' heavy laden branches of a thousan' Christmas trees.
There's no need for lighted candles with th' myriad stars instead;
An' th' wind among th' pine trees, softly singin' overhead,
Brings a flood of tender mem'ries—I can hear 'em just as plain
As my mother sang 'em to me, all th' old-time tunes again.

Here one day is like another, all th' nights are cold an' long,
An' we'd give our dearest treasure for a single, simple song:
For th' gentle voice of woman, or th' prattle of a child,
When our minds are dulled with thinkin' an' our thoughts are runnin' wild
On th' bigness of creation, out upon the trail alone,
Almost blinded by th' snow-glare an' frost-bitten to th' bone;
Or to meet a fellow creature who can know an' understan'
All th' lonesomeness an' longin', an' to take him by th' han'.

Which reminds me I've been hummin' all day long, an' don't know why,
Some foolish little verses 'bout "A-comin' Through the Rye,"
That I got from off a Scottie, my old partner long ago,
An' we used to sing 'em often as we mushed across th' snow.
He wasn't much on trappin', an' he couldn't stand the cold,
An' he always talked of Scotlan', an' his legs was gettin' old,
So he pulled up stakes an' left me, an' th' rest I never learns;
But when he went he gave me this here book of "Robert Burns."

I ain't never much on langwige, an' I found it pretty tough,
For th' words are queer an' twisted, though they's some are plain enough.
An' I spelled 'em out an' studied till I couldn't keep awake;
But I swore I'd learn to read it just for dear old Scottie's sake.
For I knew that he was settin' on his bonnie heather hill,
Lookin' out across th' water, as he said he always will,
An' was always thinkin' of me, all alone an' far away,
An' was surely prayin' for me, if he's ever learned to pray.

They say that words are letters jumbled up, a written sign,
Strung like beads upon a moccasin to make a neat design,
That they haven't souls or feelin'; but I know it cannot be,
For they always seem a picture of th' thing they mean to me,
An' when a master writes 'em, like th' river an' th' pines,
It isn't what they really say, but what's between the lines.
So readin' by my camp fire, I could always seem to know
How Burns had meant to say 'em, an' why Scottie loved him so.

I could see old Tam o' Shanter drinkin' there all out of sense,
Like th' trapper or th' woodsman when he hits th' settlements,
Fillin' up on schnapps an' red-eye in that barroom snug an' warm,
Till th' boss came in at midnight, an' Tam beat it in th' storm.
I ain't much on ghosts and witches—but it's queer th' way it takes—
I'd most likely seen a bear-cat, an' was powerful strong on snakes;
An' I one time knew a feller, in his cups th' same as Tam,
Swore he seen an' met the devil an' had offered him a dram.

God! how he knew an' felt 'em, all these wayward faults of man!
How he pitied and forgave us, as th' true man only can!
At th' weak, th' frail, th' lowly, how his tender heart was stirred!
An' how, in brotherhood of all, he spoke th' final word!
What songs of love an' passion! Highlan' Mary, Bonnie Jean!
Th' joy of friends an' family!—all th' things that might have been;
All th' dreams an' hopes we cherished ere we turned our steps to roam
In th' far an' desert places, an' to call th' world our home!

An' Burns is dead? It can't be so: such spirits never die,
But live forever near us in th' hills, th' trees, th' sky:
Their words go singin' with us down the trails an' through th' night,
Makin' every hardship easier, an' every burden light.
He who was born amid th' storm our cold blasts will not fear,
Who walked th' ways of common men can find a footin' here,
Who knew th' gold that lies beneath, our roughness will not shame;
An' even a humble trapper's wreath bring honor to his name.

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Clan Grant of Glenmoriston

Clan Badge: Pine Tree *(Giuthas)*.
The Septs and Dependents entitled to wear the Tartan are: Gilroy, Grant, MacGilroy, MacPhatrick.
The Arms of the Clan is: Red, three gold antique crowns. BALLINDALLOCH wears: Red, a round target proper between three gold antique crowns. .
Crest: A mountain in flames proper. BALLINDALLOCH: A right hand grasping a dirk proper.
Motto: *Stand fast.* BALLINDALLOCH: *Ense et animo.*

Of the Siol Alpin, or Race of Alpin, descended from that redoubtable but ill-fated King of Scots of the ninth century, there are to be counted Clan Gregor, Clan Grant, Clan MacKinnon, Clan MacNab, Clan Macfie, Clan MacQuarie, and Clan MacAulay. These, therefore, have at all times claimed to be the most ancient and most honorable of the Highland clans, and have been able to make the proud boast, "Is Rioghal mo dhream"—Royal is my race. It was unfortunate for the Siol Alpin that at no time were all the clans which it comprised united under a single chief. Had they been thus united, like the great Clan Chattan confederacy, they might have achieved a greater place in history, and might have been saved many of the disasters which overtook them.

The Grants are believed to be descended from Gregor MacGregor, second son of Malcolm, Chief of that clan, who flourished in 1160, and they may have derived their name either from "Grannda," uncomely, as a personal distinction of the first chief, or, in the Norman fashion, from the great Speyside moor of Griantach, the field of the Sun, scene of the ancient Baal-worship, which formed the home of their race.

After the young Chief of the Grants, with the help of his father-in-law, the Chief of Clan MacGregor, had established his headquarters at Freuchie, now Castle Grant, by the slaughter and expulsion of its former owners, the Comyns, the race of the Grants put forth more than one virile branch to root itself on fair Speyside and elsewhere. Among these were the Grants of Ballindalloch, the Grants of Rothiemurchus, the Grants of Carron, and the Grants of Culcabuck. In the days of James IV, the Laird of Grant was Crown Chamberlain of the lordship of Urquhart on Loch Ness, which included the district of Glenmoriston. In 1509, in the common progress of events, the chamberlainship was converted into a baronial tenure, and the barony was granted to John, elder son of the Chief. The change, however, instead of aggrandizing the family, threatened to entail an actual loss of the territory, for John died without issue, and the barony, under its new tenure, reverted to the Crown.

A similar, but much more disastrous setback was that which happened about the same time to the ancient family of Calder or Cawdor, near Nairn. In the latter case the old Thane resigned his whole estates to the Crown, and had them conferred anew on his second son, John, and shortly afterwards John died, leaving an only child, a girl, Muriel, who ultimately, by marriage, carried the thanedom away from the Cawdors into the possession of the Campbells, its present owners.

The case of Glenmoriston was not so irretrievable, for the barony was acquired by Grant of Ballindalloch. The latter in 1548 disposed of it to his kinsman, John Grant of Culcabuck, who married a daughter of Lord Lovat, and John Grant's son, Patrick, established himself in the district, and became the ancestor of the Grants of Glenmoriston. It is from this Patrick Grant, first of the long line of lairds, that the clan takes its distinctive patronymic of MacPhatrick.

Patrick's son, John, the second chief, married a daughter of Grant of Grant, and built the castle of Glenmoriston, from which fact he is known in the tradition of his family as Ian nan Caisteal—John of the Castle.

At some time or other most of the clans of the Scottish Highlands have found themselves involved in a more or less bloody and disastrous feud with their neighbors. Campbell against Macdonald,

or Sinclair against Sutherland, it has seemed natural enough that they should have rights to vindicate or wrongs to avenge. Much less often has it occurred that a clan has been divided against itself and has carried on a vendetta within its own pale. This undesirable distinction, however, was attained by Clan Grant.

The actual origin of the trouble is not entirely or clearly known. It is said to have been a grudge conceived by the Laird of Grant against his kinsman, Ballindalloch. The grudge must have been deadly, for about the year 1550 the Chief instigated John Roy Grant of Carron, a natural son of John Grant of Glenmoriston, to murder John Grant of Ballindalloch. Whatever might be the motives of the Laird of Grant, the act had issues dire enough at a later day. Bad blood was cherished between the families of Ballindalloch and Carron, and seventy years after the murder the feud burst into an open flame that not only embroiled Speyside, but kept the whole of the northern Highlands in unrest for a dozen years. At a fair in Elgin in 1628, one of the Grants of Ballindalloch knocked down and ill-treated one of the Grants of Carron. At the sight, James Grant, brother of the ill-used man, rushed forward and slew the aggressor. Ballindalloch refused all reconciliation, demanded blood, and forced James Grant, the slayer, to become an outlaw and chief of a band of outlaws. Slaughters took place on both sides, with waylayings and escapes wilder than were ever conceived in romance.

Meanwhile Glenmoriston had had its own troubles, arising from an act which, one would have supposed, would have been looked upon by any Scotsman as a warrant against oppression. Clan Chattan, it appears, had been faithful friends and followers of the Earls of Moray, and in particular had been active in avenging, against the Earl of Huntly, the death of the "Bonnie Earl" at Donibristle on the Forth. For these services they had received valuable possessions in Pettie and Strathnairn. But presently the Bonnie Earl's son became reconciled to Huntly, and married his daughter; then, thinking he had no more need of Clan Chattan, proceeded to take back these gifts. By way of retaliation, in 1624, some 200 gentlemen and 300 followers of the clan took arms and proceeded to lay waste the estates of the grasping Moray. The latter failed to disperse them, first with three hundred men from Menteith and Balquhidder and afterwards with a body of men raised at Elgin. He then went to London and induced James VI to make him Lieutenant of the North. Returning with new powers, the Earl issued letters of intercommuning against Clan Chattan, prohibiting all persons from harboring, supplying or entertaining members of the clan, under severe penalties. Having thus cut off the clansmen's means of support, he proceeded to make terms with them, offering them pardon on condition that they should give a full account of the persons who had sheltered and helped them in their attempt. This Clan Chattan basely proceeded to do, and the individuals who had rendered them hospitality and support were summoned to the Earl's court and heavily fined, the fines going into Moray's own pocket. A striking account of the proceeding is furnished by Spalding, the historian. He relates how "the principal malefactors stood up in judgment, and declared what they had gotten, whether meat, money, clothing, gun, ball, powder, lead, sword, dirk, and the like commodities, and also instructed the assize in each particular what they had gotten from the persons panelled—an uncouth form of probation, where the principal malefactor proves against the receiptor for his own pardon, and honest men, perhaps neither of the Clan Chattan's kin nor blood, punished for their good will, ignorant of the laws, and rather receipting them more for their evil nor their good. Nevertheless the innocent men, under color of justice, part and part as they came in, were soundly fined in great sums as their estates might bear, and some above their estates was fined, and every one warded within the tolbooth of Elgin, till the last mite was paid."

Among those who thus suffered was John Grant of Glenmoriston. The town of Inverness was also mulcted, and the provost, Duncan Forbes, and Grant, both went to London to lay the matter before the king. They did this without success, however, and in the end had to submit to the Earl of Moray's exactions.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, John, the sixth chief of Glenmoriston, married Janet, daughter of the celebrated Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and earned the name of Ian na Chreagan by building for himself the rock stronghold of Blary. Like Sir Ewen Cameron, his father-in-law, he raised his clan for the losing cause of James VII and II, and fought under Viscount Dundee at Killiecrankie. The clan was also out under the Earl of Mar in the rising for "James VIII and III," in 1715, and as a result of that enterprise the chief suffered forfeiture. The estates, however, were restored in 1733.

Patrick, the ninth chief, who married Henrietta, a daughter of Grant of Rothiemurchus, undeterred by the misfortune which had overtaken his family on account of its previous efforts in the Jacobite cause, raised his clan for Prince Charles in the autumn of 1745. He was not in time to see the raising of the Prince's standard at Glenfinnan, but he followed hot-foot to Edinburgh, where his following formed a welcome reinforcement on the eve of the battle of Prestonpans. So eager was he, it is said, to inform Charles of the force he had brought to support the cause, that he did not wait to perform his toilet before seeking an interview. Charles is said to have thanked him warmly, and then, passing his hand over the rough chin of the warrior, to have remarked merrily that he could see his ardor was unquestionable since it had not even allowed him time to shave. Glenmoriston took the rally much amiss. Greatly offended, he turned away with the remark: "It is not beardless boys that are to win your Highness' cause."

This, however, was not the last the Prince was to know of Glenmoriston, or the last that Glenmoriston was to suffer for the cause of the Prince. When Culloden had been fought, and the Jacobite cause had been lost forever, Charles, in the darkest hour of his fate, wandering a hunted fugitive among the glens and mountains, found a shelter with the successful outlaws, the Seven Men of Glenmoriston. Only one of them was a Grant, Black Peter, or Patrick, of Craskie, but it was in Grant's country, and the seven men, any one of whom could at any moment have enriched himself beyond the dreams of avarice, by betraying the Prince and earning the £30,000 set by Government upon his head, proved absolutely faithful. These men had seen their own possessions destroyed by the Red Soldiers because of the Prince, and they had seen seventy of the men of Glenmoriston, who had been induced by a false promise of the Butcher Duke of Cumberland, at the intercession of the Laird of Grant, to march to Inverness and lay down their arms, ruthlessly seized and shipped to the colonies as slaves, but they treated Charles with Highland hospitality in their caves of Coiraghoth and Coirskreach, and for that the Seven Men of Glenmoriston will have an honorable place forever in Scottish history.

While the Prince was in hiding in the Braes of Glenmoriston, two of the Seven Men, out foraging for provisions, met Grant of Glenmoriston himself. The chief had had his house burned and his lands pillaged for his share in the rising, and he asked the two men if they knew what had become of the Prince, who, he heard, had passed the Braes of Knoydart. Even to him, however, they did not reveal the secret of the royal wanderer's hiding. And when they asked the Prince himself whether he would care to see Glenmoriston, Charles said he was so well pleased with his present guard that he wanted no other.

In the first bill of attainder for the punishment of those who had taken part in the rebellion, the name of Grant of Glenmoriston was included, but probably at the instance of Lord-President Forbes, it was afterwards omitted, and the chief retained his estates.

Patrick Grant's son and successor, John, held a commission in the 42d Highlanders, and highly distinguished himself during the brilliant service of that famous regiment in India, rising to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He died at Glenmoriston in 1801. His elder son died while a minor and was succeeded by his brother, James Murray Grant. This chief married his cousin, Henrietta, daughter of Cameron of Glennevis, and in 1821 succeeded to the estate of Moy, beside the Colbin Sands in Morayshire, as heir of entail to his kinsman, Colonel Hugh Grant.—*By Special Permission of the Editor of Scottish Country Life.*

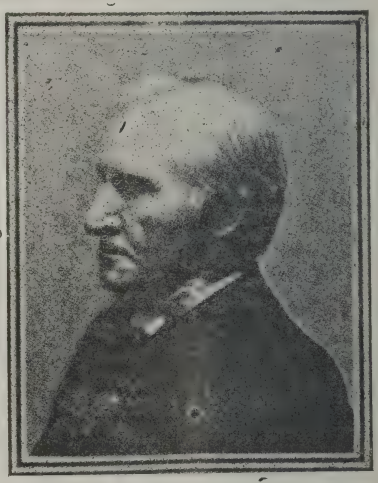
The Passing of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, formerly Principal of New College, Edinburgh, and senior minister of St. George's U. F. Church, Edinburgh, passed away peacefully on Thursday morning, January 6, in his sleep at his residence, 22 Church Row, Hampstead, London, at the age of 84. Since his retirement in 1916, Dr. Whyte had been resident in Bucks, and latterly in London. He suffered from heart trouble, but during the last 18 months he had been remarkably free from illness until about a fortnight ago, when there was a recurrence of the heart symptoms. Dr. Whyte is survived by his wife, who is a daughter of the late Mr. George Freeland Barbour of Bonskeid, Perthshire, and by three sons and three daughters. His eldest son is Mr. A. F. Whyte, formerly M.P. for Perth, who is at present on his way to India to take up his new appointment as President of the Legislative Assembly of India. His other surviving sons are Mr. Aird Whyte and Mr. Lancelot Whyte, the latter of whom is studying at Cambridge University, having returned there after serving in the war. The third son, Mr. Robert Balfour Whyte, who received a commission in the 1st Black Watch in 1914, was killed in the war. Dr. Whyte's eldest daughter is resident in Boston, U. S. A., and his other two daughters, who are married, recently returned from a visit to Mexico.

At the congregational meeting of St. George's Church in 1916, at which Dr. Whyte's resignation was accepted, the Rev. Dr. Kelman, his colleague at that time, read the following extracts from a letter from Lord Rosebery: "So Dr. Whyte is going, or is gone—not premature, but a disappearance, or partial disappearance, of a great light and glory of Edinburgh, and indeed of the Christian faith." Dr. Kelman stated at the meeting that Dr. Whyte's ministry had been no ordinary one; his had been one of the world-wide voices that were absolutely belting the earth.

Many fine tributes have been paid to the memory of Dr. Whyte in the British press. In the *British Weekly*, "R. M." (probably Mr. Robert Munro, Secretary for Scotland) writes: "Sure I am of this, that the death of Dr. Whyte will grieve the hearts of men in every corner of the globe, will strike many a chord of memory, and will bring back vividly to them the far-away days in St. Georges Free Church." Sir J. M. Barrie writes: "To know him was to know what the Covenanters were like in their most splendid hours. . . . His greatest genius lay in 'uplift.' He uplifted more men and women than any other Scotchman of his time."

The *Inverness Courier* says: "The death of Dr. Whyte removes the last of the great preachers who gave such power and distinction to the Church in Scotland during the latter half of the 19th century. A man of



REV. DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE

rare charm and personality, he continued almost to the end of his days to exercise a profound influence on the ecclesiastical life of Scotland. He stood for all that was kindly and tolerant in the Ministry. He did not, like some of his famous contemporaries, excite animosities by incursions into politics ecclesiastic or politics temporal. He was content to preach the message of the Gospel, and to find in the work of the Christian Ministry full scope for all the energy, the ardour, the faith, and the human sympathy that were his. Therein lay the true secret of his success and of the great influence he exerted. He was, in a word, a minister first and last, a model of what the average Scottish Presbyterian expects a minister to be.

"But Dr. Whyte was more than a great preacher, he was a great Scotsman. He was of that fine Scottish breed which has given so many men of mark to the world, of that breed, we mean, whose sons triumph over the material difficulties of scanty means and low wordly position by the exercise of their own talents and the possession of the sublime gift of character. Dr. Whyte did not get much education in his youth, and at the age of 13 he left school to become apprentice to a local shoemaker. Yet he lived to become the most cultured preacher of his time, and to win the admiration of many of the most discriminating critics of his day by the

wealth of literary allusion, of biographical and historical illustration, of imaginative and spiritual insight, and of varied human experience, which made his sermons thrill with interest and vitality from beginning to end.

"At the age of seventeen, Dr. Whyte abandoned shoemaking for teaching, and two years later became teacher of the Free Church School in the parish of Airlie. There, when the day's work was done, says the writer of the memoir in the *Scotsman*, David White, the minister, 'would walk with his young friend to his lodgings at the Craigton, talking all the way about Hugh Miller and *The Witness*, and pointing out what was meant by a first-rate English style as he stopped and read selected passages from Miller's leading articles.' This quotation has peculiar interest for the present writer, for not only did Hugh Miller embark on his literary career in the columns of the *Courier*, and owe much to the kindly advice and encouragement of the then editor, but many years later Dr. Whyte's son, Hugh Miller's grandson—another Hugh Miller—and the present writer spent many pleasant hours together as members of the editorial staff of a weekly publication. Thus the literary connection between the first Hugh Miller and Dr. Whyte, and the first Hugh Miller and the *Courier* was, by a pleasing coincidence, continued and maintained in the third generation."

Famous Glasgow Taverns

How the name of an old tavern stirs the imagination! What images and associations are connected with it! In a former day and generation the hostelry by the wayside was rendered immortal by the poets and litterateurs. You have but to go back along the corridors of time for a glimpse of its cosy interior as the rendezvous of the literati, for the lore of this fine old institution finds a prominent place in the pages of literary story. From the days of the inimitable Chaucer, whose "nyne and twenty" pilgrims met "the Tabbard faste by the Belle," in Southwark, you can trace a goodly army of worshippers at the shrine of St. Bacchus. On through the years the ever-kindly rays of romance have shed a brilliant lustre over these ancient establishments of "mine host." You remember the Boar's Head of Shakespeare, where the great merry-making of Prince Hal with Sir John Falstaff took place. You must also have hidden away in your memory the Beare Tavern and White Horse of Pepys, and the famous inns of the London of Pope, and the coffee-house wits. Shenstone's cold, chilling blast—

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round
> Whate'er its stages might have been,
> Must sigh to think that he has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

is more than counterbalanced by the happy note struck by Dickens. If you know Dickens as you should, you must know the famous "Spaniards" by Hampstead Heath and the "Maypole" of *Barnaby Rudge*. And who can look up at an old sign-board without recalling those animated conversations in the old Cock hostelry in Cheapside between Dr. Johnson and his celebrated satellite, the never-to-be-forgotten James Boswell.

The Good Old Days

But while England, unquestionably, holds the palm in literary taverns, Scotland can boast of a goodly number. Glasgow figures conspicuously in this respect. In the far away days when the commercial capital was a picturesque little township by the banks of the Clyde—the days that heard the rumble of the stage coach and the clatter of horses' hoofs on narrow streets—her bards, journalists and song writers knew well the convivial and inviting atmosphere of the hostelry. Here they met at nights in social enjoyment, and amid the flow of wine and fumes of tobacco smoke, tuned their lyres to sing of "dear auld Saint Mungo's toon." You get a vivid picture of the scene in the lines of a forgotten poet—

> Loud voices swell from taverns, crowded throng
> With Bacch'nal revellers, a merry "core"—
> The loud, long laugh, the spirit-stirring song.
> Is heard amid the universal roar:
> Shakespeare, the Boot, the Sun and many more,
> Famed through the city taverns of repute.
> Where rosy Bacchus pours luxuriant store,

The nectarious juice of ripe Elysian fruit,
Fit drink for men to quaff and gods to distribute.

A merry time, to be sure. What toasts would be pledged over bumpers of wine! What songs sung, what stories told! The Saracen's Head, the Black Bull, the Sun and many others hold delightful old world associations. Dipping into their legends and their lore, you are immediately in the midst of reminiscences rich with the traditionary humor, broad mirth, sarcastic license of a vanished generation. Pleasing memories are awakened within you. Whispering voices speak from out a shadowed past of nights spent with Bacchus and the muses. And it is a pleasant exercise of fancy to peep into some of these famous Glasgow haunts and meet with the jovial spirits who consecrated their every nook and corner.

The Saracen's Head

Venerable indeed are the pictures which fancy conjures forth—lingering dreamlands of what now seem "far-off, forgotten things." You view them in the imagination, for the Glasgow of old is no more. The quiet, peaceful scenes of long ago have given place to a workaday atmosphere, taking with them their own old world. Few of the taverns remain, though their poetry and romance tinkles in the memory as tenderly as the ripple in Clytie's hair. You will seek long in vain for the Dove, the Avondale Arms, the White Hart, and many more, but if you penetrate the Gallowgate you may still visit the Saracen's Head. Looking at it to-day, it is difficult to realize that it was once the fashionable abode of all distinguished visitors in the city. It stands a pathetic link with days long dead, a desolate landmark on the pathway of time. Where once was pomp and elegance, only squalor and decay meet the eye. Yet your love for associations gilds it in the mind's eye, for it keeps within its weather-beaten walls a sheaf of reminiscences. It has stories of Wordsworth, the dyspeptic Coleridge, and the fair and gossipy Dorothy, who found it "quiet and tolerably cheap." It offers you a recollection of Thomas Gray, the author of *The Elegy*, and some charming anecdotes of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Here it was that the portly lexicographer put up with Boswell on his return from the Hebrides. One likes to think, too, of the visits of "Jupiter" Carlyle, Edmund Burke and Adam Smith and of the literary coterie so intimately sketched in the pages of that entertaining book, *The Laird of Logan*. And that must have been an outstanding event in its history when the first mail coach from London rumbled up to its door on the seventh day of July, 1788.

The Black Bull

Another famous establishment in its pristine period was the celebrated Black Bull, in Argyle Street. You can picture the kindly gleam from its windows shining through the mirk of a wild winter's eve, and the many Bohemian spirits who came a-wandering to participate in the enjoyable task of drowning themselves "amang the nappy." Out of the varied pageant one great figure emerges and stands alone. Burns had a keen eye and as keen a palate for the old-fashioned inn, and his acquaintance with the Black Bull was particularly intimate. During his numerous sojourns in Glasgow, he was a familiar figure at its festive board. One occasion looms more prominently than the others. In the early part of February, 1788, the bard met by appointment here his brother, William, and Captain Richard Brown, that old friend of his Irvine days. It was a memorable meeting, for Burns, flushed with his success in Edinburgh, and full of spirit over the Clarinda love affair, was in a hospitable mood. What bumpers of wine these three convivial cronies drank; what toasts they pledged over the big punch-bowl! Yet these fade before that tender epistle to Mrs. M'Lehose, surely one of the most touching love letters ever written by the bard—

> How do you feel, my love? Is your heart ill at ease? I fear it. God forbid these persecutors (persons who had been condemning her attachment to the poet) should harass that peace, which is more precious to me than my own. Be assured I shall ever think of you, muse on you, and, in my moments of devotion, pray for you. The hour that you are not in my thoughts—"be that hour darkness! Let the shadows of day cover it! Let it not be numbered in the hours of the day!" When I forget the darling theme.
>
> Be my tongue mute! my fancy paint no more!
> And, dead to joy, forget, my heart, to beat!

(*Continued on page 480*)

Our Glasgow Letter

Our Glasgow Letter

One of the most romantic marriages between a Peer and a Commoner has just recently been consummated in Edinburgh, between Viscount Melville of Melville Castle, and a Miss Margaret Todd, an Edinburgh lady. Miss Todd held a position in a Princes street perfumer's shop, and it was on a visit to this establishment that the Viscount made the acquaintance of the lady who is now his wife. Lord Melville is 78 years of age, and his Lady is about 40. She is of striking and handsome appearance, and will lend dignity and grace to her new position. This is His Lordship's third venture into matrimony. He first married a daughter of the late William Scully of Rio de Janeiro. She died in 1890, and in 1891 he married Mary, daughter of Dr. George Hamilton, of Falkirk, who died about a year ago. He had four sons of his first marriage and two daughters of his second. One of his sons, Kenneth Robert Dundas, R. N. V. R., was killed in the Dardanelles in 1915.

Scotland's Premier fishing port, Aberdeen, this year holds a record for profitable business. Up till the end of November, 2,097,330 cwts. have been landed of the gross value of £2,941,360. The money value is the biggest in the history of the port, being about £900,000 more than last year. One Aberdeen trawler, we are told, fitted up for the line fishing, and worked by line crews, grossed £25,000, while several others were not far short of the £20,000. After clearing expenses the crews have settled up for from £800 to £1,000 for the season. Some profitable business!

The first lady law agent is a Scotswoman, and a Glasgow lady at that. She is Miss Madge Easton Anderson, M.A., L.L.B., 199 West George street, Glasgow, and the Court of Session has granted her petition to act as a law agent. She is a graduate of Glasgow University, and served a three years' apprenticeship with a Glasgow firm of writers, beginning in May, 1917. There are other similar applications pending, but Miss Anderson's is the first.

The story of the heroism of some elderly Shetland fishermen is worth retailing. It comes from Police Constable Irvine, of Edinburgh, who received it in a letter from his father, who lives on Whalsay Island, Shetland. A furious storm prevailed on the morning of December 1st, and tremendous seas were running. An American schooner, the largest of its kind in the world, named the *Marion Chilcott*, of San Francisco, on a voyage from Sweden to the West Indies, was seen to be in great danger of running on to the rocky coast in the Skerry Firth. She was showing distress signals. Had she struck she would undoubtedly have gone to pieces. Volunteers were called for among the fishermen on Whalsay Island, and as the young men were all away from home, five men well up in years launched a boat and undertook the risk of making for the schooner. The *Marion Chilcott's* anchor had been thrown out, but so wild was the sea that the steel cables snapped, and the lifeboat on the deck was swept away by a big sea. The daring fishermen, after making two unsuccessful attempts, managed to get two of their men on board the schooner when it was only a short distance from the rocks. These men, who know every reef and sunken rock in the vicinity, piloted the great schooner in safety into Mid-Yell Harbour. The three elderly men who were left in the boat found themselves in great difficulties. More than once their cockle shell of a boat was nearly swamped. Eventually a motor boat put out to their assistance from a place six miles away. The men struggled to make their harbour from 12 noon to 5 p. m., and were much exhausted when they reached safety. The story of the rescue has aroused great enthusiasm in the Shetlands, and the great courage displayed by these elderly men is regarded as the greatest heroism known on the coast for many years.

We learn that there is a definite prospect of extensive development of slate quarrying in Luing, which is an island off the Argyll Coast, north of Jura. The island is six miles long, and no where exceeds one and one-half miles in breadth. There is a small Gaelic speaking population. Messrs. H. & J. S. MacCowan are in charge of the Luing Quarries, where, during the last twelve months, a considerable quantity of debris having been removed, slate beds of first quality can be followed downwards to a depth of over 700 feet. The quality of the slate resembles the best grey blue variety at Delabole, which is sufficient testimony of its value, as the beauty and durability of Delabole slates are well known. Owing to the boom in building at present this "find" should be a gold mine.

As against the slate quarries discovery we hear that the lead mining industry has fallen on evil days in Scotland. Lead has fallen in price from £52 per ton in March, 1920 to £22.10.0. present day, which, we are told, makes it impossible for mining companies to carry on. In 1856, over 300 mines were at work in the United Kingdom, and to-day it is questionable if there are six. A non-Ferrous Mines Commission sat a short time ago, but could give no help as far as the lead industry was concerned. Witnesses at the Commission pointed out that one of the chief factors of the low prices ruling was the heavy stocks held by the Government. It is suggested that there is work here for the newly formed Mines Department, and the mines themselves, as well as the public in

the districts concerned, should take the matter up, as the closing of the mines in districts like Leadhills in Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire, would mean unemployment for practically the whole community, some 2,000.

The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton have just gifted to Hamilton twenty-two acres of ground in front of the Hamilton Palace for Recreation Grounds. The gift includes the right to lower a big wall in Castle street, which has been the means of hiding the castle from the public for many years. The Old Stage Coach Inn, later the Commercial Hotel, and now the Hamilton Palace Offices, is included. This building is of considerable age, being part of the old town of Netherton. As 1920 was the Duke's semi-Jubilee—he having become Duke of Hamilton in 1895—this is probably one way of commemorating it.

On November 20th, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, had the freedom of his native city—Edinburgh—conferred upon him. It is seventy-four years since Dr. Bell first saw the light, and he is still a hale and hearty man. When he attended the Royal High School in Edinburgh he had as fellow pupils the late King Edward, and the two French Princes, Louis Ferdinand and Pierre d'Orleans. He revisited his old school, and if his welcome was a bit too joyous on the part of the pupils for his taste, still he took it in the best of part, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself.

The Shandon Hydropathic, on the Gareloch, is another instance of government waste that makes the country squirm. It is expected that by the end of March this huge building will be vacated, but even that is not a certainty. It was taken over by the Admiralty as an Experimental Station, and was supposed to be permanent, but it is now found, evidently, that the work can be more economically carried out in the south of England. If that is so the sooner they clear out the better, but you wont hurry a Government Department, and the waste goes on. A special investigator into this case, writing to the *Daily Record*, says: "One reason assigned for the removal from Shandon is that, in the south of England, the experts will be in closer touch with the headquarters in London. It has apparently taken years of deep thought to arrive at this obvious conclusion. Chosen, during the war, on account of its proximity to the Gareloch, the huge Shandon Hydro with its suites of rooms, swimming baths and extensive grounds, was purchased by the Admiralty with a view to the institution of a permanent research department. A superabundant, and as events have shown, numerically superfluous staff, at once entered into occupation. The present staff, it is stated, will be further depleted, and only those who are considered indispensable will be retained after March. What will ultimately become of the abandoned Hydropathic is a matter of conjecture. It is probable that the Admiralty will endeavour to lease or sell it for its original purpose. Failing this, the enormous building will remain on their hands, and the cost of its upkeep will continue to be a charge on the public purse."

Dundee was the scene, on December 20th, of a very disastrous fire which caused damage amounting to over £60,000. The premises involved were those of Thomas Malone, Boot and Shoe Repair Factory, and the furniture warehouse of Messrs. Cooper Brothers, known as the Tabernacle. Fortunately, although a very congested neighborhood, the fire did not get beyond these two warehouses.

Airdrie deserves a word of praise for her thrift. The Savings Bank report shows an increase of a quarter of a million pounds in the funds for the last year. There was an increase of £168,145 in the total turnover of deposits and withdrawals. The number of depositors' transactions also increased by 3,815, while 1,760 were added to the number of depositors, making a total of 30,938 depositors having sums at their credit.

GRACE D. WILSON.

64 Terregles Avenue,
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The Scot in London

The outstanding event of the year in the London Scottish community is the annual festival of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and under the chairmanship of Major-General The Right Hon. Lord Lovat, KT. KCMG., KCVO., C. B., DSO., the gathering on St. Andrew's Day maintained the interest taken in the welfare of the charity. There were 450 present including the Marquess of Aberdeen, KT., GCMG. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K. T., GCMG., GCVO., the Lord Provost of Glasgow, the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, Lord Pentland, GCSI., GCIE., Colonel Sir John S. Young, CVO., and practically all the outstanding Scots of the Metropolis. After the dinner, speeches were delivered; and the chairman made an earnest appeal for funds and recalled the fact that it was the 256th annual festival. He spoke of the adverse conditions of life which had become accentuated in the case of the very poor, infirm and friendless; and in particular

pointed out that the cost of rent, bread and the absolute necessities of life pressed disastrously on the aged who are alone in the world and whose income was so often of the most meagre description. He congratulated the Managing Governors on their scheme for training the children of widows to skilled trades which had met with most gratifying results, and confidently appealed to the generosity of the Governors and friends to support the charity so that the claims of the pensioners and also the exceptional claims of distress as must arise during the year in front of us might be met. There was no more worthy or lasting memorial could be conceived than to aid the less fortunate and suffering fellow-countrymen in times of distress. The result of the appeal was a total subscription of £4,400. Of this amount the Caledonian Society of London and friends of the members were responsible for £1,725.

The 17th annual Scottish service for the members of Scottish Associations in London as usual drew a large audience. It is necessary to allow admission by ticket so as to make sure that those for whom the service is held should not be crowded out. St. Columba's Church was full to overflowing and the audience must have numbered close on one thousand. There was piquancy in the fact that the preacher was captain, the Rev. Louis de Saint Andre, DSO., of the Protestant Church of France in Tours, who was throughout the war, liaison officer between the French and British Armies . M. Saint Andre wore some of his numerous decorations won in the war and he spoke in fluent English. He referred to the gallantry, chivalry and services to France of the British and in particular the Scottish troops. Again and again he had fought side by side with our Highland and Lowland Regiments; and from his opening description of the return from action of a Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders in the first months of the war, only eighty strong, including officers, to his last words in which he bade his audience speak no more of the ancient alliance between France and Scotland because a new bond between "Our sons—your sons" had been cemented in blood on the fields of France which would endure for ever, he held his audience spell-bound. A collection was taken for the two London Scottish Charities and £72 was realized. This is a good collection when it is remembered that all the larger subscriptions to these great charities are given at other times. Among the familiar faces of the audience were noticed Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, the Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen, Viscount Finlay, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Bernard Mallot, KCB., and Lady Mallet, the Dowager Lady Sempill, the Earl and Countess of Haddo, the Right Hon. Eugene Wason, and many others of the outstanding figures of the Scottish Community. Occupying reserved seats in the front pews were veteran pensioners of the Royal Scottish Corporation, a contingent of girls and boys from the Royal Caledonian Schools, and a detachment of the Cadet Battalion of the London Scottish Regiment.

The death in his prime of Lord Glenconner has made a blank among Scots in London that will not be easily filled. His striking face and head gave distinction to his manly figure and his generous heart was responsible for many benefactions where these could be dispensed without ostentation. He was for several years the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—an office which he so gracefully, assisted by Lady Glenconner, discharged with felicity, dignity and kindliness. Lord Glenconner employed much of his fortune in the encouragement of the great arts, especially painting and literature, and it was only because of his aversion to publicity or self-advertisement of every kind that he was not better known. His good deeds, however, are known to many who now realize what a splendid friend has been lost to them. It will be remembered that Lord and Lady Glenconner's eldest son, a young poet of world-wide fame, some of whose verses written in France during the war have achieved fame which approaches immortality was killed in France. Scotland may well bemoan the death of Lord Glenconner because it was to him we owe the redemption from private ownership and secular wreck that priceless gem of Scottish ecclesiastical architecture, Dryburgh Abbey.

The appointment of the Rev. Dr. Jaffray, CMG., CBE., Brigadier General, Principal Chaplain to the forces, to be the First Deputy Chaplain-General to the Forces at the War Office is hailed with enthusiasm by the Scots in London. Dr. Jaffray joined the army in 1891, and has seen service in many parts of the world. He was mentioned in dispatches and received special promotion for distinguished service in the field during the South African War and, in the great war, he served in France, Flanders and with the Salonika and Black Sea forces. He was four times mentioned in dispatches and was created CMG. in 1915 and CBE. in 1918. The King of Servia conferred on him the order of St. Sava for valuable service in the field and it was in July last he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh.

There are sixteen Scottish County Associations in London, each providing in its own way social gatherings where friends can meet. Nowhere in the world is community of interest more essential than in the Empire City, where it is so easy to merge into the common throng. A county like Lanark, which includes Glasgow, ought to be the largest of this class of associations, as the population is greater than any of the others and the migratory instinct is very pronounced in the business capital of Scotland. Many members of the Glasgow and Lanark-

shire Association have taken leading parts in the affairs of the nation and Glasgow University is famed for the splendid scientists it has given to the world. There are also the engineers of the Clyde, whose roving dispositions are well known. London is the stepping-off place of many of them and it is well that friends are ready to welcome all new-comers whether they mean to settle in the metropolis or only mean to make it a short halting place. Some years ago the Lord Provost of Glasgow in addressing the London Association, said: "Such associations as yours serve an excellent purpose in the upbuilding of national life, and in deepening the interests of the individual in whatever pertains to the place with which, either through parentage, birth or residence he is closely related," and it is to provide this atmosphere that the association has again revived its pre-war activities. Mr. J. Gray Buchanan is chairman of Council and no better guide could be chosen at the present time. He is enthusiastic and has a deep-seated feeling of responsibility towards the younger men and women who come from his native county. To inaugurate the session in a becoming way, Mr. Buchanan entertained the members of Council with their ladies to dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, and the program of events there unfolded should make the association a big rallying centre for old and young. There are to be Cinderella dances, whist drives and other social events and the claims of education and philanthropy are put down in large letters in the program for the year.

With such an example of how to do things from the representatives of the commercial capital, those from the real capital of Scotland will have to look to their laurels. The London Lothians Association was for a long while a virile body, but the war told heavily on its membership and it needs to make a fresh effort. There are plenty of men and women from the three Lothians in London to make a big association and men like Mr. John Chapman and Mr. McNaughton Hope are the rallying centres round which Lothian people may gather with confidence. It can never be so great in numbers as its rival from the west, but numbers can be made up by enthusiasm. It has been suggested that owing to the increased cost of hiring halls for meetings, an amalgamation of associations ought to take place and if ever this idea should materialize the Lothians Association would be a good nucleus on which to build a powerful Lowland Association. So far as the Border Counties of Scotland are concerned there is no association which takes them in and if they were all formed into one society the interests of those who come from old Caledonia would be benefited.

It is an open question whether some of the Northern Counties would not also benefit by amalgamation and, if instead of sixteen averaged sized county associations, say four or six district combinations could be evolved more good could be accomplished as a consequence. An objection might be raised on the ground of the destruction of the county ties, but the Scots who settle in London must widen their views and if necessary combine for the better upholding of the traditions of Scotland as a whole.

JOHN DOUGLAS,
F. S. A., Scot.

6 St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, London, S. W. 13, England.

Current Events

Domestic

Representative MacLeod, of Michigan, 25 years old and the youngest member of the House of Representatives, has been selected as assistant Republican whip. MacLeod, who is serving his first term, was in the army in the World War and was enthusiastically supported by the American Legion at his election.

Friends of the Rev. Dr. Jowett will be pleased to know that he is recuperating rapidly from his recent nervous breakdown, at Cannes, France, where, with Mrs. Jowett he is on six months' leave.

A. Barton Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank, New York, left February 2, for a several months' trip to Japan. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Cordelia Hepburn.

John McInnes, for twenty years superintendent of hull construction for Bath Iron Works, Ltd., Bath, Me., died January 22, while traveling with his wife in Scotland.

A preliminary committee to plan suitable celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Monroe Doctrine, has been organized by representatives of seventy-one organizations associated with the Sulgrave Institution in the celebration of the Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The committee proposed to celebrate in December, 1923 and January, 1924, the publication of the Monroe Doctrine, which was issued December 2, 1823.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Palmer, of Columbus, Ohio, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, was the guest of honor of the Presbyterian Social Union of New York city at the dinner of the society at the Pennsylvania Hotel, February 7.

The British Empire Chamber of Commerce in the United States of America, which will represent Great Britain and her dominions, was organized at a meeting in New York, January 26. The members, composed of prominent business men, elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: E. F. Darrell, E. F. Darrell & Company, president; Charles W. Bowring, Bowring & Company, first vice-president; Robert Y. Hebden, Bank of Montreal, second vice president; James Brown, Brown Brothers & Company, third vice president; Robert Rowland Appleby, Bank of British West Africa, Ltd., honorary treasurer, and George M. Massey of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, honorary secretary to the council.

Newport News has ordered all idlers within its corporate limits to go to work or get out of town. Commenting upon this resolution, the *New York Herald* calls attention to the fact that "It was in Virginia that John Smith warned those who would not work that they should not eat, and official Virginia has not forgotten his sternly just rule."

Miss Mary Garden, "the lass frae Aberdeen," now manager of the Chicago Opera Company, will be made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

New York newspapers and magazines continue in great demand throughout Canada. St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa recently passed a resolution that the society views with concern the great and growing influence of American newspaper and periodical literature in Canada and expresses approval of all efforts to increase correspondingiy the circulation of British papers.

Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, who arrived in London, January 24, for conference with his Government, will return to Washington, sailing February 15.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims, speaking before the Loyal Coalition, in Boston, January 25, said that to him it was inconceivable that American citizens of Irish nationality could support the Sinn Fein "knowing what they do about them."

"How any American of Irish descent can support a party that was our implacable enemy during our war passes my understanding," the Admiral said.

Sinn Fein activities, he asserted, necessitated the diversion of vessels from the convoy of troops and of merchant ships. "And you people here in America," he continued, "have a great many of your sons at the bottom of the sea to-day because we were obliged to divert those vessels and could not give adequate protection. We were fighting against the Germans and the Central Powers, but they were fighting open. They fought the submarine under water, but that is the way to fight the submarine. The Sinn Fein were fighting us just as bitterly and behind our backs.

Mr. George T. Wilson, New York, has been elected a vice president of the Harriman National Bank, taking office February 1. Mr. Wilson has been connected with the Equitable Life Assurance Society for 45 years, entering its employ as an office boy at $3.00 per week. He is one of the best known men in the insurance field, and a familiar figure in the public eye of New York. He took a prominent part in the Liberty Loan campaigns. In 1917, he served as vice president with the late Joseph H. Choate on a committee of citizens to welcome Marshal Joffre and the visiting French War Mission, and Mr. Balfour and the British War Mission; as vice chairman of several committees of citizens appointed by Mayor Mitchel, for the reception of various visiting War Missions, including the Belgian, Japanese and Italian; and as an officer on the Mayor's Committee of National Defense. Mr. Wilson was decorated for distinguished war services by the King of Belgium, the King of Greece and the King of Montenegro. The new vice president of the Harriman National Bank is a member of many clubs and societies, including the Pilgrims, of which he was one of the organizers in London and New York, and was for sixteen years chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Pilgrims.

A gold medallion believed to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots was stolen recently by burglars in New York. So far as collectors have been able to trace the history of the medallion, it was a companion to the gold rosary that Mary Queen of Scots wore on the day of her execution. The filigree work in the gold of the medallion is the same design as that of the rosary, and appears to experts to have been executed by the same goldsmith. The medallion bears a representation of Christ's face on one side and the Virgin and the Christ child on the other. The links of the chain were flowers, executed in soft gold. The medallion was formerly the property of Dr. T. Carvallo, who has in his collection the rosary worn by the Scottish Queen on the day that she was beheaded in 1587.

The House of Representatives on January 29, approved the acceptance by the United States of the former home of J. P. Morgan in London as a residence for the American Ambassador. The House agreed also to an appropriation in the same bill of $150,000 for the purchase of an American embassy at Paris. The Morgan house in London is at Prince's Gate and has been associated with the Morgans for three generations. It is best remembered by the people of London as the home of the great art treasures of J. Pierpont Morgan, father of the donor of the house to America.

Dr. George Ellery Hale, director of the Mount Wilson astronomical observatory near Pasadena, Cal., has been named by the Royal Institution of Great Britain as winner of the Actonian Prize in recognition of his work in studying solar phenomena.

Canadian

W. C. Nichol, proprietor of the Vancouver (B. C.) *Province*, has been appointed lieutenant-governor of British Columbia. He is not only the first newspaper man to receive the high honor, but he is the first resident of the mainland to be so honored. Hitherto Victoria has maintained a monopoly on the position.

The value of the farm crops of Quebec Province for 1920, amounted to $307,044,000, an increase of 310 per cent. in six years. The value of the crops of Ontario for the same period amounted to $373,507,400, an increase of 190 per cent. for the past six years.

Joseph Mantell, who died in Toronto, February 1, was 111 years old and came from England to Canada eighty-two years ago, making the journey from Quebec to Toronto on foot.

The first woman Cabinet Minister in any of the Overseas Dominions of the British Empire and of the Motherland itself, will be Mrs. Mary Ellen Ralph Smith, one of the six members returned from Vancouver to the British Columbia Parliament during the elections in December last. Mrs. Smith enters the Cabinet of British Columbia as Minister of Education.

During the three months and a half between the 15th of August and the close of navigation on the 1st of December, the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways together dispatched out of Winnipeg for the head of the Great Lakes a special train of fifty cars of wheat every hour in the day and night, Saturday and Sunday alike. The amount of the 1920 wheat crop moved to the head of the lakes was 124,000,000 bushels as against eighty million bushels for the corresponding period of last year.

Hon. Arthur Lewis Sifton, Dominion Secretary of State since December 3, 1919, died in Ottawa, January 21. He was sixty-two years old. Mr. Sifton had been prominent in the politics of western Canada for many years and active in Dominion affairs since October, 1917, when he was sworn into the Federal Privy Council and became Minister of Customs in Sir Robert Borden's Unionist Government.

Canada will soon receive the first payment upon her share of the German reparations. These will not be drawn from the indemnity sums fixed upon in Paris, but will be part of the proceeds from the sale of German ships in England.

More than 60,000 pupils were enrolled during the year ended June 30, 1920, under the Dominion Government scheme of assisting technical education throughout the Provinces. Of this number 51,827 attended the evening classes and 8,512 took their training during the daytime. There were 1,810 teachers in the various Provinces, of whom 1,423 were at evening schools, 384 at day schools, and 3 in the correspondence department.

British

Professor James Colquhoun Irvine, C.B.E., Ph.D., D.Sc., appointed Principal of the University of St. Andrews in December, was educated at the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, and graduated at St. Andrews in 1898. He took the Ph.D. at Leipzig in 1901, and was appointed to the Chair of Chemistry in the United College in 1909. During the war he gave important service in devising processes for the production of synthetic drugs, bacteriological sugars, and poison gases. In 1918, in recognition of his original scientific work, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and for his war services he was made C.B.E.

The Central Fund Committee of the U. F. Church have declared a standard minimum stipend for 1920 of at least £265. At their meeting in Edinburgh recently, it was stated that the income for the year was £257,044, as against £233,564 in 1919, an increase of £23,490.

The King has been pleased, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, to approve the appointment of Mr. Alfred Martin Laing, advocate, to the office of Sheriff-Substitute of Caithness, Orkney, and Zetland at Kirkwall, in room of Mr. John Swan Mercer, who has been appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Renfrew and Bute at Greenock. Mr. Laing is the son of Mr. Robert Laing, farmer, Tomnamoon, Forres.

Summerdown Camp, Eastbourne, the first and largest convalescent centre established during the war, which has been closed, nursed 150,000 soldiers back to health in the five and a half years of its existence. Only one death occurred. The largest number of patients accommodated at one time was 5,000 in August-September, 1917.

Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, one of Scotland's best-known peers, is writing his reminiscences, which are to be published very soon. Lord Shaw's career has been an extremely varied one, and for years he has been one of the most popular figures at the Bar, in politics, or on the Bench. If, as announced, he intends to deal extensively with Scots political life behind the scenes during the last three decades, his book should make extremely interesting reading.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, well known residents in Kirkhill, saw the fifty-fifth year of their wedded life on 16th December, and are hale and hearty despite their years. They have had thirty-two grand-children, twenty-four of whom survive, together with three great-grand-children, who are also living.

Miss Effie King, a winsome dancer, has won more than 70 prizes in two years, including the Victory Cup for the Highland fling at Leith recently. She has also won two cups and 51 medals. She was a previous winner at the Cowal Highland Gathering this year, and is a member of the famous Allandene Troupe. Miss King is a pupil of Miss Lena Doig, Dowdenbeath, and Mr. Peter Smith, Dunfermline.

John Knox U. F. Church, Aberdeen, Scotland, was seriously damaged by fire, the morning of January 24. The church was organized by the Rev. John Stephen at the Disruption in 1843, and the present building was erected in 1900. The Rev. J. A. Martin is the present minister. The loss, from £5,000 to £6,000, is fully covered by insurance.

Dundee authorities are planning to erect cottages—some 1,200 in all—in the Craigie, Maryfield, and Balgay districts. The cottages will cost at least £1,400 ($6,813) each, which will result in an aggregate expenditure by the municipality of something like a million and a half pounds ($7,299,750). The houses will be of two sizes, namely, five and six rooms. The necessary sites have been acquired and the roads are now being constructed.

It is reported that during 1919-1920 more than one-fifth of Scotland changed hands, the acreage involved being nearly 4,000,000, while over £47,000,000 was spent by new landlords in making their purchases. Happily, however, these figures do not mean that an extent of land equal to the eight midland counties of Scotland has passed into the hands of the new rich, or people of that ilk. A very large proportion of it has fallen to farmers, so that the number of landlords has increased greatly—by no means a bad thing from the public point of view.

The Government has placed the sum of £1,000,000 at the disposal of the Scottish Board of Agriculture for purposes of land settlement. It is well known that great difficulties have been encountered by the Board in carrying out its policy, chief of these being the lack of finance. With the new grant it will now be able to speed up its work. It is expected that the work of equipment of the small holdings will keep pace with the acquisition of land, and that delay in providing suitable applicants with holdings will be considerably decreased.

General Smuts and the South African Party won a decisive victory over their "secession" opponents in the elections of February 8. No less vital an issue than the secesion of an important State of the British Empire by ballot arose in the election of the new Legislative Assembly in the Union of South Africa. In Britain it is considered that few more important elections ever have taken place in a British dominion.

Recent deaths in Britain include MASON HUNTER, the noted Scottish painter, in Edinburgh, February 1; SIR GEORGE H. BARCLAY, former British attache in Washington, D. C., in London, January 27, in his 60th year; ARTHUR WALTER, editor and reporter of official debates in the House of Lords since 1898, in London, January 27; SIR MERTON RUSSEL COTES, noted art connoisseur and art collector, in London, January 28, in his 87th year.

The rank of Brigadier-General in the British army has been abolished. Officers holding that rank will henceforth be known as Colonel Commandants.

Provision will be made at the coming session of the Legislature for payment to the Lords Commissioners of the King's Treasury of $300,000 a year for forty years as a contribution from Jamaica for the reduction of the war debt of Britain.

The Rev. J. A. Irwin, the Presbyterian minister who spoke in the United States with Eamon de Valera during the latter's recent tour of this country, and who was arrested in Belfast, January 24, and sent to the Ballykinlar internment camp, was released on bail January 27. The charge against the Rev. Mr. Irwin was the possession of a revolver, a shotgun and seditious literature. He is the first Presbyterian minister to be arrested on a political charge since the 1798 rebellion.

The question of Church Union in Scotland has for the time being disappeared from the foreground of public interest and discussion. Nothing has been heard of the matter since the General Assemblies met last June. The chief reason for this is that the negotiations have reached a stage at which parliamentary action intervenes. But Parliament has all it can attend to these days in dealing with industrial troubles, the Irish question and pressing matters of foreign policy. The question of the union of the Scottish churches, however, is not shelved. On the contrary, it is anticipated that when it emerges from Parliament it will be in a form that will give the negotiations new vitality and bring the churches to the last phase of their deliberations.

Few Americans are aware that Aberdeen has been for many years the center of the comb-making industry of Great Britain, or that the works of the Aberdeen Comb Works Company (Ltd.), are the largest in the world engaged in the manufacture of combs. These works have been in existence for more than 100 years; thy cover an area of eight acres and employ about 800 hands. Among the articles manufactured are combs of every description, hairs slides, hairpins, shoehorns, spoons, drinking cups, paper knives, toothpicks, nail cleaners, etc., from horn and from the company's own non-inflammable substitute, which they call "keronyx." This company also supplies their "keronyx" to button makers, knife-handle manufacturers, and for electrical fittings.

The fur catch of Kootenay and Boundary for 1920 represents an aggregate value of $800,000. The extraordinary prices of last year sent every trapper into the hills and onto the streams, and hundreds of amateurs took up the work for the first time. Notwithstanding prices have declined from one-half to two-thirds, the prospects for this year are regarded as good, for the prices which will be paid will well repay the trappers.



Scottish and British Societies



In addition to our regular correspondence, THE CALEDONIAN is always pleased to publish reports of the doings of Scottish and British societies throughout the world. Secretaries and others are requested especially to send notices of meetings, elections of officers, and other items that will be of interest to readers of the magazine. THE CALEDONIAN will bring you prominently before British people everywhere.

Robert Burns

BY JAMES P. BROOMFIELD

January 25th, 1921.

Again we honor Robin,
Our gifted Bard of Ayr:
God's champion of the lowly
I honored ev'rywhere.
His song they live unbroken
—The thrilling line on line—
And gleam like lights eternal
Inspired with fire and wine.

His manly songs—the tender,
To nature ever true—
Through wondrous changing ages,
With glories burst anew.
Our eyes see greater beauties,
Our hearts are stirred to good,
For Robin draws us nearer
To man's true brotherhood.

Detroit, Mich.

The Burns Society of the City of New York

The Burns Society of the City of New York held its 51st annual banquet, celebrating the 162nd anniversary of the birth of "Scotia's Immortal Bard," at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Tuesday evening, January 25. A large number of members and guests of the society assembled in the ante-rooms for an hour preceding the dinner to exchange greetings and to renew old acquaintances, the spirit of Scots heartiness and true brotherhood always being a characteristic, not only of the true lover of Burns, but as well of these annual gatherings in honor of the great "Poet of Humanity."

The company marched into the dining room to the strains of the Highland bagpipe in the master hands of Pipe Major James Cooper; and after the invocation the customary toasts to "The President," followed by a verse of *The Star Spangled Banner*, and "The King," by a verse of *God Save the King*, were drunk standing.

The room was elaborately decorated with American flags, interspersed with the St. Andrew's Cross, the Lion Rampant of Scotland, and the Union Jack, and the tables graced with smilax and American Beauty roses. The menu was a masterpiece of the printers' art and a handsomely bound souvenir of Burns was the memento to each one present of a most memorable occasion. Some of the traditional Scottish dishes were served, the Haggis, escorted to the music of the pipes, receiving a great ovation.

J. Massey Rhind, president of the society, the distinguished sculptor, was toastmaster, and seated with him at the table were the speakers of the evening, and John Foord, Edward E. Bartlett, and Hon. Charles P. McClelland.

Inspired by the occasion, Mr. Rhind was in a delightful mood, and aside from his felicitous introductions of the speakers, in his opening remarks rose to the height of eloquence in depicting his ideals as an artist and a lover of Burns of what a true statue of the poet should be. He cited examples from the existing memorials and referred humorously to the usual methods of selecting the designs for these memorials. He also made much of the fact that no artist can accomplish any truly great work unless he is deeply interested in his subject, can make no great statue unless he loves and understands the personality of the man he is depicting. Mr. Rhind disclosed a delicious vein of humor, and his remarks were punctuated with good "braid Scots," which showed a familiarity with the rich and expressive vernacular that Burns and his votaries have done so much to preserve.

William Gibson, LL. D., responded to the toast "Scotland." He is a finished speaker with a sly way of slipping in a story or a bit of wit to clinch a serious point and to keep his hearers in good humor; but more than all one cannot fail to be impressed with his sincerity, his deep loyalty to America, and his love for the land of his forbears. One felt that he could go on listening to him forever.

The response to "The Immortal Memory" was by the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, of New York. Dr. Alexander needs no introduction and his reputation as a scholarly and accomplished Burns student is unexcelled. His text was the humanity of Burns, his appeal was that of Whittier in the poem quoted in the January CALEONIAN to "take, with thanks, the gold of heaven and leave the earth's alloy."

Frederick Davidson, M.A., Ph.D., of Toronto, spoke feelingly on "Anglo-American Relations" and appealed to those present to use their influence for a better understanding between the great English-speaking countries. He called attention to the trivial grounds for most of these misunderstandings and cited Burns as an instance of a common ground upon which we may get together to check up our ideals of democracy.

John Foord was called upon as "One of the Pillars of the Society," and responded in his usual incomparable manner. He elicited much applause by quoting as a test some choice and difficult bits of Scots dialect and by telling a story in Scots, the point of which seemingly got across with most of those present.

Colonel Walter Scott was not able to be present, being a speaker at the dinner of the New York Caledonian Club on the same night. He sent the following telegram: "J. Massey Rhind, president the Burns Society—One more link in the chain of years but adds a new verse of loving song to the memory of the poet, and forges with more strength than ever the name and fame of Robert Burns among the people of every land and clime. His old prophecy is as true to-day as it was when uttered that a hundred years hence he would be more thought of, and so it will ever be as time rolls on. Regret cannot be with you in person, but a Burns Greeting to one and all. WALTER SCOTT."

The musical numbers, from the sweet songs of Burns, were greatly appreciated. Both Daniel Beddoe, the eminent tenor, nd George A. Fleming, the popular baritone, are old favorites of the society. Mr. Fleming, who has just returned after several years in the naval service, received a particularly, warm welcome. Both received many encores, and in addition to their solos they sang several duets. Pipe music throughout the dinner was furnished by Pipe Major James Cooper.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne"—all too soon—marked the close of a most enjoyable evening. Among those present were: Alexander R. Peacock, Hon. William H. Edwards, Dr. Arthur M. Wright, John R. Munn, Walter C. Booth, Dr. George David Stewart, Francis S. Hutchins, Dr. W. Gilman Thompson, Samuel Bell Thomas, Dr. John J. MacPhee, Hon. W. E. Tuttle, Jr., E. W. Townsend, Dr. A. R. Robinson, Dr. George Barrie, B. C. Forbes, James MacGregor Smith, Ferd. T. Hopkins, Jr., William C. Ewen, Harold G. Ewen, Robert Frater Munro, William J. McMillen, John C. Thomson, George A. Fleming, Louis R. Dressler, Daniel Beddoe, Charles Samson, Hugh Baillie Hamilton, Charles C. Stoddard, J. Edward Carter, Thomas J. Blain, Allan R. Hunter, William De Forest Sherwood, David H. McCracken, Edwin Hull, David Houston, Clarence N. Peacock, James H. Neilson, Malcolm McNeill, John M. Weir, Hugh Aiken, J. Larocque Anderson, Grant A. Peacock, Ev. S. Swalm, Roland B. Peacock, Harry A. Kenney, James Kennedy, James Hay, Frederick C. Budden, William F. MacRae, Frank Ewing, Ewen McIntyre, John R. Gregg, G. Glenn Newell, Frank De Haven, David R. Daly, Howard L. Hildebrandt, Joseph S. Isidor, H. F. Waltman, Alexander W. McDonald, H. B. Hammell, William Ferguson, Allen Semple, John G. Todd, J. W. Bartlett, W. H. Edwards.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the society was held at the Waldorf-Astoria on December 18, 1920.

The reports of officers showed the society to be in a most flourishing condition. There are now on the rolls, two honorary members, thirty-seven life members, and ninety-one ordinary members, a total of one hundred and thirty-nine. The balance on hand in the treasury is $760.03.

Mr. Alexander R. Peacock, Dr. John J. MacPhee and Mr. Thomas J. Blain were appointed a committee to place in nomination the names of trustees to fill vacancies occuring on the Board and also the officers for 1921.

The committee's report was adopted, and the following named gentlemen were re-elected as trustees for the period of three years: John Foord, Thomas J. Blain, Alexander R. Peacock, James MacGregor Smith and John Thomson.

The trustees whose period of service expires in 1921 are: Dr. George David Stewart, Hon. George P. McClelland, Alexander B. Halliday, Ewen McIntyre and James Kennedy.

The trustees whose period of service expires in 1922 are: Dr. John J. MacPhee, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, Clarence N. Peacock, William F. MacRae, William M. MacBean.

A committee was appointed consisting of Alexander R. Peacock, Dr. John J. MacPhee and John Foord to make the necessary arrangements for the annual banquet, and they together with the president and secretary-treasurer will prepare a fitting program for the anniversary celebration as provided by the constitution.

Dr. John J. MacPhee moved that a special vote of thanks be tendered to the retiring president, Edward E. Bartlett. This was unanimously adopted, and Mr. Bartlett very eloquently acknowledged the high compliments of the society that were paid him through Dr. MacPhee in presenting this resolution.

The death of two members, Hon. Julien Tappen Davies and James C. Currie, were reported.

The following officers were elected for the year ending December, 1921: President, J. Massey Rhind; vice-president, Dr. George David Stewart; secretary-treasurer, Harry A. Kenney, 114 Liberty street, New York.

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New York Caledonian Club Clan Gordon

The club observed the 162nd anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns with a dinner at the Hotel Pennsylvania on Tuesday evening, January 25, and it was extremely gratifying to all concerned to note that every seat in the large room was occupied. Chief Donaldson, who presided and had with him at the head table the speakers for the evening, Colonel Walter Scott and all former chiefs present, tendered a hearty welcome to the guests. The Rev. David R. Wylie, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, said grace and full justice was done to an excellent dinner. The "Great Chieftain" was escorted in by Chieftains Marshall and Vance with Pipers Angus M. Fraser and Murdoch MacKenzie supplying the marching music. The "Address to the Haggis," by ex-Chieftain Andrew Gillies, was a treat. Few if any know Burns' works better than Andra—none can quote them more accurately.

Mr. Duncan MacInnes, Royal Treasurer, Order of Scottish Clans, had as a subject, "The Land of Our Adoption," and handled it admirably. He roused the greatest enthusiasm when he said the Scot came to this country carrying no grievances against the government he left. Mr. MacInnes' address was splendid throughout and left a lasting impression upon his hearers. The Rev. Mr. Wylie, who responded to "The Immortal Memory," reached the hearts of everyone with his ideas of the time and trials of Burns. He also showed he was right up to January, 1921, in subjects to keep a large audience interested.

Colonel Walter Scott, in a short speech, gave an insight to his great interest in Burnsiana. So highly were the worthy Colonel's remarks thought of that a call for three cheers brought forth a thundering response.

Miss Arline MacKenzie sang "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," in her beautiful, sweet and fresh soprano voice and had to respond to an insistent call for a second song with another from Burns. Ex-Chieftain Archibald Gray sang "There Was a Lad," with old-time fire and later rendered "A Man's a Man," in company with ex-Chiefs Reid and MacLean. Miss Bessie Fife made her first appearance at a Caledonian gathering and did so well that the pleasure of listening to her soon again in Scottish songs is being looked forward to. Murdoch Elder gave a first class exhibition of Highland dancing. The pipe music of Angus Fraser and Murdoch MacKenzie had everybody longing for just one reel. All intervals were filled in by Forbes' Orchestra playing airs suited to the occasion. "Auld Lang Syne" brought a happy evening to a close. Ex-Chief John MacLean as toastmaster, kept all in good humor. PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

New York Scottish Society

The New York Scottish Society held its Burns Anniversary dinner this year on Friday evening, January 21, at Hotel Brevoort. More than 160 members and guests were present, it being one of the largest gatherings of the year.

President Malcolm MacNeil presided, and in the course of an interesting address of welcome briefly sketched a history of the society.

The menu was excellent, and after justice had been done to the good things an admirable program, oratorial and musical, was carried through to a late hour. Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie, honorary member of the society, in the course of an able address analyzed the character and genius of Robert Burns and paid glowing tribute to his marvelous gifts and graces. James Kennedy, the dean of living Scottish poets, speaking on "The Scot at Home and Abroad," convulsed the audience with anecdotes told in fine, dramatic manner and closed with an eloquent panegyrie on the Scottish character and history. Andra Gillies recited "Tam o' Shanter," as only Andra can, and responded with "Sic a Wife as Wullie Had." Among the other speakers were E. M. Quinn, former sheriff of Queens County, who came in with a large party, and made a witty and complimentary address on "The Scot in America."

Miss Arline MacKenzie, Past President William Crawford, Will Cuthbertson and John Cochrane sang selections of Burns' best songs, and proved that it is not necessary at Burns celebrations to engage in the vaudeville jazz music, so called, of the passing day. Piper Davidson of the Fraser Lovat Band, though so young in years, showed a fine mastery of the great Highland bagpipe. The exercises closed with "Auld Lang Syne."

The Boston Celebration

The event of the year, as far as the Scottish community in Greater Boston is concerned, is the Annual Grand Concert and Ball of the Boston Caledonian Club, given in celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. This event took place on Friday, January 28th, and marked the sixty-seventh annual celebration of the Boston Caledonian Club. The Grand Hall, Mechanics Building, presented a scene long to be remembered with an audience estimated at five thousand. The hall was tastefully decorated, presenting quite a Scottish atmosphere.

Chief Frank S. Abercrombie and his guests were escorted to the platform by the pipers. The guests included Colonel Walter Scott, of New York, honorary members of the club; British Consul General T. P. Porter, Stewart W. Miller, president of the Scots Charitable Society; Colonel Barrows, representing the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Sir Charles Dayton, of Prince Edward Island, Canada. Mayor Peters, of Boston, accompanied by Mrs. Peters, arrived later in the evening and were escorted to the platform by the pipers. Chief Abercrombie welcomed the guests and

paid tribute to Burns in a short address. Mayor Peters, Colonel Scott and Colonel Barrows also made short addresses relative to the occasion. During the assembling of the audience, selections were given by the Pipe and Drum Band of the Highland Dress Association, of Massachusetts, George B. Smith, pipe major, and by Ives' Band. The concert program was of a high order, and the artists gave a splendid rendition of the same. The artists were Miss Margaret Lyons Moodie, soprano; Miss Florence Mulholland, contralto; Mr. Theodore Martin, tenor, and J. Cameron McLean, baritone. Miss Mulholland and Mr. Martin are old favorites with Boston Scottish audiences, and were enthusiastically received. Their solos and duets were as usual greatly appreciated, and on every occasion called for encores, Miss Mulholland being called upon to respond two and three times.

Miss Lyons Moodie made her first appearance before a Boston audience and scored a success. She possesses a voice of fine quality, which shows careful training. She sang with fine expression and feeling. Mr. Cameron McLean in his first appearance in Boston was likewise well received. He sang his numbers with intelligence and appropriate expression. The Highland fling, sword dance, sailor's hornpipe, and "Columbia" were skilfully danced by a quartette of youthful dancers, pupils of the Misses Irvine of Everett, Mass. The concert was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the artists and audience. The ball which followed, started with a grand march, Chief Abercrombie and Mrs. Abercrombie leading. Clansman Daniel Irvine was floor director, assisted by ex-Chieftain Walter Lamb, Jr., and Clansman William D. Porter and fourteen aids. The grand march ended in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross, and the ball was on. Dancing was kept up till two o'clock a. m.

Philadelphia Letter

"Our Ploughman Bard" was toasted by the wets and drys of ye Quaker City on or about the date of his birth anniversary, in a manner pleasing to their respective votaries. The Tam o' Shanter Club held a banquet at Adams' that proved a great success, the attendance and good-fellowship surpassing all expectations. The North-Eastern Burns Club, appreciative of Burns' leaning toward the lassies, appropriately extends their festivities to the ladies when the 25th o' Janwar' rolls round, and this year celebrated at the Labor Lyceum on the 28th ult. with a grand concert, when the very choicest of the Bard's melodious lyrics were sung, and ably interpreted by Miss Dorothy Ingham, Miss Ada Timm, and Miss Hannah. The Scottish Choir, under the able leadership of Mr. John Lawson, charmed the audience by a fine harmonious rendering of "Scotland Yet" and the cantata of "The Jolly Beggars," and all who heard it were convinced that the "gaberlunzies" provided an hour's genuine pleasure, and hoped to hear it again, this being the first rendering in the United States, it is claimed. The reciting of "Tam o' Shanter" by Mr. John Marr, and the humor of Alexander Cairns being mirth-provoking! Miss Jeannie Rice wore a shawl said to have been at one time the property of the poet's mother!

The Caledonian Club was in the lime light recently. Gerald Campbell, the new British Consul for Philadelphia had honorary membership conferred upon him by the club at its last stated meeting; other four Scots were initiated into membership, Mr. Campbell also being a Scot. A handsome donation to the National Memorial Fund at Edinburgh was handed to the Consul of transmission to Scotland.

The sudden death of ex-Chief Archie Leslie occurred a couple of weeks ago. Archie and his much-respected father before him, were held in high esteem in Scottish circles, and much sympathy is felt for his devoted sister, Annie, Grand Treasurer of the Daughters of Scotia, his brothers and sisters. We were delighted to learn that ex-Chief Murdock, who has been in precarious health for some time, seems now to have passed the danger point, and his numerous friends wish him God-speed toward ample recovery.

Another ex-Chief, the venerable Alexander R. Gunn, sure is a son of a "'Gunn," who loomed up at the last meeting of the club, looking as well as he has for years. "Alec" is now over four score years, and the other day was in receipt of congratulations and a beautiful box of rare flowers from that indefatigable Scot who spells his name with two t's, Colonel Walter Scott.

The Scottish Concert and Ball of the season, the Scottish rally of all Scottish gatherings, held annually by the Caledonian Club, took place on Friday evening, February 11, in that beautiful spacious Moose Hall. The stream of humanity that flowed in when the doors were opened, reminded one of the water's gush when the dam gave way; in due time not a seat was vacant. An incident worth mentioning is that the curtain went up on regulation time, 8:15 o'clock, revealing a picturesque tableau of Highlanders, rich in color harmony of the romantic kilt and feather; the flags of our adopted country and the lion rampant on golden field occupying stations right and left of the platform. The Caledonian Pipe Band played a selection of Highland music; coming to a halt, the accompanist of the evening, Prof. de Rome, Chief Fisher, and the talent appeared in front and led off in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," the immense audience rising and singing with heart, soul and voice. The chief, addressing the audience, bid them a hearty welcome to the 61st Anniversary Concert; then the attractive program was begun. Mr. Theodore Martin, in costume, was happy in his numbers, starting out with "The Battle of Stirling," and in his duet with Miss Margaret Lyons Moodie, demonstrated his dramatic abilities

in "Hoo Can Ye Gang Laddie?" and beautiful tenor harmonics in "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." Miss Moodie is a marvel, a true exponent of Scottish ballad, possessing a voice of wonderful power, flowing sweet as the waters of Afton, and generous to a degree, quite at home in the pathetic or the jauntie, and equally so in the opera of Tosca, singing the "Goodbye" solo to an audience which demonstrated its appreciation by unrestrained applause. The contralto, Miss Mabel Ritch, sang "Jessie's Dream"and "Highland Lad" very acceptably; the lady possesses a pleasant voice and musical ability, but her selections failed to arouse the people as did those of the unexcelled soprano. Mr. James H. Heron, the favorite author and humorist, was at his best in reciting compositions of his own, notably the "Steel Forge" dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, a soliloquy analyzing "One-self" and a "Hotch Potch" of Scottish types of wit and humor. The applause tendered Mr. Heron was deafening. Four young girls, daughters of clansmen, neatly and attractively dressed in Highland costume, danced the *fling*, the *shean trews*, *hornpipe* and *sword dance* most acceptably, receiving very encouraging tokens of appreciation by the audience and gold medals from the club. An incident of the evening was the arrival, when the concert was half over, of a big contingent from New York. Chief Donaldson, ex-Chief Peter Gray and other club officers, reinforced by Captain Reid and the Highland Guard, marched into the hall headed by the irrespressible all-round champion, Angus Fraser, expressing greetings on the bag-pipes. Marching down the middle aisle, the visitors were seated in the front row midst plaudits of the joyous assemblage. Chief Fisher expressed in brief the pleasure of receiving such a visit, and Chief Donaldson, equally brief and appropriately responded; the concert was then resumed with zest, until "Auld Lang Syne" sung by the audience and led by the entertainers of the evening. The concert of 1921 will long be remembered. When the floor was cleared for dancing, a grand march was conducted by Clansman Robert McG. Muir and assistant ex-Chief Adam Simpson; following this dancing to the music of MacFarlan's orchestra was kept up until an advanced hour in Lincoln's birthday morn. ST. MUNGO.

Canton Jolly Beggars

On Friday evening, January 28, the "Canton Jolly Beggars" celebrated the Robert Burns anniversary by a banquet at Bender's Restaurant, at which about six hundred were present. After the usual half e'noors crack, spent in renewing old and making new acquaintances, the company headed by Piper Murdoch of Akron in full Highland costume, marched to the banquet hall. After singing a verse of "My Country 'tis of Thee," and grace by Mr. Miller, ample justice was done to the bill of fare, which included everything from "Bubbly Jock" to Scotch short bread, oatcakes, not forgetting The Haggis.

Ex-Mayor of Canton, Mr. J. H. Robertson, attorney, acted as chairman with his usual ability. Judge Krichbaum, of Canton, delivered a brilliant address on "Robert Burns," which was highly appreciated. Mr. William G. Miller gave a splendid address on "The Scot and Scotland." Mr. Miller on rising to address the meeting, got a rousing reception, everyone upstanding. Mr. Guthrie, of Akron, also addressed the meeting and was heartily received. Mr. Seamore recited "Tam o' Shanter' in good style; Misses Adeline Chase and Rachel Knuth danced the Highland Fling gracefully, accompanied by Piper Murdoch, who also gave several excellent selections on the pipes during the evening, all of which were highly appreciated by the company.

Mrs. David Reese, who is the possessor of a splendid voice, rendered a selection of Scottish songs with excellent ability; these were highly enjoyed, and she had to respond with an encore to every number. Mr. David Reese accompanied his wife on the piano with ability and good taste. Votes of sympathy were passed and resolved to be sent to Dr. A. B. Campbell, Orville, and Mr. John D. Dunbar, Canton, who were unable to be present on account of illness. Mr. John MacGregor designed and printed the program, which was very artistic, and he received great praise for his kindness.

After the usual votes of thanks, the company, with Mrs. Reese as soloist, joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." Great credit is due Mr. William Broom, Auburn Place, N. W., the energetic secretary, for the success of the celebration. ALEXANDER RUSSELL.
1009 Bluff Road, N. E.,
Canton, Ohio.

Boston Letter

HIGHLAND DRESS ASSOCIATION

The event of chief interest in Scottish circles in Greater Boston, was the Annual Concert and Ball of this association, which took place on the evening of December 31, at Odd Fellows' Hall. There was a large gathering "o' Oor Ain Folk," and it was a real Hogmany Nicht enjoyed by everyone.

The concert consisted of singing, Highland dancing, and selections by the Pipe and Drum Band under the directorship of Pipe Major George B. Smith. The grand march, which was in prelude to the ball, was led by President Thomas J. Merritt and Mrs. Merritt. Just on the stroke of midnight the entire company, accompanied by the orchestra sang in unison, "Auld Lang Syne," followed by "A Guid New Year tae Ane and A'." The Pipe and Drum Band then played a selection, after which dancing was resumed until two a. m. Besides being a social success, the undertaking proved a financial success as well. The Reception Committee composed of Past Presidents W. Alexander, George A. Mitchell, W. C. Stewart and Pipe Major George B. Smith, looked well after the comfort and entertainment of their guests. The Ladies' Auxiliary, under the direction of its energetic president, Mrs. Tanish, served the

refreshments. Secretary, Charles D. McGhee, was a most efficient floor director.

On January 3, the association and the Ladies' Auxiliary were the guests of Vimy Camp, No. 1, American Volunteers Canadian Expeditionary Forces, at the installation of officers for the year 1921. After the ceremony of installation, President Thomas J. Merritt of the Highland Dress Association, presented Vimy Camp with a set of colors—a United States flag and a Canadian flag—the gift of the association. Captain Smith, commander of Vimy Camp, in accepting the gift, thanked the association for its generosity and recognition of Vimy Camp, when it meant so much to them. President Merritt, on ascertaining from the captain that the camp had no banner as yet, assured him that he would procure a banner for him in about five minutes, and addressing the audience, appealed to all present to contribute to the price of that banner, no contribution to exceed a dollar. In five minutes the sum of $70 was placed before Captain Smith, and the banner was assured. W. Lawson Reid, treasurer of the Highland Dress Association, and Randolph Willford Smith, representing the American British Federation, were called upon and addressed the meeting. Refreshments were served and an enjoyable social hour or two followed. A telegram was read from Honorary Member Colonel Walter Scott, who had been invited to make the presentation, but was unable to be present.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Highland Dress Association on January 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas J. Merritt; Vice President, James Braun; Treasurer, W. Lawson Reid; Secretary, Charles D. McGhee. Installation will take place on Washington's Birthday, when the association will parade to the State House, and attend the Governor's Reception.

BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB

At the annual meeting held January 4, the club elected John Spiers as chief for the ensuing year. Captain George A. Mitchell was the other candidate and was defeated by 21 votes. The only other contest was for the office of third chieftain, David Simpson receiving the election.

THE SCOTTISH BORDER CLUB

This society held its annual celebration of the birth of James Hogg, The Ettrick Shepherd, on January 8, by a banquet at the Quincy House. William Laidlaw, president of the club, acted as toastmaster. The principal speaker of the evening was W. Lawson Reid, M. A., responding to the toast to the memory of "The Ettrick Shepherd." The speaker quoted from the poems and songs of Hogg, calling attention to the beauty and purity of the language, the grandeur of his martial songs, and the fine sentiment and feeling in "When The Kye Comes Hame." "While not possessing the genius of Burns, yet Hogg stood second to Burns alone in Scottish poetry."

Frank Abercrombie, representing the Boston Caledonian Club, responded to "Sister Societies." Songs by William Brown, Mr. Hastie, Miss Smail and members of the society added to the enjoyment of the evening. The banquet was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

W. Lawson Reid, M. A.
71 Simpson Avenue,
West Somerville, Mass.

Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot

The associate members of Cameron Post, No. 79, G. A. R., New York, held their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, January 11, 1921, at the Scotch Tea Rooms, 21 East 47th street, New York.

Besides the regular routine work of the Post, a social good time was had by all present. So interesting have those meetings become, that it was decided to hold a stag party at the Tea Room, Tuesday evening, February 8, when the comrades can get better acquainted and have a good time and a good dinner, the kind the Bain establishment know so well how to put up at the reasonable rate of $2.00 per plate.

There are probably Scotsmen in this city who do not know about the Cameron Post, and for their benefit the following will not be out of place: This organization is made up of men of Scottish birth or decent who have pledged themselves to perpetuate the memory of those men who fought so bravely "for the cause they thought was right" in the war between the North and South, the "79th Highlanders," and also to uphold their motto—"One country, one flag and one language."

So now is the time for Scotsmen "who wish to help in this work" to join the organization where they can talk of days gone bye in the land of cakes, etc.

The membership is limited in number to one hundred, but we have not reached that yet, but we are getting new members every meeting, so hurry up and get in on the ground floor. We want 100% attendance. The meetings are the second Tuesdays in each month.

Hartford, Conn.

The Burns Club held its annual banquet at Hotel Garde, January 24th. Ninety-eight ladies and gentlemen were present and enjoyed the fine dinner provided by our clansman, S. C. Hardie, of the hotel. James Gray was the toastmaster. Rev. J. Johnson, of Canada, was the orator, and delivered a splendid address on Burns. The Foot Guard Orchestra rendered Harry Lauder music, the audience joining in the choruses. A most enjoyable evening came to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Clan Gordon, No. 19, O. S. C., celebrated on January 25th, with a concert and ball. The concert numbers were supplied by the Louis Ross Company, of Boston, and were much appreciated by the large audience, numbering more than 1,500.

Love

BY WALTER SCOTT

True love lives on and on and in its glory shines as a star. It is an uplight in all ways, building but never tearing down, and never destroying the happiness or honor of its own.

Real love stands for blessing and not misery, and it grows and glories in what it suffers. We are fond of Nature, yet we sacrifice much for her that she may come forth in all her glory. A mother loves her children to such an extent that she would sacrifice her very life for them, and the Master said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Love of country means sacrifice. Love of honor means sacrifice. Love of our fellowbeings means entire forgetfulness of self; in fact, true love stands for all but self. It is the highest gift of God, for did He not because of love give His only begotten Son that we might live?

Love is a weapon that must be used advisedly in order that selfishness may not make us over to the detriment of others.

And so when we love it must be to make life more beautiful and useful.

We must repress love many times if others will be made to suffer thereby, for love is honor and truth and is ever considerate of others.

New York, December 15.

Kilwinning Lodge, Brooklyn

Andrew McLean, editor of the Brooklyn *Citizen*, delivered the principal address commemorating the 162nd anniversary of Robert Burns before the Kilwinning Lodge, No. 825, F. and A. M., at Masonic Temple, Brooklyn, January 22.

John Ritchie, secretary of the Kilwinning Lodge, acted as toastmaster, and William P. Hamilton, Jr., as assistant toastmaster. The opening remarks were made by J. MacDonald Johnstone.

Mr. McLean spoke on the life of Robert Burns, while Supreme Court Justice Almet F. Jenks, of the Appellate Division, responded to a toast, "Scotland," and Mr. Hamilton to "The Land We Live In."

The dinner opened with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by the diners and the singing of "The Star o' Robbie Burns," by John W. Marten.

Mr. McLean, in making an analysis of the work of Robert Burns, pointed out that of the whole line of English poets and literary men of genius whose works survive, but three, Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare, in addition to Burns, lived with us for what they are and for what they mean to the people of the present time. The others, he said, are studied and rated and respected for what they were to the generations that have gone on before.

Burns' glory is the greater today because, Mr. McLean pointed out, there rings throughout his songs the cry and the keynote of modern civilization—democracy.

Justice Jenks was in a particularly jovial mood. His charm, grace and choice diction make him a much-sought after-dining speaker. The Justice paid a splendid tribute to Burns' work and to Scotland, pointing out the events in the bard's life.

The committee in charge of the dinner included George G. Carnegie, Archie Aimers, Sidney E. Crofts, John Veitch, James R. Gunnison, James W. McInnes, James Taylor, William Bone, John Ritchie, John W. Forbes, William R. Young, Alexander Ross and Fenwick W. Ritchie.

Youngstown, Ohio

Clan MacDonald, No. 39, O. S. C., anticipated Burns Day by presenting a program of Scotch (mostly Burns') songs, sung by three Scotch singers, Monday evening, January 24, at Moose hall—and let it be said that this was no mere clannish, nationalistic propaganda, but a real, honest-to-goodness song recital that would have been enjoyed by a cosmopolitan audience had Scotch-Americans left more room for other Americans to get in.

Three good voices were heard that evening, Alice Godillot, soprano; Florence Mulholland, contralto, and Wells Clary, baritone.

Particularly appealing was the singing of Miss Mulholland, for not only does she possess a real contralto voice but she sings as one who does it for the sheer joy of singing.

Scarcely less did the soprano and baritone earn the approbation of the audience.

There were twenty-four numbers programmed, but encores came rapidly and constantly. Most of the songs were settings of Burns' lyrics and old Scotch songs, but there was also a group of Tuscan folk-songs, a Mozart duet and songs by American composers. From the mention of encores you may imagine the enthusiasm of the audience.

Minot, No. Dakota

The celebration arranged by the Minot Burns Club, January 21, was the most ambitious and successful of its kind ever held in the northwest.

The opening feature was the banquet at the First Presbyterian Church parlors at 6:15 o'clock, about 125 guests being present. An appetizing meal was served by the energetic committee of which Mrs. William Murray was the able chairman. Haggis, soda and tattie scones and short bread were among the distinctive dishes served.

An early adjournment was taken to enable the guests to reach the Auditorium and obtain good seats. The public program opened promptly at 8:15 o'clock as announced with fully 1,000 present. Dr. A. J. McCannel presided and in a well turned address welcomed the public.

Finley's Kiltie orchestra from Grand Forks, in full Highland costume, was a notable feature.

Dr. Charlie MacLachlan, of New Rockford, in a gorgeous Highland regalia, pleased, as

Grand Concert & Sixty-fourth Annual Ball

of

The New York Caledonian Club

will be held at the

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

on

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 11th, 1921

At 8:15 P. M. Prompt.

The Following Well Known Entertainers Have Been Engaged for This Great Event:

ANDERSON NICOL
Tenor

MARGARET LYONS MOODIE
Soprano

LOVAT PIPE BAND

ELDER TROUPE OF DANCERS

Tickets—Box Seats $2.00 Reserved Seats $1.50 General Admission $1.00

(The above prices include War Tax and Wardrobe)

Tickets may be obtained from MR. DANIEL SINCLAIR, Treasurer, 318 West 52nd street, telephone 1041 Circle, or at the Clubhouse, 846 Seventh avenue, telephone 2424 Circle.

EX-CHIEF JOHN MACLEAN, Chairman
GEORGE K. MACDONALD, Secretary

usual, with his Scotch songs. His accompanist was Miss Charlotte Stewart of the Minot Normal.

The Cranna Sisters from Lakota were a very attractive feature. The young ladies appeared in Highland costume and gave songs and dances, especially the "Heilan' Fling," with great spirit that was evidently much relished by the audience.

Sandy McDonald with his skirling bagpipes set everyone agog and, with the bass and snare drum accompaniment, set everyone's feet to tapping.

Norman Black of Fargo, delighted his audience as he always does, and his rendition of several of the heart searching old Scottish ballads gave a very fine touch to a splendid program. Miss Harriet Mitchell was his accompanist.

Jimmie Simpson, with his Sword Dance and Sailor's Hornpipe and other dances, was a popular feature, showing work very novel to most of the spectators.

Mrs. William Murray read a Scotch story, humorous in itself and appreciated for the delicious exhibition of the pure Scotch accent.

"Wullie" Finley was an entire entertainment in himself. The gifted Grand Forks man sang and danced, played the violin, told stories and contributed greatly to the enjoyment throughout the evening.

The program closed with the singing of a stanza each of "America" and "Auld Lang Syne," by the audience standing, led by N. B. Black.

The members of the Burns club and certain invited guests totaling about 200 persons, next repaired to the Knights of Pythias hall where an informal session was held until two o'clock.

Dr. A. J. McCannel, president of the club, was in general charge of the arrangements for the celebration. D. A. Dinnie is vice president; John Stewart, secretary and J. C. Smallwood, chairman of the entertainment committee. Others were also active in carrying on the work of arranging the fete. Everything was well conducted and enjoyment was complete throughout. As a result of the successful work of the club officers and members, the enterprise closed with a comfortable balance which will help finance next summer's picnic or other functions.

A number of out of town persons, aside from the entertainers, attended, including Dr. F. R. Smythe, of Bismarck; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Young, of Surrey; Mrs. Thomas Cranna, of Lakota; the McKinnons, of Sawyer; the Gilberts, of Norwich, and Mr. Scott, of New Rockford.

Premier Lloyd George, says the London *Times*, sent instructions from Paris, late in January, for the coalition party machinery to be ready for a general election in May or June after introduction of the budget early in April.

Albany, N. Y.

Scotsmen of Albany sounded the praise of their famous countryman, Robert Burns, the poet, at the annual dinner of the Burns Club in the Albany Club, the evening of January 25. It marked the sixty-eighth anniversary of the club, the oldest in the country. It has conducted a dinner in memory of Burns every year since 1853.

Senator Clayton R. Lusk, the Rev. Hugh Gordon Ross of Pittsfield, Samuel Shaw and the Rev. Lewis D. Carson were the speakers. They lauded the poet and urged that his memory be kept alive by frequent gatherings.

A letter of regret from Governor Nathan L. Miller, a member of the club, was read. He said he was unable to be present. The club sent a cablegram of greeting to Viscount Bryce of England, an honorary member and to the Troy Burns Club. A message of greeting was received from the Troy organization.

Th guests wore tiny ribbons of plaid on their coat lapels. The festivities were opened with a grand march led by three bagpipers. The Rev. David Hutchison presided. The dinner committee included Thomas H. Clemishire, Wilard M. Douglas and David M. Kinnear.

Caledonian Club

The Albany Caledonian Club, entering upon its forty-seventh year on January 10, elected the following officers: Chief, William S. Mitchell; first chieftain, James Hart; second chieftain, Charles H. Imrie; third chieftain, William A. Mitchell; trustee for three years, James McCredie.

Yonkers, N. Y.

CALEDONIAN CLUB OF YONKERS

It may interest your readers to know that the Yonkers Caledonian Club is still in the land of the living and going strong. Like most organizations its membership dropped very low during the dark days of the war, but there were still some of the stalwarts left to keep things going till the boys came back from the front. Our service flag shows 36 stars and 5 gold stars out of a membership of 70, and when the boys came back we gave them a royal welcome and proceeded right away to make the club a worth while society.

In January, 1920, we opened a club room in a small store and it was so much appreciated by the members that it was soon necessary to move to our present commodious premises, where we have two shuffle boards, pool and bagatele tables and accommodation for other games and meetings. Our membership and funds are steadily increasing, this last year now closed having been one of the most progressive in the history of the club.

Members of kindred societies will always be sure of a welcome at the club when visiting Yonkers.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS

The club held their installation of office bearers January 13th. Chief James R. Donaldson of the New York Caledonian Club and his staff (which included Past Chief Robert Foulis, Captain Reid, Alexander Gordon and Pipe Major Fraser), were present and conducted the installations. The new office bearers are: Chief, Duncan Buchanan; First Chieftain, James Peacock; Second Chieftain, James Arthur; Third Chieftain, Samuel Christie; Fifth Chieftain, George Arthur; Piper, Alexander Reid; Standard Bearer, D. Kilgour; Flag Bearer, David Wilkie; Door Keeper, E. Davidson.

Past Chief Harry W. Eneany was presented with a gold signet ring as a token of appreciation of his services during the past year.

The New York Caledonian Club made a great showing in full Highland costume and their presence was much appreciated by our members, it was noteworthy that Past Chief Robert Foulis was chief and installed the first office bearers of the Yonkers club in 1896.

A most enjoyable social evening was spent. Some good old Scottish songs were sung by D. Kilgour, John Robertson, Hugh McDonald and Chief Donaldson, of New York. Refreshments and smokes were served by the committee.

S. CHRISTIE,
Secretary.

3-5 Palisade Avenue,
Yonkers, N. Y.

NEVER since the days of Christ have so many Jews been really ready for Christianity. There are 3,000,000 or more Jews in America, and only 20% of them are connected with a synagogue. The Jewish faith thrives only under oppression. These Jews, enjoying American freedom, and in constant contact with Christians are seeing practical Christianity. Their minds are open to the printed Word.

The greatest of Scots divine, MacCheyne, A. Moody Stuart, Horatio Bonar and others, have believed in Jewish evangelization.

In fact, the Scots were the first to send missionaries to the Jews of eastern Europe, in the early 40's. This mission resulted in such triumphs for Christ as Dr. Alfred Edersheim's "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," considered one of the best lives of Christ; and Adolph Saphir, the eminent preacher.

This is an Inter-denominational Society, and in order to give an intelligent idea of its aim and work, will send to the readers of THE CALEDONIAN as long as they last, a set of the following pamphlets FREE. These tracts are classics, and while convincing to the Jew, strengthen and illuminate the Christian.

1. The Aim of the Society with Portrait of Mr. Schapiro.
2. Sacrifices, Their Origin and Significance.
3. Jesus and His Kinsmen.
4. Saul, the Pharisee and Paul the Christian.
5. The Mission of Israel.

Also a copy of the organ of the Society, "The People, the Land, and the Book." *Write at once,* even if you cannot aid financially, and secure these valuable publications, WITHOUT CHARGE.

THE HEBREW-CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, INC.
Dept. C, 83 Bible House, New York City

New York Caledonian Club

The first business meeting for 1921, was held on Tuesday evening, January 3. Chief James R. Donaldson, who presided, wished all the compliments of the season and expressed great pleasure at the large attendance. William R. Galbraith, Hugh MacKay, J. B. Hunter, Andrew B. Brown, John Davidson, C. C. Duffield, Peter MacKay, George F. Gall, George S. Brown, David Davidson, James Kemp and John G. Smith were elected members. Five propositions were received. The officers for the year were installed by ex-Chief Reid, assisted by ex-Chiefs Foulis, Taylor and Caldwell. Election of committees resulted as follows: Sick and Visiting: Ex-Chiefs Foulis and Gray, to serve with First Chieftain Marshall; Games, to serve two years, Alex Rettie, George Wyllie, James S. Elder, Hugh MacLean; Investigating: Peter F. Gray, Alexander Fraser, George Swanson, Allan McGregor, William Taylor. The Sick and Visiting Committee announced that Clansman James D. Lennox had died in Bellevue Hospital, from acute Bright's disease. Clansman Lennox, who was a native of Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, came to New York from Vancouver, B. C. in the latter part of 1919. Previous to that he had been a resident of Johannesburg, South Africa. Although only about a year in the club he had made many friends, and will be greatly missed by the little group which gathers in the library every Saturday evening. His mother, who is still living in England, has the sincere sympathy of all. It was also announced that Clansman Isaac M. Baird was a patient in the Presbyterian Hospital with pneumonia, but was believed to be safely passed the crisis.

DEATH OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S SCOTTISH RESIDENTS

Mrs. Margaret Ewart Leckie, well known to New York's Scottish community of a generation ago for her enthusiastic support of everything pertaining to her native land, died at her home, 351 West 45th street, Tuesday, January 4th, aged 89 years. She was a native of Midlothian and came to this country in 1871. Up to a quarter of a century ago a social gathering of the New York Caledonian Club without Mrs. Leckie's presence was hardly known. One son, James E. Leckie, has been a club member for thirty-five years. She is survived by two sons, two daughters, four grand-children and one great grand-child. The funeral services held at the Funeral Church, were attended by many sorrowing friends, including a number of old-time members of the club. She had been a constant reader of THE CALEDONIAN for many years and looked forward eagerly to its monthly visit.

HIGHLAND GUARD, NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB

The annual meeting of the Guard was held Monday evening, January 10, Captain Wm. G. Reid, presiding. The captain's report showed that trips to Newark, Boston and Philadelphia and furnishing escorts to Chief Donaldson had made 1920 a fairly busy year. Chief Donaldson conducted the election and installed the officers for 1921 as follows: Captain, William G. Reid; First Lieutenant, Fred Magee; Second Lieutenant, Allan McGregor; First Sergeant, Archibald Gray; Color Sergeants, Peter Groves, Peter F. Gray; Canteen Sergeant, Alexander Wilson. Ex-Chief Foulis, who had held the office of First Lieutenant since 1910, declined a re-election and returns to the position he first held in 1887, a private in the ranks. The meeting adjourned early to allow the guardsmen to attend the New Year reception of the Ladies of the New York Caledonians in the club hall. Guardsman James Clark, who was in the "awkward squad" in 1887 along with ex-Chief Foulis, travelled up from his Staten Island home to attend the meeting and show the recruits of recent years that the 8 and 10 Horatio street boys kept up an active interest in the work of the Guard.

LADIES OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIANS

The ladies began their work for 1921 with a meeting in the club parlors, Monday evening, January 10, followed by the annual New Year reception to club mmbers in the large hall Chief Donaldson was called into the meeting and presented with a handsome sum of money by the president, Mrs. John Stark, with the request that it be turned in to the club treasury. The chief accepted on behalf of the club and assured the ladies their action would be greatly appreciated. Election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Alexander Caldwell; Vice President, Mrs. James Innes; Treasurer, Miss Sarah Ferguson; Secretary, Mrs. John Ferguson. The new officers were installed in a manner that inpressed all by Mrs. Andrew Wallace, senior ex-president of the society. Mrs. Caldwell, the new president, has been an active member for years, is a hustler, and will allow no supposed difficulties to bother her when putting through anything intended to further the good work that has always been carried on by the society. After adjournment, the ladies took on the work of the reception. Between feast ing and dancing, Chief Donaldson, Captain Reid, the Highland Guard and other club members thoroughly enjoyed an evening of pleasure that was up to the high standard of all such gatherings managed by the ladies.

—PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS

Tents.....	$4.25 up	C. W. revolv'rs	$2.65 up
Saddles.....	4.65 up	Army Havers'ks	.15 up
Uniforms...	1.50 up	Knapsacks....	.75 up
Teamharness..	26.85	Army Gun slings	.30 up

Spring. Rem. cal. 30 single shot rifle for model 1906 cartridges, $7.77; Ball cart. $3.50 per 100. 15 acres Army Goods. Large illustrated cyclopedia reference catalog—400 pages—issue 1920, mailed 50 cents. NEW CIRCULAR 10 CENTS.

FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS,
501 Broadway New York

The Land of Beginning Again

BY ANDREW GILLIES

When you're down-hearted and things go wrong,
And you're weary with stress and strain,
There is still a Land, a beautiful Land,
The Land of Beginning Again.

When your spirits droop, and hope seems gone,
And you're sick and troubled with pain,
Lift up your soul, in front is the goal,
The Land of Beginning Again.

Though clouds of doubt hang o'er your head,
Carry on; with might and with main,
Through the clouds will shine, the silver line,
The Land of Beginning Again.

When misfortune dour, hangs like a pall,
And your efforts seem all in vain,
There will come the dawn of a beautiful morn,
The Land of Beginning Again.

Though the road may be toilsome, hard and steep,
If faith, hope and courage remain,
You'll win bye and bye, if you only just try,
The Land of Beginning Again.

Hoboken, N. J.,
January 1, 1921.

Newport News, Va.

On New Year's night, the Daughters of Scotia Lodge, No. 21, held a New Year's dance at the Community Centre on 34th street. The hall was tastefully decorated with festoons of various colors and there was a record attendance.

The Scots, English and Americans, turned out in large numbers to join in the good old time dances, which were interspersed with American dances. The Clan MacDonald Pipe Band was in attendance, and the swing of the kilt and sporran, with the plaid, the bonnet and feather, the skirl of the pipes, and the beat of the drums as they marched to and fro attracted considerable attention.

Several expressed themselves as feeling that they were back in "Bonnie Scotland."

The Sisters Cathic were there and gave a fine exhibition of "Highland Dances" and the "Irish Jig" in character costume. It being a season of giving, the sum of forty-three dollars was collected and handed over to them as a New Year's gift, which they gracefully acknowledged.

A very pleasant feature of the evening was the attendance of sister members from the Scottish Society of Norfolk, Va., who joined in the dances they had learned in their motherland, and had not had an opportunity to take part in since they left their "Native Land." When the time came for the Norfolk visitors to leave, it was with great reluctance they shook hands and said "Guid Nicht" and left to get the last boat for home. Before leaving, Major Brown in a few well chosen remarks expressed the pleasure it had given him and the other members of the Scottish Society of Norfolk to join with them in a dance on the first evening of the year 1921, and hoped they would often meet and fraternize with each other. He expressed the wish that a delegation from Newport News would visit Norfolk on the 25th of January and help them to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of "Scotland's Poet," Robert Burns. The committee is to be congratulated on the success of the evening, which was one of the most enjoyable spent under the auspices of the D. O. S.

Guid Luck Ta'e Ye Flora MacDonald Lassies.

Through the courtesy of Second Chieftain Mr. William Graham, I am able to send you a short sketch of the Scottish Society of Norfolk. This young society was organized Friday evening, December 4, 1920, in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Chief William Geggie, Tanist Thomas Kilpatrick, Secretary William Union, and Chaplain John S. Robertson from Clan MacDonald, No. 168, Newport News, were present to assist (if possible), in the perfecting of the organization, and spent a very pleasant evening with their newly formed friends. The society will be of a purely social character for the present. Their aim is to help keep alive on this side of the Atlantic, the customs and traditions of the "Old Country." There were forty-one persons of Scottish birth or descent of both sexes present on the night of inauguration. Judging from the enthusiasm and interest of the "Lads and the Lassies" (some young and some younger), this promises to become a flourishing "Scottish Society." Although active work in the formation of the society has not exceeded two months, it is estimated that there are about 300 Scots in the City of Norfolk. The following is a list of the officers elected: Chief, Rev. W. E. Callander, D. D.; First Chieftain, James A. MacDonald; Second Chieftain, William Graham; Third Chieftain, Mrs. Robert Stephen; Fourth Chieftain, Rev. Dougald Neil McLauchlan, D. D.; Piper, J. McVean.

We wish the newly formed society every prosperity and may the membership increase to such an extent that it will become the leading Scottish light in the South.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON,
Representative.
118 35th Street,
Newport News, Va.

Stamford, Conn.

The anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns was honored by a grand Burns Concert at the Stamford Theatre, Thursday evening, January 27, under the auspices of the United Scottish Societies of Stamford.

The program was an excellent one and was enthusiastically applauded by the large and appreciative audience. The singers were Miss Florence Mulholland, contralto; Mme. Godillot, soprano, and Mr. Wells Clary, baritone. The old Scots songs were beautifully rendered. The piping and dancing of the Thomson Troupe were a pleasant feature of the evening.

Canadian Society, New York

Captain Gloster Armstrong, British Consul General in New York, was the speaker at the dinner of the Canadian Society, at the Biltmore, January 24. He urged upon the members and guests to use their influence in furthering friendship between England and the United States. He expressed confidence that they would do everything possible to offset the propaganda of those who seek to "destroy the present amicable relations between the two great English-speaking nations."

"In England we regard the Declaration of Independence just as we do our Magna Charta," he said. "When all is said and done, it is but a continuation of the Magna Charta. We claim your poets just as you are entitled to ours."

Perth Amboy, N. J.

The fifth annual concert of the Perth Amboy Caledonian Club, December 17, was a great success. The singing of Miss Patterson, was a special treat, and the other artists, S. Craig, A. Todd, Mr. Nelson, and the Don Troupe of dancers were enthusiastically applauded.

We held our Burns supper, January 22, and the opinion of all present was that it was one of the best nichts we ever had, and that's going some, for we have had some great nichts Among those present were Chief W. J. Thomson and Chief-elect J. Don, with a delegation from Newark, also Past Chief Broadbent, of Clan MacGregor, New Brunswick.

Our next great occasion is the installation of the new officers for 1921. The club has every reason to be proud of its choice. They are: Chief, Alexander Dickson; First Chieftain, John Y. Hunter; Second Chieftain and Treasurer, Hugh Dickson; Third Chieftain and Secretary, Archibald Rice; Fourth Chieftain and Sentinel, Robert Steed; Fifth Chieftain and Club Piper, Murdoch Buchanan.

Our oldest member, Richard Henderson, passed away January 18, in his 77th year. The club missed him very much on Burns night, for he was a great lover of Burns, and was in the habit of preparing a paper and reading it at our annual affairs.

James Calderhead Cullen, C. A.

At Carshogle, Manse Road, Motherwell, Scotland, December 7th, died James Calderhead Cullen, C. A., youngest and dearly beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Cullen, Motherwell, in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. Cullen was an ardent reader of THE CALEDONIAN, and looked forward eagerly for every new copy.

He held a good position as chartered accountant in London; feeling unwell, he returned to Scotland, thinking that after a rest at hame among his ain folk he would soon be well. But it was otherwise ordained; he gradually sank and passed away, fully prepared to "meet his Pilot face to face, when he had crossed the bar."

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Seattle, Wash.

The Caledonian and St. Andrew's Society have installed their new officers for 1921, as follows: President, W. P. Cameron (re-elected); first vice-president, R. G. Fraser; second vice-president, J. B. Hanton; secretary, A. A. McDonald; treasurer, J. T. Crawford; financial secretary, W. P. Murison; chaplain, William Chisholm; physician, Dr. John Wotherspoon; musician, Adam Jardine; piper, Pipe Major Seattle Pipe Band; trustees, James Fowler, James R. Stirrat.

Three new members were initiated at our last business meeting, under the new ritual which has been adopted and used for the first time, the candidates being requested to pronounce certain Scotch words such as Ecclefechan, Auchtermuchty, Straconacher and Ben Cruachan, and to sing a song, tell a Scotch story, recite a verse of Scotch poetry or dance some steps of the Highland Fling; and the three candidates initiated told each a Scotch story. At the same meeting two teams were appointed under the captaincy of R. G. Fraser and John B. Hanton for a spirited drive for new members, the losing team to pay for the winning team's supper and their own, which has been promised to be an occasion worth attending.

The Robbie Burns Concert was given under the auspices of the three joint societies, the Caledonian and St. Andrew's Society, Clan Mackenzie, No. 164, Seattle, and the Scottish Gaelic Society of Seattle, in the Metropolitan Theatre, January 31. A special feature of the occasion was a sketch of Rob Roy.

At the same business meeting, and under the head of the "Good of the Order," H. B. Neilson sang a song, as also did Mr. Paton, while an excellent paper was read by Mr. McBean.

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Officers of the Burns Benefit Club and the Daughters of Robert Burns were jointly installed at an open meeting in Memorial Hall, which was followed by a banquet. Archibald Warnock was the installing officer, assisted by John McClenaghen marshal, and Isaac Hutton, assistant marshal Following are the officers of the Burns Benefit Club: President, Matthew Campbell; vice-president, Robert S. Taylor; past president, William Kelman; treasurer, Rowell Ross; financial secretary, J. B. Shields, Jr.; chaplain, William Adams; recording secretary, Andrew Isbister; marshal, Joseph Third; assistant marshal, Alexander Warnock; guard, Nicol Campbell. The following officers were installed for the women's organization: President, Mrs. Margaret McCready; vice-president, Mrs. Margaret Mason; past president, Mrs. Jennet Drummond; secretary, Annie Warnock; treasurer, Margaret McFarlane; chaplain, Janet Keevil; conductor, Jennie McNeish; assistant conductor, Mary McCready; guard, Elizabeth Dolan; pianist, Belle Murray.

Chicago, Ill.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY

The Annual Burns Concert of the Caledonian Society was held at Wicker Park Hall, Friday evening, January 21. The program included Miss Buik, a well known Scotch singer; David G. Dunbar, baritone; Scotch Gold Medallist, and "Sam" Galbraith in Scotch impersonations; Professor John Dewar, well known teacher of Scotch dancing, sent some of his best pupils to give exhibitions of Highland dancing. Miss Ethel Peebles rendered humorous readings, and Pastor MacLagan spoke on "Burns." The music for the concert and dance was furnished by Prof. James Lee's orchestra.

ILLINOIS ST. ANDREW SOCIETY

In the absence of President McGill, Dr. William F. Dickson occupied the chair at the annual meeting of the Illinois St. Andrew Society at the Hotel La Salle, January 6. The following officers were elected for 1921: President, Dr. John A. McGill; first vice-president, Dr. William F. Dickson; second vice-president, James R. Glass; treasurer, J. C. Thomson; secretary, A. L. Tossell; registrar, Luke Grant; attorney, A. W. Fulton; physician, Dr. R. D. MacArthur; assistant physician, Dr. H. W. Gentles; chaplain, Rev. James MacLagan; Board of Almoners: John Harper, (chairman); Samuel Hutcheson, Donald Maclean, James L. Williams; Board of Governors: James B. Forgan, John Williamson.

Dr. MacArthur, the society's physician, sent his fiftieth annual report. On motion of Robert Black, a rising vote of thanks was tendered to the doctor by the society as a mark of appreciation of half a century of signal service.

A resolution offered by Alexander Robertson expressed the society's deep appreciation and affection and hope for the speedy recovery of ex-President John Williamson. Mr. Robertson delivered this message in person to Mr. Williamson at the Presbyterian Hospital.

TWA SCOTS FRIEN'S

The *Chicago Tribune*, in its issue of January 24, publishes the following interesting account of two cronies of the Scottish Old People's Home.

Summertime strollers who pass the grounds of the Scottish Old People's Home at Riverside are moved to comment on the wonderful beauty of the gardens therein. Did they know that this beauty comes from long years of experience in the gardens of English and Scottish nobility, mayhap the comment would be tinged with considerable of interest. And yet it's true.

For instance, the man you saw so carefully tending the flowers last summer is John Reid. one time gardener for the Duke of Argyle and the Duke of Buccleuch. He is ninety-two years old and came to this country in 1890. Mr. Reid comes from a long line of gardeners to nobility—dating almost back to the medieval period. He was born in

Banffshire, Scotland. Once when Queen Victoria was a young lady she had a poodle dog that ran away. Mr. Reid recovered the dog. The queen gave him a shilling.

And there is John Bell, eighty-seven years old, former manager of the estate of the Duchess of Athol. Mr. Bell bears the distinction of once having had tea with the duchess and Queen Victoria. "King Edward was just a little boy then," he modestly stated. Mr. Bell was born in Dumfries, Scotland, and for thirty-five years after coming to America was a gardener at wealthy homes in Lake Forest. He has been at the home for two years and manages the vegetable garden there.

"They're both good workers and real Scotsmen," said Mrs. Cora J. Cummings, superintendent of the home, as the reporter vainly tried to make them break their canny silence.

Flora Macdonald College

The $25,000 art collection, the gift of J. Kennedy Tod, of New York, recently presented to Flora Macdonald College was placed on exhibition in January, in the college gymnasium. The paintings, thirty-seven in number, consisting of landscapes, figure pieces, portraiture and marines, are the work of well known artists. Outstanding pictures in the collection are Woolford's "Edinburgh" and Lenbach's "Portrait of Bismarck." Mr. Tod, the donor of the collection, is a native of Glasgow, received his education at the Glasgow Academy, and is well known throughout Great Britain and Ireland as a former football player, having many times represented Scotland in the international games with England, Ireland and Wales. Soon after leaving school he came to America, entered the banking house of an uncle in New York and later founded the firm of J. Kennedy Tod & Company, well known in business and financial circles. He has taken an active part in the reorganization of railroad properties and was associated with the readjustment of the affairs of the Philadelphia & Reading, the Norfolk & Western and the Baltimore & Ohio and other roads. He is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Caledonian Insurance Company of Edinburgh, a trustee of the Provident Loan Society of New York, a director of the American Cotton Oil Company and of the Indemnity Fire Insurance Company, a member of numerous clubs and social organizations, and is a past president of the St. Andrews Society of New York.

New Song Dedicated to Mrs. Edith Scott Magna

A new song by John Prindle Scott, "The Spray of Heather," to a poem by Stephen Chalmers, will soon be issued by the house of G. Schirmer. It is dedicated to Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, soprano, the daughter of Colonel Walter Scott, of New York.

It is good news for all those who have counted it one of the joys of life to know Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, to hear that she is well on the road to recovery from the effects of her nervous breakdown and that she has returned to her home in Holyoke, Mass., for the final steps of the recovery.

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Rhode Island Letter

In my last notes I chronicled a quickening spirit in the activities of Scotsmen in Rhode Island in connection with the work of the Order of Scottish Clans. It affords me pleasure to report a maintenance of that spirit with more rather than less force so that it seems as if the threatened stagnation has been entirely driven off. Although the usual festivities of Christmas were observed in common with "ither folks in the land in which we live," the ushering in of the New Year was more like auld times and the land from which many of us came. This was more apparent with the Frasers in Pawtucket than with the others. Here they commenced as early in the evening as five o'clock of Hogmanay with a gathering of between three and four hundred children of clansmen who were invited to come to the Hutchinson Hall by an advertisement in the local daily paper for perhaps a week before hand. It can easily be imagined that none failed to see it, and consequently to attend. Even so, thanks to the kindness of Royal Tanist Walter Scott and the exertion of the amusement committee of the clan, assisted by the Daughters of the Heather, every child received a New Year's gift, besides which various games and a Punch and Judy performance made the hours before the adults arrived pass all too quickly. Every one who heard the happy, hearty laughter of that merry throng at the antics of old Punch will long remember it, and to me it is still an undecided question whether the parents or the children enjoyed this portion of the program most; for when I looked around at the faces of the up-growns who were seated all around the hall, there were ample signs of unmistakable enjoyment and pleasure. It may be true that the loudest screams of laughter and real enjoyment came from the youngsters all congregated close to the stage on which Punch was operating, still the fathers and mothers became young again and laughed as though they had never seen the performance before. Then when Cowan's orchestra came on and the floor had been cleared, these parents showed that they were going to be young again, for they footed it right merrily until 1920 gave place to 1921, and "A guid New Year" played to waltz time completed their enjoyment and sent them away to "First Foot" their friends. Certainly both old and young bade good-bye to the old year and welcomed in the new with a heartiness and enjoyment with brother Scots that has not been the case for many years.

With the advent of the New Year comes the installation of the new officers of the various clans throughout Rhode Island, and in the performance of this duty, Royal Deputy Archibald G. Adam, of Pawtucket, was kept busy. His first function was with the Camerons of Providence, where several noted changes had been made. Chief Richard Hutcheon gave place to Peter A. Davidson, who had already earned his feathers for work done in the clan previously, although he is still a young man. Past Chief Frank W. Hutcheon, who is well known all over Rhode Island for his activities in connection with the Past Chief's Clan, has become financial secretary in place of Clansman Morrison and Alexander Somerville has ascended the tanist's chair.

Following this, the Royal Deputy next installed the Frasers, of Pawtucket. Here the changes were numerous. In the first place, Chief Richardson positively declined re-nomination, thus a successor had to be chosen and the lot fell on Tanist John Burt unanimously. The installation here was made a public function. Chief Richardson had spent some time in training a degree team to carry out his wishes in this respect. The hall was inconveniently crowded with friends as well as clansmen from Fall River and Providence, but everyone was willing to put up with some inconvenience so as to leave the centre of the floor free for the installation ceremony. The whole scheme worked admirably and the Royal Deputy and Past Chief Richardson are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to raise this ceremony from a dull routine to a live and dignified duty. Expression was heard on many sides that this was the finest installation service that had taken place in Rhode Island. It was admittedly an imposing scene when Piper Palmer led in the Royal Deputy with his two assistants, Past Chief McMeekin and Past Chief Frank W. Hutcheon, the degree team and the officers elect. There was a solemnity and dignity about the spectacle notedly absent on former occasions, and when it came to the installation of Chief John Burt, the audience gave him such an ovation as not only to indicate the popularity of the choice for the position, but also it seemed as if they could contain themselves no longer, and thus were glad to give vent to their feelings.

In his inaugural address, Chief Burt made the startling announcement that he was the first American born to hold that office, all others had been transplanted from Scotland.

The installation over, several presentations followed: Past Chief Richardson received a gold badge; Treasurer Arthur Hay, who had retired after ten years' service, received a handsome leather and mahogany easy chair; the Royal Deputy, a box of cigars, and the Chaplain, John Baldwin, a fountain pen in recognition of long service. Miss Mary Massie, who presided at the piano, was also recognized with a handsome souvenir.

Later in the month Royal Deputy Adam installed the officers of the clan at Newport, R. I., and also the clan at Westerly. The Daughters of the Heather whose installation followed a week later than the Frasers, looked very handsome in their white dresses and new Fraser Tartan sashes. They, like their brothers, the Frasers, are out to make good in their drive for new members during 1921. May they both succeed is the New Year's wish of

JOHN BALDWIN.
28 Carpenter Street, Pawtucket, R. I.

Holyoke, Mass.

More than 250 attended the first annual banquet of the American-British Federation in Caledonian Hall, January 24, the large attendance and interest manifested showing the organization to be a thoroughly live one. The banquet was served at six o'clock, President Andrew Purves presiding, and Rev. J. C. Sycamore, pastor of Second Baptist Church, invoking a blessing. Stanley A. Starratt, president of the Boston organization came up for the express purpose of presenting to the Nightingale Lodge of the Daughters of St. George, a beautiful silk blue and gold banner for being the first of the associated societies to become 100 per cent. members of the Federation. He gave an inspiring account of the rapid and remarkable growth of interest throughout the United States in the American-British Federation.

In addition to President Starratt, Attorney Merrill L. Welcker, of this city, gave a most interesting talk on the present and future relations of the white and yellow races. There were several vocal selections by Mrs. Ray Corser Duquenne and Miss Virginia Cook was the accompanist.

The banner presented to Nightingale Lodge was accepted in behalf of the lodge by Mrs. Percy Bramham, the president. An interesting fact in connection with this event is that the date of the presentation of the banner occurred on the 26th birthday of the founding of the society of the Daughters of St. George.

New Publications

Letters of a Soldier, Lieut. Kenneth Gow, D. S. C. Published by Herbert B. Covert, New York.

The writer of these letters was of purely Scottish blood. His immediate ancestors belonged to Caithness, through Mowats and Gunns came a strain of the old Vikings, and through MacGregors and MacKays, the Celtic strain with its old clan spirit.

No finer commendation of the book could be given than the "Foreword," by Major-General John F. O'Ryan, which we quote in full:

"Our people have justifiable pride in the character of our army which fought in the World War. The character of that army was truly great, and worthy of the great cause in which it served. Its character, however, was great and noble only because of the high individual purpose and character of the men who composed it.

"The mass of the people realize in a general way the worth of the men who made up the American Army; but in the book 'Letters of a Soldier,' the public will have opportunity to appreciate in intimate manner the moral and military standards of a soldier of the 27th Division who was representative of the best in that army, and who gave up his life in the Battle of the La Selle River, France, October 17, 1918.

"The 'Letters of a Soldier' were written by First Lieutenant Kenneth Gow, of the Machine Gun Company, 107th Infantry, 27th Division, to members of his family. This officer in many respects was typical of that finest type of young manhood which for many years constituted the brains and heart of the New York National Guard Division. Lieutenant Gow served the period of the Mexican Border Service as a private, corporal and sergeant in the 7th New York Infantry. His letters cover many interesting features of that service. Later, as a non-commissioned officer of the same regiment in the World War, he continued to write and

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Famous Glasgow Taverns

(Continued from page 456)

A Literary Salon

About the middle of the eighteenth century, a prominent literary salon was the old Sun Tavern. Here the lesser literary lights of the city nightly met, when the hospitalities of the buxom, good-natured Miss Anderson were fully partaken and appreciated. These were the palmy days of the Rumblegrumphy Brotherhood—that coterie of congenial spirits among whom were Motherwell; J. D. Carrick;, who sang a good song, and kept the company in the best of humor; William Glen, the author of "Wae's Me for Prince Charlie," and other Jacobite ditties; Alexander Rodgers, William Miller, "the laureate of the nursery," whose "We Willie Winkie" will never die; W. A. Foster, the friend of Hogg; and the eccentric Andrew Henderson. Many were the convivial gatherings in the sung little parlor, when over their rumbled eggs and whiskey toddy, the musings of each affected in no small way the fine Bohemianism of the Saltmarket establishment. At such meetings the leading local literati were present. Nor were Robert Tannahill and Robert Gilfillan strangers to the charmed circle. Charles Mackay, editor of the *Glasgow Argus*; William Bennet, of the *Free Press*, and Hugh Macdonald, of the *Weekly Citizen*, whose rambles and reminiscences are still pleasantly remembered, likewise came to meet at the Sun, and latterly joined the coterie. So did William Motherwell, a man of fine poetic sympathies. Over the festive board of Mrs. Anderson's hostelry he would depict in glowing verse some of the quaint Norse legends he loved so well, sketching with fine persuasiveness the exploits of his particular heroes—

> The ship-borne warriors of the North,
> The sons of Woden's race.

Like many other Scottish bards, Motherwell was a poet of nature. He dearly loved to linger in pensive mood around some hoary ruin, and his lines on Crookston Castle strike a congenial tone to the melancholy history of the ill-fated Mary Stuart.

De Quincey and Rose Tavern

During his memorable sojourn in Glasgow, the celebrated essayist, Thomas De Quincey oft-times enjoyed the comforts of the old-fashioned hostelry. While living in the Rottenrow, the gentle opium-eater was much about the city and used now and then to lunch at the quiet little Rose Tavern in Argyle Street. A droll picture he must have made hobbling along in his "duffle great coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin; a pair of inky trousers, and on his feet, list shoes." No article of clothing was too threadbare for him to wear; he was a perfect Bohemian of the old school, and dressed as shabbily as he could. Many delightful and wonderful talks were engaged in between De Quincey and his friends, and strangely soft and lyrical must have sounded his "silver-toned, low voice," as he discoursed on Burns and kindred topics. To those who knew the author of *Our Ladies of Sorrow* as a friend, he was a man of singular gentleness of character and magnetic personality. "No more lovable man, no man with greater powers of attraction," wrote Colin Rae-Brown, "ever walked God's earth. To see and know was to love and venerate him. Humble to a fault, and simple as a child, there was nevertheless a true nobility of nature, and a more than merely polished refinement interwoven with his every act and expression."

Memories

Such are some of the literary gleanings of the old Glasgow taverns. Fast fading subjects and pleasing memories they are for the leisure hour. The fortunes of the "gentle hostelry have fallen on evil days, while the group of bards and journalists who frequented these old-time haunts have passed away, one by one. No longer is heard the rumble of the stage-coach or the good-humored songs of those literary gatherings. Yet a pleasant time it is to look back upon the scenes of these far-away days, rich in memories which we cannot willingly let die.

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